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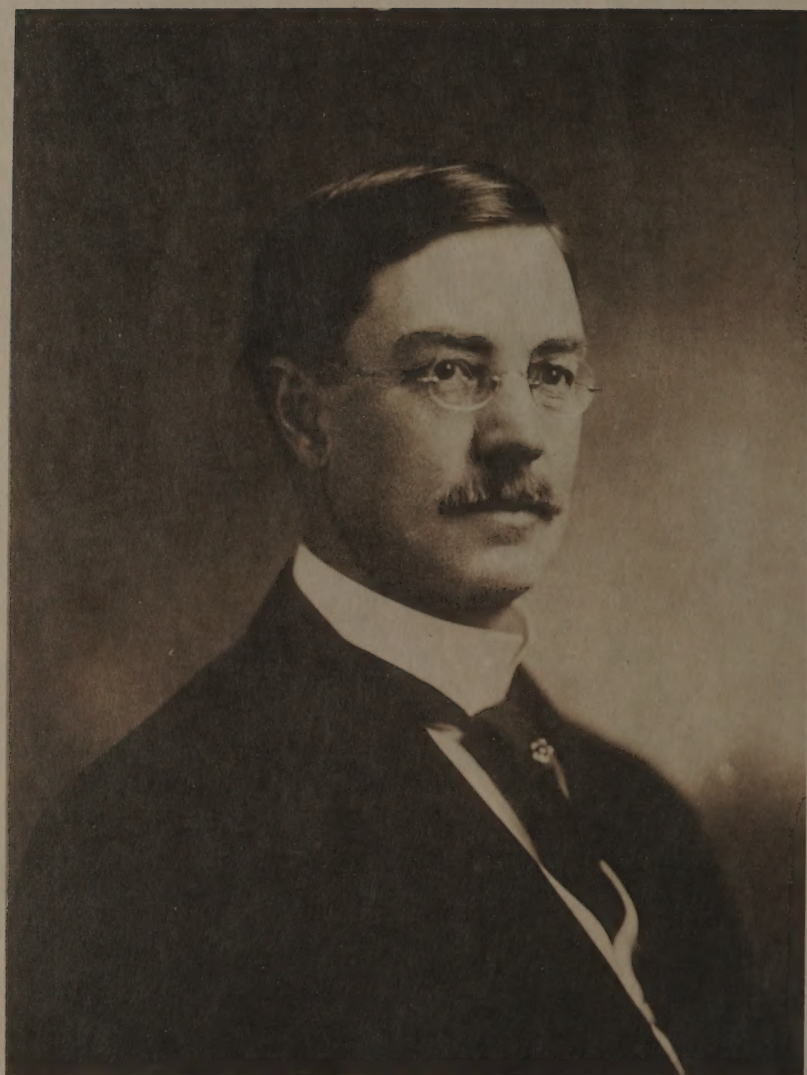


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1908

Lucile Tellinghast.





Very sincerely yours,
Henry Churchill King.

To the Strength of the New Oberlin, whose sincere
democracy and firm belief in right living are the incen-
tive to true friendship, the inspiration of labors yet un-
done,

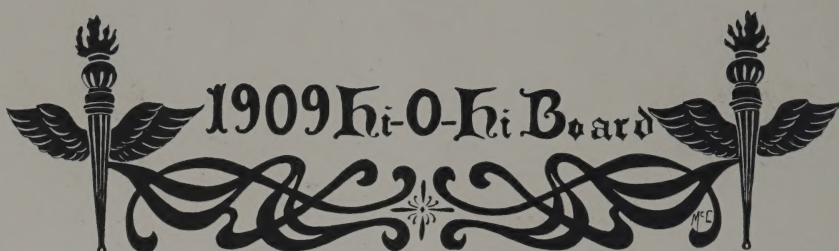
President Henry Churchill King, D.D.

Memories

The Year and all its scenes are passed away
In a day,
Cherished moments, tender moments ever sweet,
Yet how fleet!
Places hallowed by the thoughts of friendship blest,
What the rest?

Scenes of heart a-flutter, reason past recall—
Best of all.
Scenes of sober thought, of doubting mind and grief—
No relief
Save Time that solves our doubts, quells our fears
Through the years.

But lest, as lingering perfume of the flowers
In the hours
Passes silent, these thought-sketches too should flee
You and me,
They are gathered here with tender, loving care—
Memories rare.



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Foreword

THE Hi-O-Hi as an institution needs no apology. The rigor of custom demands the publication of an Annual by the Junior Class of Oberlin College. Nor have we as trustees of the class in this work apologies to offer for 1909's Hi-O-Hi. In the satisfaction of labor sincerely done we release a book that we feel is worthy of Oberlin, whose best and truest we have aimed herein to portray.

Our efforts have been aided by generous and unselfish assistance; disinterested interest has been manifest on every hand. The Faculty have promptly and courteously given of their time and counsel with no reward in view save the betterment of the Annual. Individually, outsider, alumnus, and undergraduate have vied in their willingness to serve. Our thanks are due especially to Dr. Washington Gladden of Columbus, to Mrs. Lydia Lord Davis, to Mr. Harry James Smith of New York City, formerly an able Instructor in Oberlin College, to Mr. Paul Griswold Huston, whose "Around an Old Campfire" will recall many of the happiest hours that 1909 has known, and to Anna Louise Strong of the class of 1905. We cannot adequately reward in words the self-sacrificing exertions of Clara M. Lathrop. Without her, Art, Literary, Jokes—the whole book—would have had to be satisfied with inferior material. At her request none of her work was entered for competition.

We are pleased to acknowledge the generosity of the donors of the prize money, Jason A. Barber, Theodore E. Burton, Edward B. Burwell, Paul D. Cravath, James B. Dill, Charles M. Hall, L. W. Morris, and Merritt Starr. The services of Instructors Sherman, Jelliffe, and Percival as judges for the Literary prizes, of Julia G. Severance for the Art prizes, of Professors Andrews, Dickinson, and Heacox as judges for the Song prize, were gratefully received and sincerely appreciated.

The prize of \$10 for the Story was awarded "The Box." "Snipe," the author, is anonymous, has refused to divulge his name, and the prize stands unpaid. The Board has been unable to solve the mystery. The first prize of \$7.50 for the Poem was awarded "To a Forgotten Playmate" by Hornell N. Hart. The second prize of \$5 was awarded "Mountain Song" by Lowell E. Mabie Welles.

The first and second prizes of \$10 and \$6 for the Full Page Drawings were equally divided and awarded the Art page by Verna M. Skeels and the Seminary page by Lena Porter. The first prize of \$5 for the Heading was awarded the Civic Club heading by Sidney E. Dickinson. The second prize of \$3 was awarded the Sketch Club heading by Jeannette Fraser.

The prize of \$10 for the Song was awarded "Fair Oberlin" by Jean Lindsay.

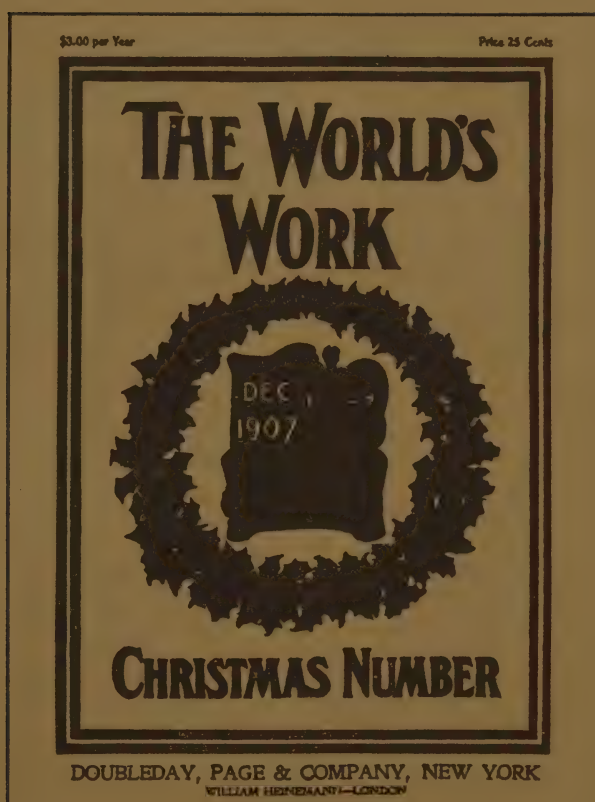
The first prize of \$5 for Jokes was awarded to Russell B. Hopkins. The second prize of \$3 and the prize of \$3 for Jingles were awarded to J. Bert Graham.

What this book will mean to you is largely a measure of what Oberlin has meant to you. We have aimed to reproduce here the Oberlin of the present with an occasional glimpse backward or an expectant presage of the future. We have seen many times her strongholds and her failings; the former we must sacredly guard, the latter we must strive one by one to destroy and leave behind. Oberlin, as we and those who have so kindly aided us have seen her, Oberlin with her maze of activities and interests, Oberlin with her sane, pure, noble, Christian spirit, we give to you. Measure yourself and your appreciation of her by this transcript of her life and scene.

THE BOARD

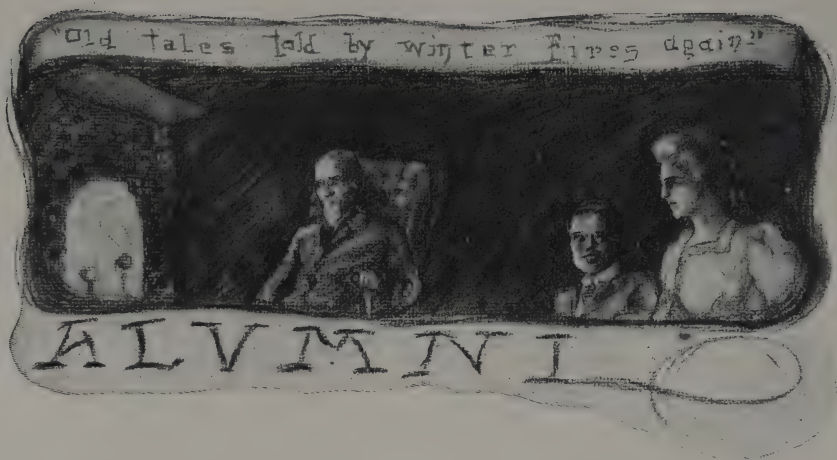
May 1, 1908

Book 1



L ONG are the years since here thy course was run,
Won are the prizes offered for thy goal,
Prizes for which the passing years were toll,
Guerdons of thought, of faithful labors done.
Once when the race was only fair begun
Four changing years beneath thy gaze fast stole,
And, as our thoughts in swift succession roll,
Thy place was taken by a worthier son.

Still while each class must vanish from the scene
In the kaleidoscope of College years,
A hidden bond strong with a force unseen
Oberlin memories to thy heart endears.
Thine is the Past, thy seal stands on its deeds,
But still the Now thy guiding presence needs.



To the Alumni

Azariah S.
Root

AS Chairman of the General Committee on Arrangements for the coming Reunion, I am asked by the editor of the Annual to say a few words to the Alumni and former students. You come back to an Oberlin which is both new and old. New, in the sense of new equipment, new buildings, new Faculty, new students. Probably even those of you who have been out but a few years will be surprised to see what changes those few years have brought about in the Faculty, and how many are the teachers with whom you have no personal acquaintance. You will find, too, the buildings increased—a new chapel and a new library building, while the old library building is to be remodeled for zoological purposes, and so become, to all intents and purposes, a new building. And if you take the trouble to go through the buildings, you will be impressed with the extent of new equipment. To give but a single example: if you go into the basement of Peters Hall, you will find two or three large rooms given up to the physical laboratory, where formerly there were great coal bins; and if you go into the upper stories, you will find there ample facilities for the psychological laboratory, which was housed so long in a little room up under the roof. But while all these things will suggest a new Oberlin to you, there will be much also to suggest the old Oberlin. The Campus, with its stately elms; the older veterans in the Faculty, together with a goodly number of the younger men who in your days were College or society mates: these will be reminders to you of the Oberlin which was. And if you get into the Society Love-Feasts, or hear the casual comments of the younger Alumni, or of

present students, you will discover that the spirit of youth does not greatly change, and that the same ideals and aspirations are to be found in the student body now as in days of yore; and therefore, I believe, you will conclude that in spite of new faces and new buildings, the Oberlin that was is in essence the same as the Oberlin that is, and you will have confidence to look forward with joyous expectation to the Oberlin that is to be.

Whether or not the old and the new thus seem to you to blend, I hope that the work which you find here will seem to you worth doing, and the leadership wise and progressive. To an extent not paralleled anywhere else, Oberlin draws its students from a world constituency. And it is able to do this because its Alumni and former students are so loyal. In this loyalty, based not on mere sentiment, but in a genuine confidence in the College, the Faculty and the President, is our strength and our hope for the future.

To the Alumni



Home of President Barrows

Oberlin from the Outside

Washington
Gladden



THE young men who have this publication in hand have asked me to speak a word or two for Oberlin from the standpoint of an outsider. I don't know whether I can very easily put myself into that attitude. I am reminded of an experience at the old Exeter Hall, in the Strand, on the occasion of my first visit to London. It was the World's Missionary Convention, and delegates were there from all the world,—“Parthians and Medes and Elamites” and so forth,—and they were trying to take care of us in the room of the entertainment committee; when one of the young men of that committee plumply asked me the question, “Are you a foreigner?” I thought he ought to know better, and I said, rather hotly, “No; I am an American.” I confess I didn't want anybody who used the English language to call me a foreigner.

I have a little of the same kind of feeling when anybody representing Oberlin wishes me to appear anywhere on her premises as an outsider. I don't know whether I can very well masquerade under that role. I haven't been accustomed to take that line when I have been in Oberlin; I have never felt like a proselyte of the gate, and they have never kept me cooling my heels in the Court of the Gentiles. How an Ohio Congregationalist is going to hang about Oberlin in the character of an outsider I don't quite understand. For it belongs to us, and we to it, and if we should attempt to deny it our speech would bewray us. And if anybody undertakes to palm off what I have to say here as the testimony of a wholly unbiased and disinterested witness, it will be a case of false pretenses; for I am not at all unbiased, and I am very much interested.

Of course it is true that I am not a graduate of Oberlin, and that I have never had any official connection with the University. But I am not to blame for that, at least for not being an alumnus, for I think that in the far-off antiquity of 1855, when I was preparing for College, I had never heard of Oberlin. And I suppose that it is this misfortune of mine which is alluded to when I am requested to regard myself as an outsider. There are quite a number

of College men in Ohio who are not graduates at Oberlin. And it may be supposed that our judgment of its character and work would be a little less partial than that of its own sons. If that is the supposition, then I have to say that the testimony of these representatives of other Colleges, so far as I have heard it expressed, is singularly cordial as regards Oberlin. I believe that Oberlin enjoys in a very high degree the good opinion of the educators, and the educated men of Ohio. All institutions, except the "Deacon's One Hoss Shay" have their "weakest spots," and doubtless Oberlin, like every other College, is subject to criticism; but I am sure that there is no institution in the State for which one hears more hearty words spoken than for Oberlin College.

The undergraduate constituency of Oberlin is of high quality. Most of the students, of course, come from families of the middle class. Many of them are farmers' sons and daughters, and these are apt to be earnest and hard-working students. But boys and girls who are brought up in homes where there are no books are at a great disadvantage when they are pursuing their studies; people who are reared in homes where there is some intellectual background are able to make a great deal more of a College course. And a pretty large proportion of the Oberlin students are the children of ministers and other professional men, who have been accustomed, all their lives, to some degree of culture, and who are ready to make a large use of their opportunities. Educators from Eastern Colleges who have visited Oberlin have remarked to me upon the excellent material, from an intellectual point of view, which the University finds to work upon.

The morale of the College has always been high. The paternalism of former days, has, no doubt, been gradually and almost unconsciously relaxed, and some things are now allowed which would have scandalized the community fifty years ago. And it is altogether probable that in the large number of students now gathered about the Campus, cases of misconduct must frequently occur. Nevertheless I doubt if it would be possible to find grouped anywhere on this planet eighteen hundred young men and women living

cleaner and sweeter, manlier and womanlier lives than those who wear the Oberlin colors.

The change in the physical conditions, even within my memory, has been vast. My first visit must have been in the early Spring of 1873; it was during the lifetime of President Finney, and it was the only time I ever had the good fortune of meeting him. Even then the town was excessively plain, and the College buildings were as unattractive as brick and mortar can be made. There was not a touch of the aesthetic about the premises, and as for the mud—I can best describe that by saying that I started with two horses and a buggy from Oberlin for Elyria at ten o'clock in the evening and reached my destination, eight miles away, at a quarter before one the next morning. The theology of Oberlin, which in those days was supposed to be Orthodox, could have given cogent reasons for believing in depths that are bottomless.

No remark of old Oberlinites now revisiting their Alma Mater is so hackneyed as the expression of their wonder as to what the men and women of sixty or seventy years ago would say if they could return and behold the beauty and the glory of the town and College. The Oberlin Calendar, which has been hanging in my office for the last four or five years, gives evidence of the existence of a community in which the beautiful is neither depressed nor forced, and in which the finer arts are cultivated with intelligent enthusiasm.

In music, especially, Oberlin has come to be known as one of the chief centers west of the Alleghanies. There are not many institutions in the land where so much serious attention is given to the higher forms of music. The festivals of the Oberlin Choral Union are events of importance in the musical world.

The leadership of Oberlin in religion and philanthropy has long been recognized. It is interesting to note the phases through which religious thought has been passing in Oberlin since 1834. Three great leaders have stood forth as its representatives, Finney, Fairchild, and King. Each of them has made his own contribution to theological progress.

Finney appeared as the foe of the fatalism which was crippling the Calvinistic faith, and asserted human responsibility with a vigor and thoroughness that left nothing to be desired. Few, if any, of our American theologians have done more to shatter that cast-iron dogmatism which practically said to men, in language that Finney was wont to quote,

**Oberlin
from the
Outside**

“You can and you can’t,
You shall and you shan’t,
You will and you won’t,
You’ll be damned if you do,
And you’ll be damned if you don’t.”

Of course this tremendous emphasis on the freedom of the human will was highly heretical; Oberlin has always been heretical. But it was spoken with a mighty conviction, which made the world listen and believe.

Fairchild followed with his breadth and calmness and sweetness, bringing all theology under the ethical test, and making us sure that the Judge of all the earth will do right. Some of us will never forget the help that was given to us by his quiet but unflinching assertions of the righteousness of God against every implication of injustice. That, too, gave ground for suspicion in some quarters; there are always people who think it dangerous to believe in a righteous God; but Dr. Fairchild’s quiet testimony did quite as much to ethicise theology as was done by any teacher of his time.

And now we have the wise and brave leader who holds fast to the old faith while he brings in the new knowledge to illuminate it; who shows us how the ethics of the Christ and the discoveries of modern science can live together, each lending light to the other. No finer work in the way of reconciliation is being done in the country to-day than that for which we are indebted to President King.

I hope that the haste and inadequacy of this testimony, thrown together in the midst of my Lenten services—with two meetings

**Oberlin
from the
Outside**

every day—may be forgiven. Some other outsider could have said these things, and others, a great deal better, but not many could speak with a deeper sense of gratitude for what Oberlin stands for and what Oberlin has done in laying foundations for the City that is coming down out of Heaven from God.

Washington Gladden

**Home of
President
Finney**



THE present year marks an epoch in Oberlin's history. It may justly be called the greatest year in her history.

Physically, during the past twelve months, we have seen Oberlin grow in greater measure than ever before. The completion of the Finney Memorial Chapel and the Carnegie Library is an event of which Oberlin has long dreamed. Aside from the indisputable advantages attendant on the daily use of these buildings, they mark the beginning of a period of extension which will ultimately place Oberlin in a class by itself as a type of the ideal American College. The projected Men's building, will, when secured, fill a distinct want in the interests of the men; and if the time ever comes, and we earnestly hope it may, when we can also see on our Campus an up-to-date Technical School, then we shall feel that Fortune has indeed smiled warmly on Oberlin.

The past year has witnessed some memorable changes in the personnel of our Faculty. Through the happy medium of the Carnegie Foundation it has been possible to reward the faithful services of three of Oberlin's most eminent Professors,—Dr. George Frederick Wright, Dr. Adelia A. F. Johnston, and Dr. Albert Henry Currier. For a period of fifty years Oberlin has grown in greatness and power through the influence of these three persons. The whole world of education has broadened through their continued contributions to Scientific, Historical and Religious knowledge.

A distinct loss was experienced when Dr. Charles E. St. John resigned his chair as Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, and Professor of Physics, to accept a position with the Pasadena, California branch of the Carnegie Foundation for original research. Dr. St. John has held a position of peculiar trust and influence in the life of Oberlin College and town.

However, all has not been loss. The general Faculty has been increased in numbers and greatly strengthened by the addition of a number of men of rare ability and wide experience. The departments heretofore of lesser prominence have been built up to the general high average, and a wholesome balance of ability and interest is now maintained.

The student body and the Faculty alike received a rare compliment on the eighth of last November, when Oberlin was admitted to membership in Phi Beta Kappa. It is a distinct recognition of the high standing of the Oberlin Student as among the students of other American Colleges and Universities, and places him

Seventy-five
Years of
Progress

**Seventy-five
Years of
Progress**

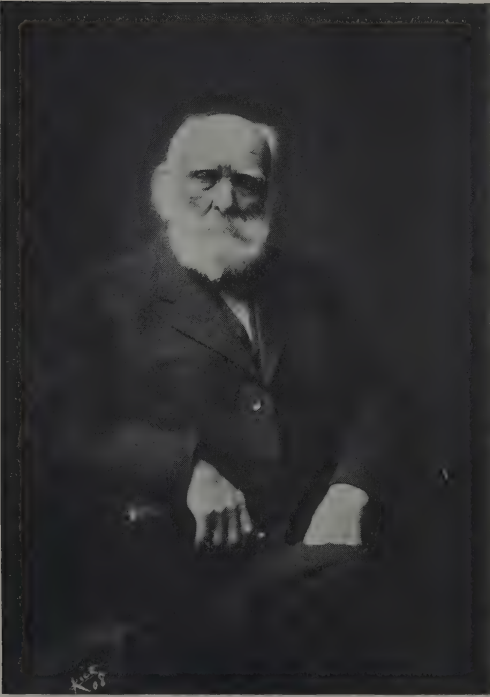
second to none in the matter of scholarship. It is hoped that this added honor may serve as a legitimate stimulus to increased effort along academic lines.

Another field of interest in which Oberlin has made very marked gains is that of athletics. The College athletics are now on a higher plane of sportsmanship than ever before. A wholesome interest in athletics has been encouraged to a point of heathfulness which promises nothing but the best. The various teams have been uniformly successful, and have received much praise wherever they have been for the clean, virile, manly game they have played.

Thus the year has been one of noteworthy achievement, of steady growth, of wholesome expansion.

And so it is that, as we come to the time set apart for the observance of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of this great College, our thoughts turn back to those early days when conditions were not as they are now, back to that bright, sunny day in the Spring of 1833 when the doors of the little slab hall were thrown open to the world, and the first students in Oberlin Collegiate Institute began their work. No one then dared dream that seventy-five years thence thousands of loyal, loving friends and Alumni would gather on the self-same spot to commemorate in fitting measure those deeds of bravery and self-sacrifice. The hardy pioneer fathers who hewed out a small section in that vast and swampy wilderness and built the first rough cabins from the logs felled by their own hands, little thought that their tiny clearing would some day become a beautiful College town; that those paths through the woods were the rude beginnings from which should grow long avenues of elms and maples, overarching broad, paved streets; that those log cabins were in future years to be succeeded by massive, ivy-covered stone buildings. No more did Father Shipherd and his little band of prayerful followers, met on that memorable night in 1835, realize that in their deliberations was weighed a cause which was later to shake the nation to its very foundations. But unpropitious as were the first beginnings, weary as were those long, toilsome days when the man with the ax was busy from morn till night, humble as were those cabins when compared with our more modern and stately stone structures, few as were the students during the first infant days of our Alma Mater; those great principles, those long, weary, labor-laden hours, those humble cabins and those few, hardy freedom-loving men and women were the touchstone from which the modern Oberlin with all her glory was to spring.

Oberlin's history has been a history of honorable progress; of great motives and great men; of fearless faith in God, and steadfastness to His word. With such foundation, such motives, such men, such a faith, Oberlin has every title and every right to a just pride in her history. She stands to-day better than she ever was before, combining all the good of past achievement with the spirit and determination of future progress. The old and the new, inseparably united, and working with but one end in view—OBERLIN FOREVER.



Rev. Samuel Fuller Porter, O. T. S., '36, enjoys the honor of being the oldest living graduate of Oberlin. He is further honored by being the last survivor of that memorable group of students who came to Oberlin from Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, and formed the first class of students of actual College rank.

Oberlin's Oldest Graduate

The Rev. Mr. Porter was born in Whitestown, N. Y., September 17, 1813, and took his undergraduate work at Oneida Institute. Ever since his graduation here, he has been engaged, until very recently, in some form of religious work, serving variously as Volunteer Chaplain during the last year of the War, as a Missionary in the West, and as Pastor of Congregational churches throughout the country. He is now living at 26 South Pleasant Street, Oberlin, Ohio.



Finney Memorial Chapel

FOR a College generation the students of Oberlin have not been able to meet for chapel services in their own chapel building. The present Senior class entered College after the old building was destroyed. During the interim chapel services have been held in the First Church and for a time during the present year in Warner Concert Hall and in Sturges Hall. After a four years' exile the College is soon to occupy its new chapel home, the Finney Memorial Chapel.

Finney Memorial Chapel

Edward A.
Miller

This beautiful building occupies the site of the former Finney House, well known to Oberlin Alumni for many years as the home of President Finney, and was built as a memorial to him by his son, Frederick Norton Finney.

There are perhaps no recollections of Oberlin College life that come oftener to the memory of her students after they have gone out into the world, and no associations dearer than those that are connected with the chapel. Here is the real heart of the College. Here all the students of all departments meet with the Faculties as a Christian College, recognizing each day the Christian principles and Christian leadership for which the College stands. The common interests of the entire College are voiced here, and here for four years the student meets his classmates and learns to know the student body. The new student first feels he is a member of a College when he takes his place in his first chapel service. The stranger in Oberlin gets his first idea of the College as something distinct from buildings and grounds when he sees the long lines pouring out across the Campus at close of chapel. The influence of the service for four years and the memories connected with it become for a majority of the students one of the most precious possessions of student days. The new chapel gives us an opportunity to make this feature of our College life count for even more in the future than it has in the past history of the College.

The Eastern Oberlin

Lydia Lord
Davis



P and up over the mountains five hundred miles west of Peking, and down into the western plain of Shansi, plod the patient mules while the caravan makes its way slowly. Suddenly a head is thrust from the litter and a man's voice is heard, "See! yonder walled city with its white pagoda."

"Yes," his companion says, "Yes, that is Taiku—Taiku toward which we have ever had our faces turned since that day in the classroom in Oberlin when Doctor Judson Smith inspired us with spirit for this journey and this far-away province of Shansi. Here we are at last." The voices were those of Dr. Atwood and Mr. Stimson, and the year was 1882.

They entered the great gate in the wall and jostled against the "long-queued crowd" as they made their way down the narrow street to the inn. They were really in Taiku, that great Chinese city where they were to live and work and found an "Eastern Oberlin."

* * * *

Eighteen years pass. On the great street of Taiku the doors of a shop stand open, but the sounds within are not those of trade; instead are the words of prayer and a hymn. It is communion Sunday, and one hundred and twenty men and women bow the knee to drink "His cup." The man speaking is a strong, stalwart Chinese, standing over six feet in height. Eighteen years ago he was a wealthy man, having his caravans of camels going back and forth. He, Mr. Liu, was at home near Taiku, smoking opium day and night, and gambling. All his property was being lost, and his children were running loose on the streets. Suddenly he came to himself one day, resolved that he would go to the hospital established by these Oberlin men, and break away from his awful habit.

Pacing back and forth, up and down the brick floor of his room, one night in the hospital, he was all but beside himself with the craze

for the drug, when his nephew, having secreted a little opium on his person, gave it to Mr. Liu. "Take this and you will be all right," said his nephew. The pain-racked man raised it to his lips, and then, summoning all his powers for the final struggle, threw it down and ground it under his heel. He resumed his torturous task and paced back and forth, up and down, all the long weary night. In the morning he was a free man—free from opium. And now he was preaching on that communion Sunday—he, a veritable Moody in Shansi.

In a court near by is Miss Bird with her boys' school, where are forty splendid young men, among them Mr. Kung, '06, then a fine boy with carefully braided queue and shaven head, and the garments of a scholar, long to his ankles.

A loyal Christian lad is he, when at New Year's time he goes to his Uncle's and is commanded by him to worship at the family ancestral tablets. His black eyes grow tender and appealing as he looks up into the Uncle's face and says, "O, Uncle, I will obey you in all—all but this—but I must worship the one true God not made with hands."

Yonder is the court where sick people are coming, weary with the ills of life. The shrunken, emaciated faces and forms tell that opium and disease have done their work, but in the distressed company stand two of Oberlin's true men—Mr. Clapp, '85, and Mr. Williams, '88. They are tenderly caring for the sick, and by their side, all unseen, walks the Christ. The sick ones go away helped and cheered, to tell in their village homes of the strange men from the western country who cared for them night and day and whose heart is love.

Two days' journey south from Taiku, the rumbling of the great wheels of the awkward cart stopped in front of the large city of Fen Chou Fu. Here, living among the Chinese, was Oberlin's Dr. Atwood with his hospital, here Mr. Atwater and Mr. Price, '91, teaching the boys' school. The girls' school is not far away; that little black eyed girl whose name is "Half Cash" (1-10 of a cent) was, when a few days old, tied up in a piece of matting and thrown out

by the road-side to perish. A Good Samaritan, walking by, picked up the little creature and sent her to this school. Now she can read and write and sing, and is merry all day long. Beside her sits the blind girl, "Golden Circle," sold into a magistrate's family, then turned out to beg and to sleep in an opium den. She finds her way into the school yard and begs a few "cash." She gets, instead, a welcome into a home, and her happy face tells her gratitude; her life is her thanks. Seventy-five Christians gather in this chapel on Sunday—brave, honest men and women—so unlike their neighbors who go to the heathen temples.

* * * *

But what is that noise and commotion in the stillness of the summer night of July, 1900! Swords! Lanterns! Red Jackets!



Blood! Death! Then all is silent. For weeks nothing is heard. One day, footsore and weary, crushed and bleeding, Mr. Fei, '06, comes into the officers' headquarters at Tientsin. He has walked

the five hundred miles from Shansi under peril of his life and this is his story:

"Ten of Oberlin's men and women, and over one hundred and fifty of the native Christians dead!" Their lives laid down on the Boxer altar—a long line of graves—American and Chinese! What shall be done? Give it up? Revenge? Revenge on such a people, on such a nation that thus treats the guests of its country? But hark! A voice is heard through it all. Oberlin is speaking. Listen!

"I have given of my best to save the great nation of China. *It is not lost.* From this sowing will come a harvest. My best sons and daughters shall go again to far-away Shansi."

* * * *

It is 1901. Dr. Atwood has gone back from America to Tientsin. He can go no further. The way is too unsafe. Suddenly the door of his room is thrust open and in walks a hunch-backed farmer, a Christian from Shansi. All the long weary way over the mountains, through the carefully guarded mountain passes, fearing not the danger of losing his life, he has come, if only, only, he may see once more his true friend, Dr. Atwood.

The Doctor listens to his story of those days of carnage and the loyal bravery of the Christians, choosing death rather than life at the expense of their faith. He looks into the face of this earnest Christian man, and says, "No matter what the consequence or the peril, I go this day back to Shansi to those sheep scattered upon the mountains without a shepherd."

* * * *

Again the mules slip and slide down the mountains five hundred miles west of Peking. Again Dr. Atwood takes the journey into Shansi, the same journey he took in 1882. It is a sad scene that

greeted his eyes as he enters the gates of Taiku and Fen Chou Fu; the chapels pulled down, the boys' and girls' schools scattered, many of the teachers killed. Oberlin men and women killed in cold blood—one hundred and fifty more of the native Christians—killed! But all is not distress for our missionary; he is met by ninety men and women, crying; "Tai fu—Tai fu—Doctor, doctor, we know what it means to follow the Christ; our brethren and sisters are gone; baptize us and we will finish their work." Dr. Atwood's hand pens the letter as he sits by the tiny, flickering oil lamp in the midst of the debris:

"Ninety men in Shansi have come to the front; what will Oberlin do?"

Paul Leaton Corbin, '03, stands forth, saying, "Here am I; to the rescue, fellow students!"

"Yes," comes the answer, and right royally have the students kept their word, year by year. Doctor Hemmingway, '98, also responds, "I, too, will go!" and from his pastor, an Oberlin man in Oak Park, comes the word, "You go; our Church will stand behind you with money and prayer."

Others go. The debris is cleared away; seventeen hundred loads of it from the compound in the city of Taiku. A chapel and inquiry room have been erected upon the very spot where the lives were laid down in 1900. In the beautiful "Flower Garden" (a compound as large as our Oberlin Campus) east of the city of Taiku is the girls' school, where Miss Heebner, '03, has twenty-four of Shansi's bright girls. Mr. Corbin has the large boys' school. Eighteen young men and women have gone five hundred miles to the Coast, to Peking and Tung Cho to College. The hospitals here and at Fen Chou Fu are opened, and filled with sick people who come from miles around to be healed in body, mind, and spirit. Here on Sunday may be seen five hundred trying to crowd into the little chapel, built to accommodate half that number. On all sides men and women are throwing away their useless idols which had been of no avail to them, and in that town is now a Christian Church. Young men and women are eager for the education which this Eastern

Oberlin is giving. Thus has Oberlin forgiven, and this is her reward.

**The
Eastern
Oberlin**

To-day, June 1908, Oberlin's sons and daughters are returning for her great seventy-fifth anniversary. Oberlin was never more dear to her students and Alumni than to-day. It is a great day—a great time of progress, and far-away Shansi feels the thrill of the hour. Everything is ready for progress on a large scale in this Eastern Oberlin, even as it is in these halls of learning here. Oberlin can to-day raise her standard still higher upon the sure foundation which she has already laid. Let the very best of Oberlin's men and women, sent by the Alumni, filled with the spirit which has always characterized her students, go to those hospitals and schools, lead the youth of China up from the primary schools to the Academy and into a College—a College which shall stand in China as Oberlin stands in the United States. Let them go into the villages and cities, to those men and women of that great nation, giving to them the secret and impetus which shall lift them up into the forefront of the nations of the East. Let Oberlin play this part—the work of the Orient, and she shall have upon her head the greatest crown possible in this, her seventy-fifth Anniversary.



Carnegie Library

INTO the new Carnegie Library, the College will take about 100,000 bound volumes, 95,000 unbound volumes, 5,000 volumes of newspapers, 5,000 maps, charts and plans, 25,000 unbound newspapers and over 25,000 unbound magazines, or a total of more than 250,000 items. Although each year the accessions of the library become larger, it is hoped that the new building will hold all that may be added for the next fifteen years.

Carnegie Library

Azariah S.
Root

New features of the work which will be made possible by the more roomy quarters are:

1. Extension of the privileges of the library to the village. By an arrangement with the Board of Education, the proceeds of a tax-levy of one mill on all the taxable property in Oberlin will be paid to the College and in return the free use of the library will be granted to residents of Oberlin. This will make necessary in the building a reading-room for the children, with an ample provision of books suited to the mind of a child. There will also be a special room where on open shelves, works of fiction, popular biography, travels and history can be found and from which a selection for home reading may be made. This room will probably be a very popular room with College students, and will be a delightful place in which to browse among the new books.

2. Bringing the Seminars into closer relations with the Library. To do research work requires time and the consultation of many books. In the present building it has been difficult to find working room, and it has been necessary each time work was attempted, to bring together and to put away all books needed. Such conditions have made extended research work almost impossible. The new building will contain a number of seminar rooms where such work can be carried on under the most favorable conditions, and where books can be kept at hand as long as needful.

Oberlin and the Negro

Booker T.
Washington

IN reply to your letter permit me to say that no one feels more deeply than myself the debt which Negro education and the Negro owe to Oberlin University. At the time Oberlin opened her doors to Colored students, the state of Ohio was filled with fugitive slaves, who from early days had been pouring into the free soil of the Northwest territory, and settlements of freedmen were scattered all over the state. Oberlin began, before emancipation had cast the shackles from the limbs of the slave, the work which was to set his mind and spirit free, and secure forever to the United States as a whole the fruits of a long and bloody war. The University has been ever since that time a great moral support to the work of education of the Negro in the South. It has furnished, to a large degree, the teachers, black and white, who, in spite of difficulties and in spite of obstruction, have steadily carried forward that work.

I believe I voice the feeling of every intelligent Colored man and of every man who understands, in its true significance, the history of this country from 1861 to 1865, when I say I hope Oberlin and the spirit for which it has stood may never perish from this continent.

Booker T. Washington



Home of
President
King



Home of
President
Fairchild

Alumni Associa- tions

General Associations

College Association

President,	Charles M. Hall, '85
Vice Presidents,	{ Irving W. Metcalf, '78
	{ Rev. A. M. Hyde, '88
	{ Lucien T. Warner, '98
Secretary,	George M. Jones, '94

Theological Association

President,	Rev. James A. Jenkins, '01
Secretary,	Professor L. F. Miskovsky, '91

Local Associations

Presidents

New England Union,	Rev. William A. Knight, '00
New York Association,	William B. Shaw, '85
Illinois Association,	Newton Wyeth, '79
Northwestern Association,	Edwin S. Slater, '83
Midland Association,	Mrs. George C. Mosher, '80
Missouri Valley Association,	Rev. H. A. French, '68
Western Pennsylvania Association,	William A. Dick, '90
Red River Valley Association,	Mr. A. A. Love, '88
Central New York Association,	William H. Scott, '70
Northwestern Ohio Association,	Edward H. Rhoades, Jr., '96
Cleveland Association,	Hon. Alexander Hadden, '73
Northern California Association,	Rev. C. G. Baldwin, D. D., '73
South Dakota Association,	Rev. Samuel J. Beach, '75
Nebraska Alumni Association,	Charles E. Clark, '81
Ohio Valley Alumni Association,	R. Grosvenor Hutchins, ex-'91

The Reunion



As seen by the Alumni



As seen by the Students

Book 2



THE OBERLIN REVIEW



THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1907.

VOL. XXXV. NUMBER 2.

WHEN first we came to sit beneath your sway,
O Faculty! in breathless spell we hung
Upon each pearl from professorial Tongue,
In Note-books stored them 'gainst the reckoning day.
And shivering in our little Beds we lay
For round each little Test such terrors clung,
With dread of little 2's our youth was wrung,
But all these Little Things have passed away.

Lo, now the scales are fallen from our eyes;
And we don't like the kind of Clothes you wear;
We think some of you'd better Cut your Hair,
'We don't admire your taste for Rube Neckties.
Much repetition makes your lectures Punk,
And we don't give a Darn if we *Do* flunk.

NOTE—And if in reading this you can't keep Cool,
Recall, there are Exceptions to the Rule.

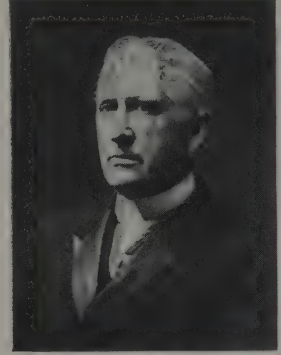
Faculty

Henry Churchill King, D. D.,
President, Professor of Theology and Philosophy

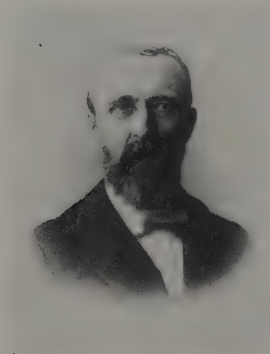
Faculty



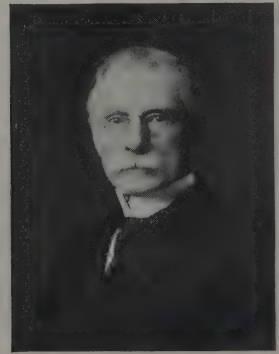
Mrs. Adelia A. Field Johnston,
A.M., LL.D.,
Professor Emeritus of Mediaeval
History



Rev. George Frederick Wright,
D.D., LL.D.,
Professor Emeritus of Harmony of
Science and Revelation

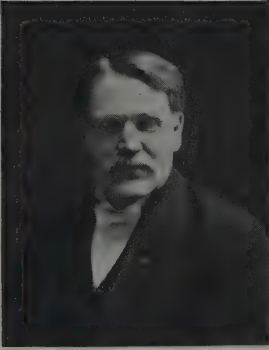


Rev. Albert Henry Currier, D.D.,
Professor Emeritus of Sacred Rhet-
oric and Practical Theology

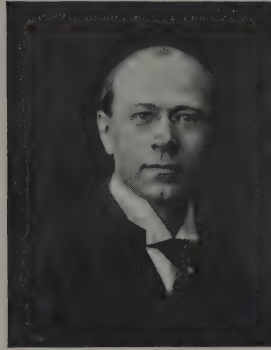


Frank Fanning Jewett, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and
Mineralogy

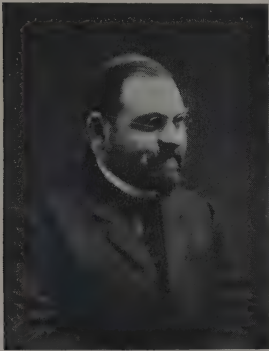
Faculty



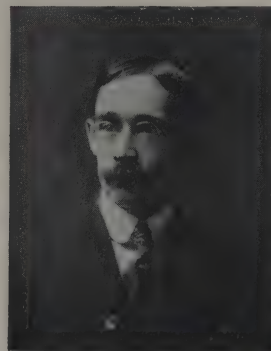
Rev. Lyman Bronson Hall, A.M.,
Professor of History



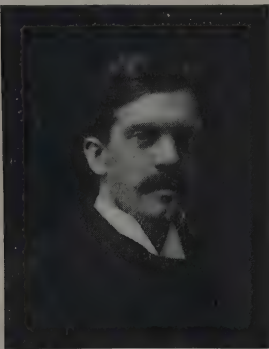
Charles Nelson Cole, Ph.D.,
Professor of the Latin Language
and Literature



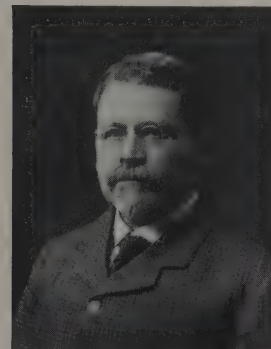
Azariah Smith Root, A.M.,
Librarian; Professor of Bibliography



Rev. Kemper Fullerton, A.M.,
Professor of the Old Testament Lan-
guage and Literature

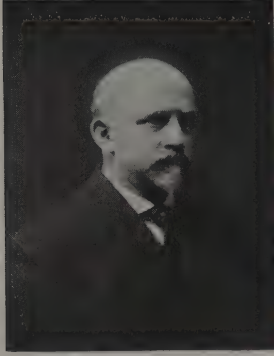


Rev. William James Hutchins,
Professor of Homiletics



Charles Bebee Martin, A.M.,
Professor of Greek Literature and
Greek Archaeology

Faculty



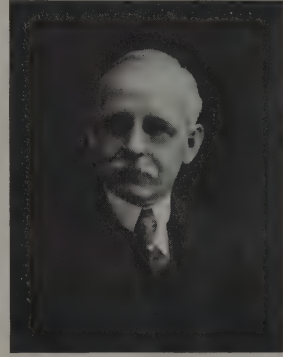
Rev. Edward Increase Bosworth,
D.D.,
Dean of the Theological Seminary;
Professor of the New Testament
Language and Literature



Rev. George Walter Fiske,
A.M.,
Professor of Practical Theology



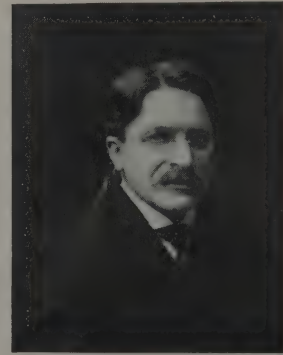
Frederick Anderegg, A.M.,
Professor of Mathematics



John Fisher Peck, A.M.,
Principal of the Academy; Associate
Professor of Greek



Miss Lucretia Celestia Wattles,
A.M.,
Professor of Pianoforte



Howard Handel Carter, Mus.B.,
Professor of Pianoforte

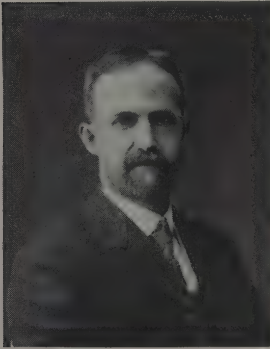
Faculty



Arthur Smith Kimball,
Professor of Singing



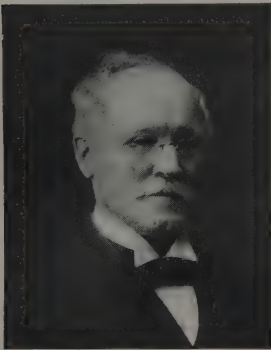
Charles Walthall Morrison, Mus.B.
Director of the Conservatory; Pro-
fessor of Pianoforte



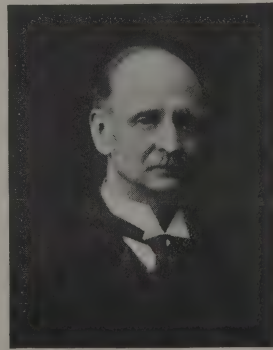
Fred Eugene Leonard, A.M.,
M.D.,
Director of the Men's Gymnasium;
Professor of Physiology and
Physical Training



George Whitefield Andrews,
Mus.D.,
Professor of Organ and Composition



John Roaf Wightman, Ph.D.,
Professor of the Romance Lan-
guages and Literatures

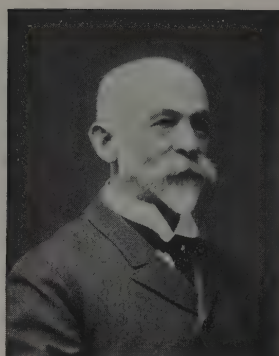


Rev. Albert Temple Swing, D.D.,
Professor of Church History

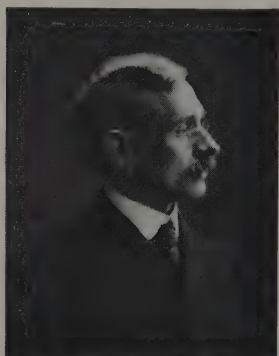
Faculty



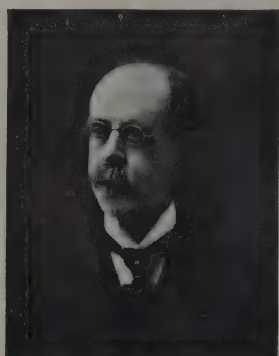
Rev. Louis Francis Miskovsky,
A.M.,
Principal of Slavic Department; Pro-
fessor of the Bohemian Language



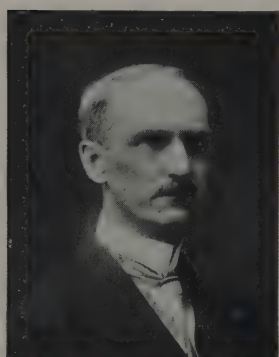
James Ralph Severance, A.M.,
Treasurer



Frederick Giraud Doolittle,
Professor of Violin



Edward Dickinson, A.M.,
Professor of the History and Criti-
cism of Music

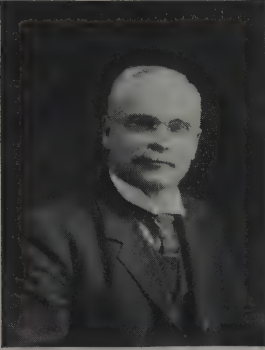


Edgar George Sweet, Mus.B.,
Professor of Singing



Miss Arletta Maria Abbott, A.M.,
Professor of the German Language
and Literature

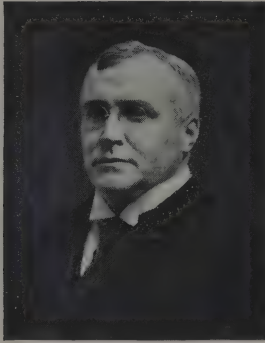
Faculty



Charles Edward St. John, Ph.D.,
Dean of the College of Arts and
Sciences; Professor of Physics
and Astronomy



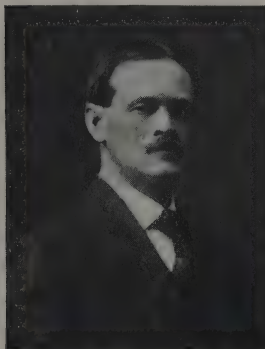
Miss Delphine Hanna, A.M.,
M.D.,
Director of the Women's Gymnasium;
Professor of Physical Training



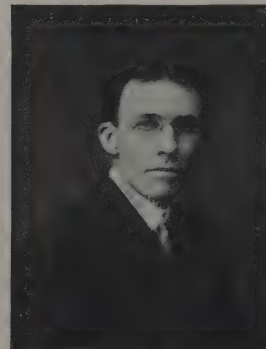
George Morris Jones, A.M.,
Secretary



Simon Fraser MacLennan, Ph.D.,
Professor of Philosophy and
Psychology



William George Caskey, A.M.,
Professor of Oratory and Rhetoric



Frederick Orville Grover, A.M.,
Professor of Botany.

Faculty



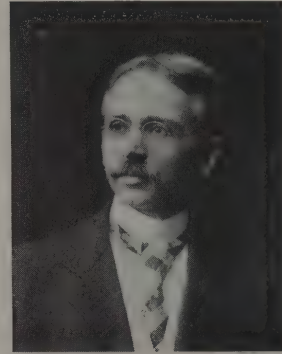
Charles Henry Adams Wager,
Ph.D.,
Professor of English; Advisory Officer



William Kilgore Breckenridge,
Mus.B.,
Professor of Pianoforte



Edward Alanson Miller, A.M.,
Dean of College Men; Professor of
Education



Arthur Edward Heacox, Mus.B.,
Professor of Harmony and
Counterpoint



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Professor of Zoology

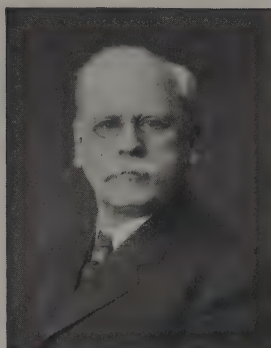


Miss Florence Mary Fitch, Ph.D.,
Dean of College Women;
Professor of Philosophy

Faculty



Charles Whiting Williams, A.B.,
Assistant to the President



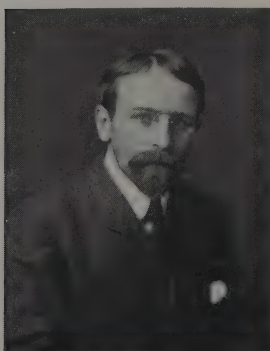
John Arthur Demuth,
Professor of Pianoforte, Violin, and
Wind Instruments



William Treat Upton, Mus.B.,
Professor of Pianoforte



Albert Benedict Wolfe, Ph.D.,
Professor of Economics and
Sociology

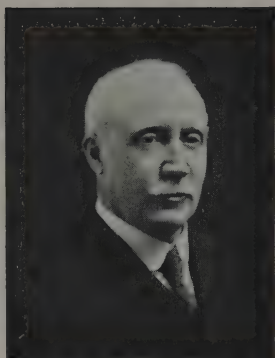


William Eugene Mosher, Ph.D.,
Professor of the German Language
and Literature



Charles King Barry, Mus.B.,
Professor of Pianoforte

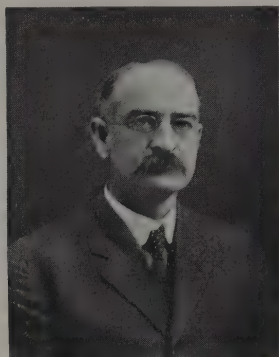
Faculty



Rev. John Taylor Shaw, A.M.,
Associate Professor of Latin



Miss Frances Juliette Hosford,
A.M.
Associate Professor of Latin



Lynds Jones, Ph.D.,
Associate Professor of Zoology; As-
sistant Curator of the Museum



William DeWeese Cairns, Ph.D.,
Associate Professor of Mathematics



Kirke Lionel Cowdery, A.B.,
Associate Professor of the French
Language and Literature

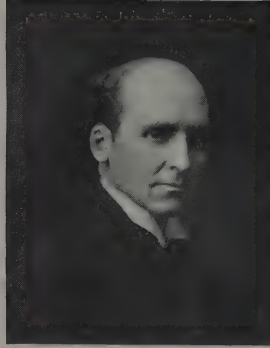


Charles Winfred Savage, A.M.,
Associate Professor of Physical
Training; Director of Athletics

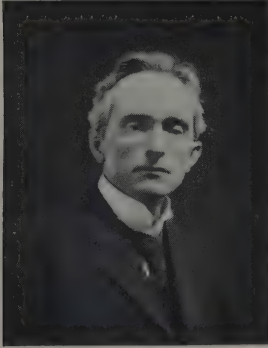
Faculty



Mrs. Harmonia Wattles Wood-
ford, A.M.,
Dean of Conservatory Women



Earle Foote Adams, A.M.,
Associate Principal of the Academy;
Associate Professor of Physics



Vernon Charles Harrington, A.B.,
Acting Associate Professor of
English



Edwin Bayer Branson, Ph.D.,
Associate Professor of Geology;
Curator of the Geological Museum



William Frederick Bohn, D.B.,
Secretary to the President;
Secretary of the Bureau of
Appointments



Walter Yale Durand, A.B.,
Associate Professor of English

Faculty



Robert Allyn Buddington, A.M.,
Associate Professor of Zoology



William Stearns Davis, Ph.D.,
Associate Professor of Mediaeval
and Modern European History



Miss Flora Isabel Wolcott, L.B.,
Registrar



Mrs. Edith Cole Fargo, Ph.B.,
Dean of Academy Women; Instruc-
tor in English

Samuel Peter Orth, Ph. D., Lecturer on Political Science

Dahl Buchanan Cooper, LL. B., Lecturer on Elementary Law and Public
Service Corporations

Charles Parsons Doolittle, Instructor in Violoncello; Superintendent of Build-
ings and Grounds

Mrs. Kate H. Winship Morrison, Mus. B., Instructor in Singing

Mrs. Leona G. Hottenstein Sweet, Mus. B., Instructor in Pianoforte

Miss Eva May Oakes, Instructor in Drawing and Painting

Mrs. Miriam T. Runyon, M. D., Instructor in Anatomy

Miss Clara Louise Smithe, L. B., Instructor in Latin

Miss Rosa Maritta Thompson, A. M., Instructor in English and Latin

William Jasper Horner, Mus. B., Instructor in Singing

Faculty

Herbert Harroun, A. B., Instructor in Singing
 Miss E. Louise Brownback, A. M., Instructor in English
 Charles Henry Adams, Mus. B., Instructor in Singing
 Mrs. Margaret Jones Adams, Mus. B., Instructor in Singing
 Friedrich Johann Lehmann, Instructor in Harmony and Counterpoint
 Louis Eleazer Lord, A. M., Instructor in Latin and Greek
 Miss Kate Waldo Peck, Mus. B., Instructor in Singing
 Orville Alvin Lindquist, Mus. B., Instructor in Pianoforte
 Russell Parsons Jameson, A. M., Instructor in French and Physical Training
 James Seymour Luckey, Pd. M., A. M., Instructor in Mathematics and Physics
 Mrs. Caroline Harter Williams, Instructor in Violin
 Mrs. Ada Morris Hastings, Instructor in Pianoforte
 Walter Peck Stanley, Instructor in Pianoforte
 John Ross Frampton, A. M., Instructor in Organ
 George Carl Hastings, Mus. B., Instructor in Pianoforte
 Miss Maud Allene Monroe, A. B., Instructor in Physical Training
 Edward James Moore, A. M., Instructor in Mathematics
 Mrs. Maud Tucker Doolittle, Mus. B., Instructor in Pianoforte
 Mrs. Bertha Miller, Instructor in Ear Training
 William Garfield Mallory, A. M., Instructor in Physics
 James Thome Fairchild, A. M., Instructor in Latin
 Miss Mary Emily Sinclair, Ph. D., Instructor in Mathematics
 Philip Darrell Sherman, A. M., Instructor in English
 Robert Archibald Jelliffe, A. B., Instructor in English
 James Caldwell McCullough, S. B., Instructor in Chemistry
 Milton Percival, A. M., Instructor in English
 Ben Hoerger, A. B., Instructor in German
 Mrs. Amelia Hegmann Doolittle, Mus. B., Instructor in Pianoforte
 Mrs. Alice E. Mead Swing, A. B., Tutor in German
 Mrs. Mary Taylor Cowdery, Ph. B., Tutor in French
 Miss Alice Chipman McDaniels, A. B., Tutor in German
 Roy Vernon Hill, A. B., Tutor in Mathematics
 John Ebenezer Wirkler, A. M., Tutor in History
 Miss Florence Louise Westlake, A. B., Tutor in English
 Carl Burghardt Wilson, A. B., Tutor in Botany and Zoology
 Charles Fremont Easton, A. M., Tutor in Mathematics
 Frank Sicha, Jr., A. B., Tutor in English
 Jesse Feiring Williams, Tutor in Physical Training in the Men's Gymnasium;
 Director of Athletics in Oberlin Academy
 Miss Edith Summerbell, A. B., Teacher of Physical Training
 Frederic Benjamin Stiven, Mus. B., Teacher of Organ
 Karl Wilson Gehrkens, A. B., Teacher of Public School Music
 Miss Florence Belle Jenney, Mus. B., Teacher of Singing
 Miss Anna Morse Starr, A. M., Assistant in the Botanical Laboratory
 Clarence Austin Morrow, B. S., Assistant in the Chemical Laboratory
 George Delwin Allen, A. B., Assistant in the Zoological Laboratory
 Ross Warren Sanderson, A. B., Assistant in Psychology
 Mary Irene Dick, A. B., Assistant in the Women's Gymnasium

Phi Beta Kappa

Officers

President,	President Henry C. King
Vice President,	Professor Frank F. Jewett
Secretary and Treasurer,	Professor Charles H. A. Wager

Charter Members

Henry Churchill King	Olivia M. Myers (Northwestern)
Edward I. Bosworth (Yale)	Walter R. Myers (Northwestern)
Edwin B. Branson (Kansas)	Frederick O. Grover (Dartmouth)
Albert H. Currier (Bowdoin)	Charles H. A. Wager (Colgate)
John T. Shaw (Brown)	John R. Wightman
Frank F. Jewett (Yale)	(Johns Hopkins)

Elected Members

John W. Bradshaw (Middlebury)	G. Walter Fiske (Amherst)
William S. Davis (Harvard)	William J. Hutchins (Yale)

OBERLIN COLLEGE received a signal honor last September in the prompt and hearty vote with which the National Council of Phi Beta Kappa, in session at the birthplace of that venerable order, granted her application for a charter. The new chapter was organized early in the College year, and was formally installed on the eighth of November, 1907.

At its origin Phi Beta Kappa was merely a Greek-letter fraternity, the prototype of the numerous modern organizations of that kind. It was founded at the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Va., in 1776. In the early part of the nineteenth century its first branches, at Yale, Harvard and Dartmouth, revolutionized the society, discarding secrecy, and making excellence in scholarship the sole title to the membership. In 1882, under the leadership of Harvard, a national union was formed of the twenty-four independent chapters then in existence. To-day there are in this union seventy-one chapters, with a membership of over fourteen thousand.

The badge of the society is the familiar golden key. On one side, in an upper corner, it shows a group of stars, toward which, in the opposite lower corner, an index points; between stand the Greek letters Phi Beta Kappa, which are the initials of the motto of the society, *Φιλοσοφία Βίου Κυβερνήτης*, "Philosophy the Guide of Life." On the other side are the letters S. P., representing the early name of the society, *Societas Philosophiae*, and the date, 1776.

Phi Beta Kappa

In the Oberlin chapter the electoral body consists of the Faculty members. They have power to elect to membership each year one-eighth or less, at their discretion, of the Senior class, taking into account in making their choice nothing but the scholarship and the moral character of the candidates. Alumni who rank in the first eighth of their respective classes may also be elected to membership.

It is hoped that the new chapter will prove a peculiarly potent force in the intellectual life of the College. While it will naturally affect directly only those students who would in any case rank high in scholarship, it can hardly fail, through raising the scholarly ideals of the more gifted members of a class, to exercise indirectly a powerful influence on the whole body.

PROFESSOR CHARLES N. COLE





Vradenburg	Loomis	Koehler	Swing	Strong	Rahill	Hayden
Van Fossan	MacCollin	Dulmage	Whitmer	Steele	Behr	
	Wolfe	Ferris, W. P.	Sharp	Ferris, C. W.		
	Chamberlain	Jelliff				
	Morrison					

Officers

President,

Albert E. Chamberlain

Vice President,

James T. Brand

Secretary,

George A. Vradenburg

Treasurer,

John W. Rahill

Student Senate

OF all virtues, Zeno made choice of silence, "for by it," said he, "I hear other men's imperfection, and conceal my own."

This is the policy that has been followed by the Student Senate this year, so that we are not surprised to hear some remark, "Is the Student Senate still alive?" We want to say that we are alive, have held regular meetings, and have always spent our time in profitable discussion and decision. It was through the Senate that the student body came to realize the futility of pushing the question of Senior examinations further with the Faculty. At other times we have held our peace because we have felt that the prime purpose of the Senate was not to stir up trouble so that it would appear to be doing something, but rather to quiet the turmoil after the difficulty had arisen. In other words, we have spoken only when we really had something to say.

The Student Senate still has and always will have its place here in the life of Oberlin College. It is the only direct representative body of the men of the institution which the Faculty can feel at liberty to call upon and consult with in regard to student affairs. As long as the students and Faculty exist the Student Senate should be needed and used.

TRACY STRONG



Lucy Ainsworth
Esther Robson

Faith Smith
Grace McConnaughey

Minnie Prosser
Margaret Allen

Georgina Allison
Ruth Bullock

Frances Cushing
Rhoda McCulloch

Officers

College Women's Board

President,

Margaret D. Allen

Vice President,

Lucy C. Ainsworth

Secretary,

Esther N. Robson

THE need has long been felt, both by Faculty and student body for some means of conveying to the Faculty the student point of view. As a result of this need, through the efforts of the Dean of College women, a Board of College Women was formed in the winter of 1906-7. In view of the desire that it be as representative a body as possible, it was decided that its members should consist of the vice presidents, members *ex-officio*, three Seniors, two Juniors, and one member from each of the lower classes.

With the ultimate purpose of securing closer cooperation between the Faculty and the College women, the Board has met regularly each month. At these meetings, through informal discussions upon any impending subjects, the student sentiment has been conveyed to Miss Fitch. Thus the Board serves as an advisory committee to the Dean. It is hoped that the Board may prove beneficial in creating a better student sentiment as well.

LUCY C. AINSWORTH

Talcott



Baldwin







Senior Class

President,
Vice President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,
Assistant Treasurer,
Chairman Social Committee,
Chairman Play Committee,
Historian,

Officers

Frank O. Koehler
Minnie L. Prosser
Elizabeth H. Spearing
Eugene C. Bird
Elizabeth J. Allen
C. Willard Ferris
Robert H. Rice
Florence Hull

Honorary Members

President Henry C. King	Professor Charles H. A. Wager
Professor Azariah S. Root	Professor William D. Cairns
Professor Frank F. Jewett	Professor Albert B. Wolfe
Professor Simon F. MacLennan	Professor Florence M. Fitch

Colors

Crimson and Black

Bell

Zip-Rah-Bang
Rip-Ki-Yi
M-C-M-V-I-I-I



ROW old along with me!

The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor
be afraid!"

BROWNING: Rabbi Ben Ezra

The Class of 1908

An Interview with the College Librarian

Your reporter was able the other afternoon to penetrate into the remote den where amid stacks of books the college librarian does his work.

"I have called," I said, "to inquire on behalf of the Annual what is your opinion of the class of 1908."

"Well," said the Professor, "if I only possessed the pyrotechnic eloquence of Koehler or Tracy Strong, perhaps I could do justice to the subject, but as I cannot compete with such masters of the vocal organs, I can only tell you in a very simple way.

"The class of 1908 has always been a favorite class with me and these are some of my reasons:

"In the first place, it has been a hard-working class. It has not forgotten that its first business here is to study. The class-room work of its members has been strong. In oratory, debate and society work its example has been inspiring, and in administration it has been thoroughly successful.

"In the next place, it has been what I call a broad-gauge class. By that I mean that it has been able to see beyond itself. In everything it has shown good, practical common-sense. It has had plenty of fun, but has not carried its fun to an excess. It has had good athletes; but they have not felt that athletics was the only thing of importance in College. I have greatly enjoyed the freedom from snobbishness which the class has manifested, and the places which have been voted to fellows who were largely self-supporting.

"Then, too, it has been a class which has known how to do good 'team work.' The members of the class have pulled together. Cliques and factions have been mostly non-existent. Though the class has maintained entire independence and has held its own opinions, it has worked with the Faculty and not against it.

"Perhaps that is as much as you will have room to print, but I would like you to add that the class will leave behind it most enjoyable memories and will be bidden God-Speed by those of us who tarry by the stuff. We shall expect a good record from 1908."

**Senior
Class**

Senior
Class



Elizabeth Housam Spearing

Elizabeth they call this maid,
Who has a charming way.
She studies German very hard
And says she'll teach some day.

And if she wouldn't study so
She'd win our hearts so fast
That we would all around her flock,
But her aim is five to the last.

Married —
Edith Robins '08
(Robins Strong 1912)



Tracy Strong

Tracy—usually "T"—covered many strategic positions during the four years, editing the '08 Annual and holding the reins of the Y. M. C. A. His straightforward, frank manner can never mislead one, for "T" is what he seems to be. His strong personal force has worked quietly among Oberlin men, and they shall long feel the stamp of his influence upon their lives.



Elinore Adelia Bates

Started well in Prep. School and has kept to it faithfully. Has a circle of strong friends and is content. Gets into things just enough to show the proper spirit without being ambitious. She is one of those rare persons who stand for quality.



Fannie Williams Edwards

"I can't make my eyes behave."

Marion Hoyt Chute

Marion is one of the youngest and most popular of the girls of the class. She loves the out-of-doors and is radiantly well. She is absolutely unassuming and has a pleasant way of seeing everyone else's good points, but she could not hide her own loveliness if she tried, for hers are

True eyes,
Too pure and too honest to disguise
The sweet soul shining through them.

John Alexander Steele

Jack got his reputation by turning down prominent offices. He is fond of a long walk, a French novel and a good joke. He used to carry mail for a pastime; now he teaches "Academy Algebra."

Georgia Visa Hubbard

There was a young lady quite mild
Who peacefully studied and smiled.

She said, "It's not fun,
But when it is done
I feel like a virtuous child."

Katharine Sheldon

This maid came to Oberlin
Before the flood began,
She says she's going to leave us soon,
We don't see how she can.
She knows about the Chapel fire,
About the old-time rules,
We judge from what she's proved to be,
This is the best of schools.

Senior Class



**Senior
Class**



Delia May Kirkpatrick

Delia is a lassie
Full of winsome grace;
She would make much brighter
Any sort of place.



Claude Wilmot Stedman

"Sted" claims to be proficient in all the languages, has dabbled in every philosophy from Pragmatism to Confucianism, has a bluffing knowledge of all subjects, and has been to Paris, a fact which he never attempts to conceal. Under his over-sophistication "Dictionarious" isn't such a bad fellow.



Mary Matthews Hobbs

A gentle, modest mood hath won
O'er gayness, joy or any fun;
She walks the earth a quiet nun—
Her face a saint's, her work well done.

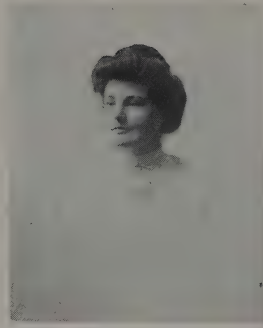


Albert Christian Schumacher

This cousin of Kaiser Wilhelm's brought with him a two years' harvest from Bluffton College in addition to the fruits of some ministerial labor. "1908" needed such a man and gave him a hearty welcome. Schumacher has a jovial disposition, a four-inch smile, a bass voice and a broad brogue.

Florence Hull

Florence is exceedingly bright, both books and conversation. She can lead literary society with perfect ease and ability. 'Tis hoped she will marry a governor so that her qualities may have ample scope. But it's against her principles to take advantage of leap-year privileges. She thinks for herself.



Senior
Class

Robert Robson

Bob assumes a cynical view of the world, and it is said that on one occasion he lost his temper. If you don't believe it, just rub him the wrong way and see what he will do to you. On the subject of Geology, Bob is an enthusiastic talker.



Mabel
Maryat Allen

Harriette Frances Ryan

Harriette Ryan must be included in the category of sharks, since she has consistently chosen a front seat in Senior Bible in spite of the fact that President King has taken to asking unfathomable questions in class. Miss Ryan's manner is quiet, calm and touch-me-not, yet her smile is very charming when it chances to fall on you.



Mabel Frances Hunt

I shouldn't want to be a preacher's child,
And have to hand out English undefiled
And expurgated. Suppose I were beguiled
To tell a story. It would have to be suppressed—
Cut out—exterminated.



Senior Class



Helen Louise Myers

Helen's erect and queenly bearing, her rich coloring and her lovely speaking voice make her delightful in dramatics and her roles are charming. But who shall tell of the source of the attractiveness of the girl herself? Is it her buoyancy or her graciousness, her love of fun or her good taste, her unpretentious goodness, or her ability, that makes everyone love and admire her?



Ray Lee Edwards

After taking two years of his course in Oberlin, Edwards went to Delaware and entered Ohio Wesleyan. What his reason was matters not; suffice it to say, he repented and returned just in time to enroll among the worthies of 1908. His past, however, is now forgiven, and as a member of 1908 his future is secure.



Constance Marie Morris

She plays Basket Ball
Like a gust in a squall.
She's quite athletic—
It's really pathetic—
'Cause she misses the point of it all.



Irving Louis Fisher

Fisher originated in Sauk Center, Minnesota, and arrived in Oberlin via the University of Minnesota. He has persisted in doing high class work all through his course. Fisher chose a top room in Council and allowed no distractions to interfere with his plans. His specialty is a modest unobtrusiveness.

Senior
Class

Frances Beatrice Bullard

A maid from the West who brought, to share with us, the blue of the skies in her eyes and the sunshine in her smile.



Howard Brigham Sohn

Howard is a peculiar mixture of hero-worship, enthusiasm and self-depreciation. He is sincere, whole-souled and we fear at times monotonous. He is most courteous to the fair sex and is never happier than when doing one of them a favor. Howard is as devoted to his lessons as he is to the Civic Club, and that is going some.



Bertha Cora Harris

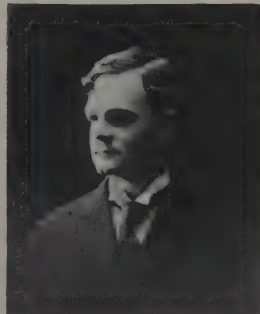
No one ever saw Bertha when she wasn't busy. She is always bustling about, and yet she is sure to have time for anyone who needs her help. Books hold some charm for her, but she is fond of walking, too, and it is often a question which should receive her attention. Her ambition is to teach out West.



Dial

Henry Martin Bissell, Jr.

Bissell is a man of many interests and is an interesting man. During his Senior year he managed to run a photo gallery, conduct a boys' club in Cleveland, serve as chaplain at the front and pass "Reconstruction." He has been with 1908 but one year, yet is one of her most faithful members.



Senior
Class

M.D. 1913



Gertrude Eleanor Sturges

Right here's a cheer for Gertrude,
Who shines in Basket Ball.
Her heart's as big as all out-doors,
In health she beats us all.



George Chauncey Bartlett

George is a man of one idea, i. e., to keep Burton's oil can filled. He served his apprenticeship in Council and was promoted to Mrs. Green's. Among his other activities, George has dabbled in Foot Ball, Base Ball, and has also studied some.



Florence Farr

Florence Farr has a wonderful capacity for exhausting her work and her friends. One hundred miles a minute was the record by which she made College in three and a half years. A shark in English and very interesting.



Margery Eleanore Houser

Margery is the tall Miss Houser,
But to you she will not bow, sir,
Unless, perchance, by happenstance,
You prove your mighty worth, sir.
For she's the goods worth all your dreams,
Of heart and brain—just what she seems—
Is this our tall Miss Houser.

Senior
Class

Verna Irene Chapin

Not from the golden, but from the breezy West. Her "abounding health and exuberant spirits" know no limitations. Professor Root used to think she was a P. T. girl, and others have made the same mistake. Verna says she is going to teach school for several years. What then?



John Frederick Miller

"Rabbi" hailed into the limelight here from Dayton in the Fall of '07 and since has played the quiet, reserved role of the embryonic judge. Fred studies hard, walks like a military commandant, and in general is congenially dignified.



Louise Russell Kelsey

While she was yet among us she was noted for the fact that she always studied on Senior night. Early this semester she suddenly decided to teach the young of Northern Michigan how to shoot ideas about Physics and Astronomy. "Our loss has been her gain."



Bess Adeline Bolden

She speaks when she's spoken to in Sociology. It was she who solved the question, "Has an isolated cat self-consciousness?" Natural selection and the audrocentric theory of society draw only the lowered eyelid of contempt from her.



**Senior
Class**

Murriel



Grace Herreid

Grace Herreid is a dignified little lady who has been brought up to reign in social circles. She is clever for she can hit the nail on the head every time, but her wit carries a little sarcasm in its flights. An unusual girl and little, but oh my!



Chester Arthur Allen

A little man fits well with a big voice. He would never be a success as a street fakir, but as a silent sleuth he would capture the house. He is a worker and you can't lick him.



Frances Newton Cushing

Frances was an excellent treasurer for she kept Y. W. funds from running away. One wouldn't think she could set the world on fire, but she may some day. Her future position is like herself in character—Big and Steady. Unlike most women, she is not generally speaking and doesn't like to be bossed.



Alvia Artist Atterholt

"The sage of Lisbon," such he hight and well it fits his form. He is the luckiest center in case of a fumble our Foot Ball team ever produced. He's a good deal of a shark in spite of his denials and has such "winnin' ways."

Lulu Houser

Nearly all the Seniors look upon Lulu as their bright and shining ideal of a scholar. She haunts the library looking as if she had just been having one of those sublime feasts with Homer and Lotze. She is delightful—a girl who can be “wondrous wise” and at the same time more fun than a “box of monkeys.” Just give her a couple more hairpins and Lulu would be all right!

Jessie Margaret McNabb

“Her glossy hair was clustered o’er a brow
Bright with intelligence and fair and smooth;
Her eyebrows’ shape was like the aerial bow;
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth.”
And yet her hair is not Sandy!

Russell Burr Hopkins

“Hoppy” is a remarkable combination of math-shark, athlete and lady-killer. He makes his own philosophy of life and believes in it thoroughly. His motto is: “When I became a man I put away childish things.”

Helen Barbara Brown

Helen Brown swallows and flutters a bit when she gets excited, but it’s good when it comes out. She is a lady authoress and has what is popularly known as a facile pen.

Senior Class



Murriel
John. Sanborn '18

Murriel
Murriel Edwards.
(Martha Hopkins 1902)

Senior Class



Elfreda Schubert

We are glad that the Johnstown flood spared Elfreda, for to know her is good for one's soul. She can quote Lotze with marvelous facility, and in spite of fears that she is too "undignified" manages to hold down the position of house president.



James Henry Cowan

Jimmie is a synonym for quiet perseverance. He ranks among the rare philosophers who think more than they attempt to utter.



Myrtle Lenna Brooks

A lady named Brooks
Fell asleep o'er her books
And muchly annoyed a professor.
He shouldn't have cared,
Because he was spared
The pleasure of hearing a guesser.



George Perry Metcalf

"Yon G. P. hath a lean and hungry look; he thinks too much." He studies some and pretends to spend most of his time "cramming." But watch him! 'Tis rumored he's engaged.

Sarah Diatha Seymour

Sarah is the stuff that the world's best women are made of. She is taking the Physical Training Course and fitting herself for a life of service for others. A stately carriage, a splendid face, the kindest of hearts—do you wonder that it is not only the boys who like her?



Senior
Class
married

George H. Everson

George has a happy disposition tinged with blue-rose melancholy. He is ever ready to lend a hand, avoids the "lime-light" and is studious.



Minnie Louise Prosser

If you want something done here is the girl who will do it; if you want something said here is the girl who will say it; and if you want nothing at all but to be happy, just get "Rastus" to laugh with you. Our Vice President! May each class-to-come be as happy in this respect as '08.



married

Robert Hughes Rice

In the four years which Bob Rice has spent in Oberlin, the College community has learned that he is a man to whom positions of responsibility and real importance can be safely intrusted. Look him up in "Who's Who." And it isn't half there.



Lawyer .

Senior Class



Ola May Jackson

Ola is one of the very few really beautiful girls. The severest dress becomes her most, and she has a certain gravity that makes her smile doubly charming. She talks little. Every one in general, and a gifted young law student in particular, will testify that she is a girl among girls.



Ruth Edna Maltby

Studios and quiet,
Actions sweet and kind,
Bred in Ashtabula,
Our dear Ruth you'll find.
Living at Lord Cottage,
Ruth is quite discreet;
She never makes a single noise,
And smiles in hall and street.



Mary May McIntosh

Mary Mac's ancestors were rugged Highlanders in unspeakable plaids. Mary has inherited their oatmeal-nourished tenacity to purpose and devotion to hard work. She has a cheerful grin and the usual qualifications for membership in the Radium Club.



Sidney Barlow Brown

Sidney meets you on the street with a smile and speaks with that same smile in his voice. He has been with us since his Academy days, but seemed to prefer quiet life and music to College activities. His thoughts nobody knows, but his intentions are good.

Florence Pearl

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint!

And those who know thee, know all words are faint!"

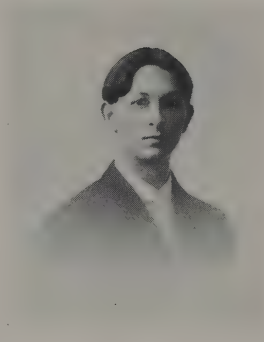
An angel-face, a perpetual motion tongue, a diamond to her credit and yet she never can keep her seat in society! But what matter, when there is one Good Enough for her?



Senior
Class
Manuel

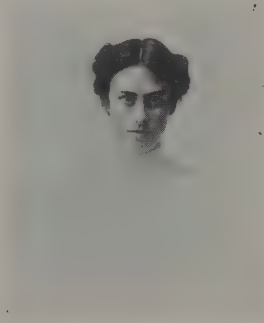
James Aaron Hills

This Apollo-visaged youth hails from the town of Oskaloosa, Iowa. After attending the Oberlin grade schools, he sojourned for a while in Texas, returning to Oberlin last fall as a full-fledged Senior. The College has gained in being able to number Hills among its graduates.



Nellie Mary Stratton

There was a young lady named Nell
On her virtues a year one could dwell,
She was dark, tall and witty,
Exceedingly pretty,
And really cut out for a belle.



Laura Celestia Perry

There was a young maiden named Perry,
And of labor she never was chary;
She worked very hard,
In lessons she starved,
Yet she often could raise the Old Harry.



Senior
Class

Married

(Prof. Horner



Edith Esther Putman

Black hair, black eyes, a clever tongue,
And lips that always smile;
Vivacious, breezy, witty, too,
She's got you beat a mile.



Stanley Burns Kent

Kent fakes funny parts in theatricals, and studies higher Mathematics. Stanley is obliging, cares little for society, and is in for all class stunts and athletics. If he had been bigger he would have made a star. He is as much a boy as he was when a Freshman.



Betsey Eve Churchill

"The light upon her face shines from the window of another world. Saints only have such faces."—And this is Betsey, *nicht wahr?*



Anna Frances Brodnax

Intellectual, jolly,—it's fun to watch her smile. She led a Bible Study class and is a mighty nice sort of a girl for a comrade.

Margaret Dickey Allen

Margaret Allen, she can laugh,
And who'll make the better half
Is no question, for there's one
Who just likes her streak of fun.
"Capable" just suits her too,
For she carries things right through.



Senior
Class

M. Allen
Bob Roberson

Charles Willard Ferris

C. "Buck" Ferris is a model Christian business man, built according to the specifications of "Rational Living" and "Reconstruction." He is a strong man among the feminine contingent for he always has an inexhaustible fund of choice conversation. As U. L. A. President his introductions are applicable to anybody for anything at anytime,—but that don't matter.



Erma Martha Kibler

"Kib" is one of those jolly good-natured kind who spend most of their time studying Lucretius and Oratory. She has a host of friends at Allegheny and Oberlin, but one thing she lacks is Oberlin College Spirit. She is always willing to bet for what she calls her College—Allegheny.



Sara Bernita Dreitzler

Bernita says: "Well, now don't you think?"—"but see here"—and she always has her opinion, too. She has business tact in an unusual degree. She doesn't want to be an Alumna,
She doesn't want to go away.
She would rather be an Assistant,
Then she'd have whole years to stay.



Senior Class



Emma Margaret Wiesender

As conscientious as the day is long. She wouldn't go to a debate jollification after hours for anything. Hasn't any scruples on cards and the dance, but for "a' that" the Profs all like her and so do we. To know her best is to love her most.



Harry Joshua Sargent

"Josh" is a student, though few ever suspected it. His specialties have been physical training, human nature and class stunts. Sargent's record from the basement to the lightning rod of Peters' is 30 seconds flat. During his Sophomore year he roomed on East College and thereby hangs many a tale.

*married
Geo. Sullivan*



Ruth April Westgate

Ruth is a girl who habitually does twenty hours of work and never says a word about it. She never misses a good lecture or a concert, or any fun that is going, either. Although her fund of good-humor is inexhaustible, she has convictions and the courage to stand by them.



Alice Neal Gregg

Alice is quiet and demure—until one gets well acquainted with her. She chatters like a magpie and has the gift of "total recall." Spreads are her long suit, and she'd almost rather make cocoa than study. And usually she is busy doing something for somebody else.

Lucile Winifred Tillinghast

One would not suppose that such a demure little maid would have to sell choices for parlor seats on Sunday evenings.



Senior
Class

Hubert Everett Husted

Here indeed we see a man of affairs. With malice toward none, with charity toward all, Hubert has entered with a vengeance into College doings. In Y. M., Choir and Musical Union, Literary Society, U. L. A., class athletics, and Varsity Base Ball "Hoover" has made his mark.



Marion

Emma Bouquet Lee

A brilliant girl with a brilliant ancestry and a famous name. Emma is a girl who doesn't have to work herself or the Profs to get a "5." Her scholarly ability is equalled only by her engaging social qualities. She has been to Columbia and, with that common sense so characteristic of her, pronounces Oberlin "still in the van."



Marion Blackman

She's the maiden with the bright brown eyes,
"In whose orb a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies."

Quiet and unassuming, yet ready for the good times and lots of fun. Miss Blackman, the Senior; M. Blackman, the business woman; Marion, the mandolin player; "Bright Eyes," the girl who stands in the hall and charms the men,—all, all combined into one. None of these parts is better than the whole.



Senior Class



Irma Belle Lewis

Here's to the girl who is dainty and still,
Here's to the girl who is sweet,
For here is a girl who'll be true always,
No matter how seldom you meet.
Yes, Irma is quality, not quantity, but just the
same, she's always there.

married (1913)



Frank Howard Waters

"Bud" Waters is one of the favorite children of Oberlin's athletic meadows. He bids fair to tie with Clayt Fauver as the possessor of the largest number of O's on record. Howard was essentially designed for a social conqueror, but the fairies don't seem to be able to get over that awful hair. But the fact remains that he is a peerless manipulator of the spheroid in any of its forms.



Carrie Hamilton Watson

"Watsie" is the paradoxical personification of tenderness combined with unrelenting dignity. A business woman through and through. We all know that when she puts her shoulder to the wheel, things must go or break. If Oberlin had a host of such women to turn loose on the world this June, something worth while would happen.



Andrew Dorr Collins

A gay Freshman, an awakened Sophomore, a studious Junior, a noble Senior. Andrew hails from St. Joseph, Michigan, yet he claims he was never married. As to the future he says, "Well, by gad, I don't know." Andrew plans to study law.

Lenna Sherman Cheesman

A concoction of all the classics. She took her only flight from the realms of prose and fact in the "Clouds" last year. Professor Martin has an unmitigable grudge against that still small voice of Lenna's.



Senior
Class
married
Mr. Johnson.

Charles Irvin Miller

Miller is one of those men who can work his way through College and specialize in Mathematics at the same time. He knows more about differential equations than you do about short division. He picked out his profession long ago and will some day be a master bridge-builder.



Mary Ellis Purcell

We have no adjectives of fine enough calibre to describe Mary Ellis. It is hard to say whether we love or reverence her most. Perfect sincerity, the finest consideration, the gentlest friendliness and self-forgetful generosity—these are a few of the qualities that endear her to us.



George Wesley Garthwaite

Garthwaite claims the mosquito-infested state of New Jersey as his residence. Quiet and unassuming, he is a steady plugger and sticks to his work closer than a brother. "Noisy" does not believe in the right of free speech, and we can say no more than, "Some flowers bloom unseen."



Senior Class



Bertha Mabel Rogers

Her English makes you sit up and take notice, her Philosophy sets your head a-spinning, and her German sends you gasping for breath up into the seventh heaven.

married '04
Missed Monroe '07



Walter Holden Wolfe

"Dad" is a war-horse of the first rank. He took to everything in College excepting Geology. "Dad" was all-state guard one year and repeated at tackle. He has been night engineer at the Water Works and has managed to engineer a few enterprises of a private nature. "Dad" is whole-souled, generous and husky. His friends will never forget him.



Mabel Gertrude Whiting

To know her at all is to love her a great deal. She takes "Mike" and is very wise, but it hasn't hurt her a bit. She can even recite the Aelioian constitution by heart. Yet in spite of these superior accomplishments, she still remains the most delightful companion imaginable.



James Hugh Smith

Probably no man in Oberlin has more friends and fewer enemies than "Simp" Smith. He is one of the modest and reserved kind, who says nothing unless it is good and works hard and consistently. Hugh's athletic abilities are excelled by none. If you can claim the friendship and confidence of "Simp" Smith you have something "really worth while."

Ruth Alice Bullock

"An inborn grace that nothing lacked
Of culture or appliance,—
The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance."

To the which we all say a fervent "Amen!"



Senior
Class

married

Charles Albert Sawyer

Sawyer has gone through Oberlin in three years and still has had time to belong to societies and clubs innumerable, to sing in the choir and Union, to take leading roles in Junior and Senior class plays, to distinguish himself in oratory, and help get out the Review. 'Nuff said.



Sawyer

Edith Adelaide Robbins

There was a fair maid from McCool
Who wanted to go "East" to school;
There she won many hearts,
But the "Strongest" of darts
Could not capture our maid from McCool.



married
Tracy Strong

Frank Elijah Dudley

Elijah is very much like the boys of this age. He goes in for athletics, has a weakness for society, and enlists in the Y. M. C. A. He keeps his eyes open for the interests of the "kids," is a good friend and no man's enemy.



Senior
Class



Elaine Minerva VanFossan

There lived a young maid named Elaine,
Her studious nature gave pain,
To her, not to others,
To her, not her brothers,
But her labors are never in vain.

married

Leila Merriam '08



Cecil Loomis Burton

Mr. Burton looks harmless but he isn't. "Si" had bandit tendencies in his Sophomore year, but reformed nobly. The counteracting influence of close friends has done much toward "Si's" regeneration. "Si" has an "Uncle Biff" brand of humor, is a champion rough-houser, and took his A. B. in athletics.



Ida Floreda Stone

Floy Stone is one of those fortunate ones known as "home girls," and she makes the best of her privilege. Her countenance might lead one to think that she is innocent of the ways and wiles of College girls, but be not deceived! Her life has been an eventful one.



Stella Eikenberry

"Eike" is fond of everything that is deep and difficult, everything that is beautiful and everything that is good. She reads Philosophy and Religion, studies Violin, and more often seeks the company of her own thoughts than that of others. She is truly modest, in spite of her gifts and achievement.

married.

Mrs. Ringer (Linger)

Zell Mittilene Richards

One goes to College to seek education;
If they elect the P. T. Course they want a position;

But Mittilene sails serene on her way;
She won't take a job with the highest of pay!

Chorus—"Why?"



Senior
Class
Murriel

Arthur Eugene Bradley

Some call him "Bashful Art." But if that is true he has it down to a fine art. He went to one party—the Leap Year one at that. Though he may seem timid in certain places he fails to show it in school work or athletics. We know him as a "star."



Edna Ives Cromer

Edna is not a grind—

To that she'd say, "Go soak,"

Edna is not a belle,

But Edna *is* a joke!

Edna is not an old maid,

For Edna is not of age,

But queer is the way o' the world

And Edna *may* be a Sage!



Murriel
Will Sage

Albert Carl Eckert

Albert expects to be a librarian, and while in College has come to know the outside of a great many books. He is modest, yet capable; unassuming, yet persistent.



Senior Class



Marguerite Knopf

A benevolent cyclone swooped down upon Wyoming University, caught up Marguerite Knopf, and set her down in Oberlin this Fall. Since then she has devoted herself to literature and the culture of the Hubbard squash.



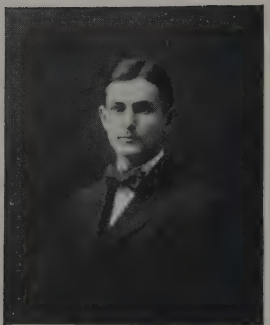
Charles Stone Kent

This serious-looking youth would rather rough-house than eat, says his landlady. Charley has made a big zero at Foot Ball, to say nothing of—well, no matter. He has a smile that sells books in vacation time as fast as the company can supply them.



Myrtle Grace Vial

Grace Vial has uncommon common sense, and her conscientiousness brings her many "5's" in Senior Bible. "Pinkie" suits her, if shades can tell complexion and disposition.



Van Ira Ward

We have here before us an athlete of no mean repute from Phoenix, N. Y. "Butch" is essentially a Base Ball man, captained this year's team to victory, shone as a vocalist between second and third, and was a stalwart guard on the Basket Ball team for three years.

Murrell Edwards

Murrell is liked by lots of girls,
She's liked by lots of boys,
She simply stars in Basket Ball,
And raises stacks of noise.



Senior
Class

Murrell 17.0

Russle Hopkins

Horace Hastings Nye

Droll and good-natured "Bill" would rather crack a bum joke than eat a good dinner. Although at times his humor is monotonous, he generally accomplishes his purpose of making you laugh. Horace stars more in social circles than in the class room.



Gertrude Chaney

Gertrude Chaney looks as if she had never seen the dark side of things. Should you ever chance to meet her when she failed to smile, you would know that something dreadful had happened.



Mabel Schultz Gerhard

Demure, winsome, tactful, always with the right word at the right time. But ah! there's another side—shudders when she giggles and talks at random, and, as Mabel herself expresses it, "goes hobnobbing with life."

But the Profs like her. Studious? Of course. Alack-a-day, this many-sided child!



Senior Class



Helen Stephenson Terry

A Math. and Science Shark—ah yes! with her sines, cosines, et cetera, et cetera, she makes your poor head fairly swim.

But withal she's human as can be, with a heart for the world and with her breezy vivaciousness.

married
Elizabeth Allen



Grover H. Hull

Grover Hull has gone through four years of College without forgetting what he came for. That is to say, he gets his lessons and minds his own business. He is distinguished for scholarship and modesty, qualities which will stand him in good stead in his chosen profession, the law.

married
Sara Hull



The Allen Girls

The "Allen Girls," subdivided for the convenience of the faculty into E. J. and E. N., are of the very salt of the earth.

Elizabeth, or E. J., as she is known in educational circles, early wore the reputation of a shark. But she is such a modest shark and such a jolly good fellow, too, that nobody hesitates to call her the "hull" thing.



Ethel forms the practical side of the family. She can manage high finance, make delicious seafoam and fudge, and preside at the table with utmost ease.

Senior
Class

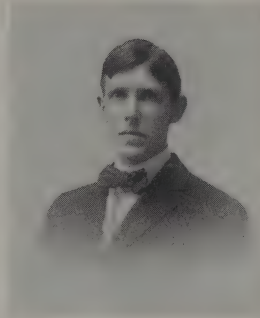
Frieda Louise Martini

She talks with her eyes and nose and mouth,
She talks with her specs and hands.
Some day she'll cheer the heathen up
In dark, unChristian lands.



Don Cameron Allen

Allen is a quiet man, with serious and studious propensities. He contributed a slide trombone to the band, a bass voice to the First Choir and a big mitt to the class Base Ball team. Allen's real work has been done behind the scenes of College activity.



Winifred Zelphia Jensen

Winifred Jensen is very agreeable and pleasant and remains the same in rain or shine. She is a type and needs a little fun to make her real. In other words, too consistent for a woman.



James Laurence Breckenridge

"Breck" distinguished himself as a Freshman and Sophomore by engineering class stunts, as a Junior by playing Base Ball and drawing pictures for the Annual, and as a Senior by living in the swellest apartments in town,—a fitting climax for such a career.



Marnet 1899
Mable Reynolds

Senior Class



Erma Shupe

Erma Shupe has been only two years at Oberlin, but don't worry about Erma! She has her full share of "5's." It is not at all difficult to tell what classes she likes best. She specializes in Nineteenth Century Poetry and in Senior Bible. Rumor has it that Erma is a fluent talker, but no one has yet been found to vouch for it.



Harlow Alexander McConnaughey

"Mac" comes from Benzonia, Michigan, and has a habit of singing on the Glee Club. There is an Abe Lincoln style about him that is very winning, and he converses as if thinking audibly. Mac is all right. "Take this from this, if this be otherwise."



Jessie Mae Woodroffe

This fortunate maiden called "Jess"
No longer must wail in distress.
She has "a position,"
O blessed condition!
And some day the heathen she'll bless.



Leah Helen Crane

"Lear" is a peach, loyal to her friends, and long may she find the friends she deserves. Her good humor, cheerfulness and common sense have endeared her to those who know her best.

Senior
Class

Ella Charlton Fulton

Noble and practical, too, in her regal womanhood. No words can describe Nelle. And why? Well, just because she is our Nelle, I guess; so thoroughly herself—yes,—a queen!



Walter Scribner Jelliff

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers."

Jellie leads a track squad, too, but that is one of his "excentrissities."



Vera Alice Tinker

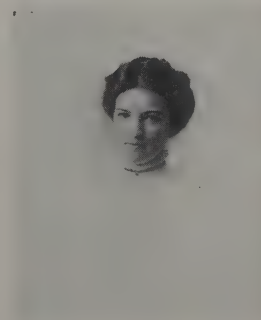
There is never any question as to her views on people and things. Her specialty is French and a model French maiden she is. A prim, precise little Priscilla with a nod of determination and a beck of command—this is Vera.



Bertha Evangeline Bails

Quaint, quiet and sweet—

Such is a maid I know;
Modest, gentle and neat,
But—(dear me!) ne'er saw beau!



Senior Class



Juanita Clemm Snyder

Juanita is a girl with an "atmosphere"—that means rarity of spirit. Her life here in Oberlin has endeared her to many, and 'tis rumored in Cleveland, too, there's to be found admiration for her. Could one guess?



Eugene Calvin Bird

"Gene" has been in every sort of Y. M. C. A. activity from smoking Duke's Mixture to conducting a boys' camp. Bird spent one summer in the realms of Geology and is dubbed proficient in the art. He has conscientiously sought to adorn himself with the crimson coat set off by the golden O. His O's, however, have been most evident in the class room.



Josephine Mary Goodall

Her modesty is as great as her attainments, and she would not for the world have you know what a fine record she made as a high school teacher before coming to College. She has endeared herself to her friends by her ready sympathy and by "little nameless unremembered acts of kindness."



George Waldo Monosmith

George W. Monosmith, '08, of Wellington, Ohio, rolls quietly into town to attend his regular College classes and then seeks again the enjoyment of his own home. Although he cannot partake of the activities which most of his classmates enjoy, he has the welfare of his College at heart and is one of the most loyal of Oberlin's supporters.

Lou Lyon Jennings

"Lou" is a girl with decided tastes—one for English, another for Philosophy. She is a "New Yorker," but doesn't drop her "r's." She is what she is—no veneer, no sham—herself, a girl with a mind decidedly her own.



Senior
Class

William Ernest Evans

Evans, the idealist, can play Basket Ball, debate and orate a little. There are two things he is certain of: he is going to be a preacher and he is going to get married as soon as possible. "Curly" is perhaps a little egotistic, yet he is an all round good fellow.



married

Lillias Margaret MacDonald

There was a young lady named Lill
Who everything did with great skill.

She kept every date,
I am glad to relate,
Though 'twas hard all engagements to fill.



Inez Seth Lindquist

"Mox" is one of the best we have, and David Anderson will find it pretty hard to give him up. What "Moxie" has not given a trial in the graft line is hardly worthy of consideration. His stories and his personality are unsurpassable. He is a friend of whom to be proud.



married

Senior
Class



Helen Grinnell Mears

I opened the doors of my heart. And behold
There was music within and a song.
And smiles did carry her sweetness
Repeating them long.
I opened the doors of my heart. And behold
There were lads young and fair
Who sang themselves out
To win this maid who is jolly
And gay, without doubt!
Oh—oh! Teddy Bear!!

married, 1912

Mary Fulton



Frank Oliver Koehler

"Old Stony" has been with us five years. Enthusiasm plus remarkable ability, and the matchless gift of winning and holding friends—these are the qualities which make him the man he is. He has been before us in Review, Y. M. C. A., Senate, Society, Athletics and Debate work. We shall ever wear him in "our heart of hearts"—one of Oberlin's peerless sons.



Leila Florence Beard

"She moves a goddess and she looks a queen."
Yes, that's true and lots more, too. Here's to Leila with all our hearts!

married

Cecil Burton '08



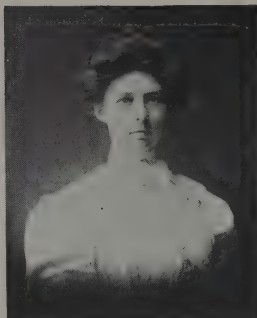
Leila May Merriam

There is a young lady called "Lee"
Who aims at each class late to be.
On a diet of fives
She luxuriously thrives
And thus fills her profs' hearts with glee.

There is a young fellow called "Cy"—
And the rest will come by and by!!!

Clara Munyan Lathrop

Miss Lathrop, endowed with such versatile qualities that she was somewhat out of her class with '07, decided to graduate with members of her own class since joining 1908. Twice she has threatened to send the Hi-O-Hi into bankruptcy by evolving so many worthy productions that she captured all the prizes. But '08 is proud to own her, and she is deserving of all praise one can give.



Senior
Class.

married
Lake Strong '09.

Harrison Jackson Behr

It is a "bald bare fact" that Harrison J. is one of the powers that be. He can dabble in sundry student interests and still pass all of Dr. Orth's courses. Harry has spent lots of time this year explaining the Review editorials, but still keeps his jovial smile.



married -
Agnes Merel '07

Bessie LaRue Lanterman

Bessie Lanterman entered Class of 1908 in its Senior year from Carleton College, where her classmates had learned to depend upon her for the quiet performance of the small task unseen by others. She was president of her Literary Society in 1906. While with us she has quietly done her work, so that few have recognized her true worth.



Rolla J. Shale

Shale insisted on rooming on Pleasant street and thereby avoided the whirling vortex of College notoriety. He is a husky, mild-mannered youth with the bloom of Kansas on his cheek. Shale played guard in class Foot Ball, but was never known to get mad.



Senior Class



Wilhelmina Gebert

She thinks, studies and at present teaches school. Can always find something to do, and what is more does it. Perhaps she deliberates, but usually it is well worth while. She is one of those persons whose departure leaves a vacancy.



Louis Collins Johnson

Johnnie wants to be different. He is somewhat of a "fusser" and likes to have the girls like him. He sings tenor beautifully, parts his hair on the side, and talks with a plaintive drawl.



Florence Theresa Murphy

In Florence Murphy we find united a rich Irish sense of humor and perfectly sound common sense. She seems more experienced than most College girls. What courses do they offer at Keuka College?

married .1912
Jessie McHale 1912



John Carfield Sanborn

"Sandy" rooms at the "Domicile," and that speaks a volume. He took in the O. S. U. game at Columbus, which refutes the charge that he is a "T. W." In addition to his A.B., "Sandy" has earned his B.B., F.B. and B.B. in class athletics. For further information address Cheona, Ill., R. F. D.

Charles George McArthur

"Mac" is a quiet fellow, with a lot of energy and a big heart—"leastwise that's what the ladies say." He is a great worker and the sort of fellow who "gets there," whatever happens.



Senior
Class

Albert Edward Chamberlain

Albert E., alias "Nutty," has had a meteoric career in this old school. He vocalized on the Glee Club, tried Class Foot Ball, and his Senior year yielded him the privilege of victoriously meeting Reserve in debate. No one will ever be quite what "Nutty" was to his friends—a happy, witty, splendid fellow, always to be remembered, ever to be missed.



Genevieve Mae Todd

There was a young maiden called Toddie,
Who studied away her whole boddie;
Both Music and College
Do show forth her knowledge,
But work will her lay 'neath the soddie.



Married

The Domicile



James Brand - Bob Rosson, John Sinton - Harry Strong
Frank Koehler - ---- - Eugene Reed - Joel Hayden -

The Stag Club



x Spald.





1909



Officers

President,
Vice President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,
Assistant Treasurer,
Chairman Social Committee,
Chairman Play Committee,

Lawrie J. Sharp
Grace E. McConnaughey
Mary B. Fulton
Palmer H. Snell
Adol A. Nixon
George P. Chambers
W. Paul Ferris

Junior Class

Honorary Members

Professor Edward I. Bosworth	Professor Adelia A. F. Johnston
Professor Frank F. Jewett	Professor Frederick Anderegg
Professor Frederick O. Grover	Professor Florence M. Fitch
Professor Edward A. Miller	Clarence A. Morrow

Colors

Orange and Black

Dell

O Say, O Say
Co See, Co Sine
O. K. O. C.
Nineteen Nine



ES, dear departed, cherished days,
Could Memory's hand restore
Your morning light, your evening rays,
From Time's gray urn once more,
Then might this restless heart be still,
This straining eye might close,
And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
While the fair phantoms rise.

HOLMES: Departed Days

Junior Class

HE came to us almost three years ago,—a timid, new-born thing; but his self-consciousness developed with remarkable rapidity, and we discovered, to our delight, a unique personality, an individuality, distinct and all his own. How well we remember when he appeared at the welcoming receptions on the first Saturday of the College year! He was a fascinating young person,—bubbling over with life and enthusiasm and giving promise of that rollicking fun and abundant good spirits, which we have come to identify with him. Yes, he was glad to be here and we were glad to have him, and we have been ever since. His sheer joy of living makes all our work brighter, and no hours are happier than those we spend with him.

He is a social being, and his sympathies are broad enough to take in everything human; but most of all, he is intensely loyal to himself, and even the slightest claim which we can make to any connection or relation with him, insures his most hearty welcome, his untiring friendship, and many a gay and joyous hour. And he is here to the death; having once belonged to him, one need never fear to be disowned.

He is full of ambition and enterprise, fertile in plans for adding to the value of his rapidly passing years, and ever zealous for new undertakings. If he has not distinguished himself in athletics, it is doubtless because he has not needed such an organized channel for the escape of superfluous energy, nor such machinery for the development of College and class loyalty; his own ingenuity has been sufficient unto him.

He has also his earnest side and he is attaining his majority; the responsibilities of life are beginning to be laid upon him, and one by one, as they appear, latent powers are transformed into accomplishment. Thus, with the hope that none of the glory of his youth may pass away, we look forward with confidence to the attainments of his maturer years—for he is the Genius of 1909.

PROFESSOR FLORENCE M. FITCH

(Translation from Herodotus)

OF that class which all esteem the most matriotic, I shall now make more particular mention. All that I had heard from the Faculty concerning the Juniors was confirmed by my own observation. The men are usually confined to one mode of dress, but, at times, they wear a coat called the slicker. Their meals are eaten publicly in the halls with the women instead of in the retirement of a frat. house. They have two sorts of language, one appropriate to ceremonies, the other to common occasions. The men also excel in games and all feats of strength. Both men and women are remarkable for their powers in rhetoric and philosophy. Their veneration for their Professors is superstitious to an extreme.

I proceed to describe their festivals. In the course of a year they celebrated several; but the festival of Thanksgiving was the first in dignity and importance. Those who met to celebrate at this time, sent on the stage a number of men and women who acted a play. The rest clapped their hands. Afterwards they attended a feast of costly viands, but without wines. A second festival was in honor of Leap Year. To the women was left the entire management in preparation, while the men at home engaged in the business of smoking.

There are many other customs and events which might be described. Every reader must determine for himself with respect to the credibility of what I have related; I heard these things from many sources and think it necessary to transcribe the result of my inquiries.

R. ADELAIDE BRECKENRIDGE

The
Gables



Melrose







1910



Officers

President,
Vice President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,
Chairman Social Committee,

Harlan D. Dulmage
Rhoda E. McCulloch
Marguerite J. Wenk
Harold D. Phillips
Heaton Pennington

Sophomore Class

Honorary Members

Professor John F. Peck
Professor Charles W. Savage
Instructor Maude A. Monroe

Professor William E. Mosher
Instructor Philip D. Sherman
Mrs. Louis E. Lord

Colors

Royal Purple and Silver Gray.

Bell

Pe la! Pa ten!
Ki Yi! Ki Yen!
Oberlin, Oberlin, 1910!
Pe la! Pa ten!
Ki Yi! Ki Yen!
Oberlin, Oberlin, 1910!



AM monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute;
 From the Campus all over the town
 I am lord of Professor and brute.
 O Oberlin! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms
 Than reign in this horrible place.
 Apologies to COWPER

Sophomore Class

A CLASSE EXERCYSSE YNNE YE ENGLYSSHE COMPOSYTYONNE III-IV

A LYTLE BOOKE REVEWE*

So thiffē, thenne, yffē a Lytle Revewe, verraye weaklye, butte notte “ypublished by ye Studentf of Ober-Lynne College thru ye U. L. A.” Here folwythe ye Tytle of ye Booke:—
 “O Tempora! O Sophos!! O Moref!!!, Partte II, bye Alma Mater. Partte I alrede ynnē Yffue. To be compleate ynnē Foure Parttes ynnē ye yeare Nynteene & Tenne.” (Partte I maye be hadde ybounden, of Coss, ynnē ye Ooze Calffe or ye Young Lambbe Skyenne. Partte II, ye lateste Yffue, yffē ybounden ynnē Solether. Gyllte of Edge. Edytyonne de Luxe.†)

YE REVEWE

I. Ye Yntroductyonne or Prologuffe.

“Moryturye te Salutamus.” [Proverbyef of ye Blewe Penncycle.]

Ryte Bliff-ulle ye momen tes ynnē Roome Twenty-wonne, & Twenty-eyghtte, too,—where ynnē Expofytyonne & Argumentte keene, alle ynnē Ink of ye beftte, theye Do-well who “Revyfe” fynde. Butte you knowe ye refte! We meet twyffe a weeke for a Brief flowe of soule, & Hart-yllye stryve fayre valoyr la parole.

II. Ye Bodey or Discuffyone.

Butte enoughe. To my tafke. To revewe thiffē edytyonne de luxe nowe byfore me. Technyque, compofytyonne, alle ye foundestte & beftte thatte ye crytyke coulede seeke. No “Apologye pour la Rhetoryque” yffē neded. Who reades notte, whatte e'er be hyffē Bent,—be he Chriftian or paganne—ytte Splane‡ he'll repente. A moſte excellente volume, ynnē Faith 'tyffe welle wrytte. There'f Unyty, Emphaſyffe, juſtte enoughe Wytte to af-Ford a realle Treat to ye poore Pedagogue, who, a dulle thyngē of Wood, muſtte elſe juſtte dye a logge! There yffē Spyryte, too, clepte bye ye knowynge wonneſ Geiſt—ſomme preſyxe “der Böſe”, and holde ytte ſuffyc'd for wonne ſyngle meetynge ('t waſſe Y. M. C. A.) to kylle hys fonde hopes for a yeare & a daye. Und ſo, alleſ geiſtig, Howe coulede ytte be Dul? §Magycyanſ to ſleepe wythe theiſ arteſ coulede notte lulle ynnē Bowerſ dyghte Ritch-lye wythe aphodelleſ gleame, ye wonne who in Geiſt fyndeſ ſo fluente a Theme. Befyde Spyryte, there'f Humore. Of olde ynnē ye Marts of Athenſ ye Sophyſte dyſſected ynnē parttes ye truthe, & wythe ſlye quyppe dyſputyngly ſpoke & Reaſonne confuted oftymes wythe a—Joke! Ar naud! Ynnē warre Punyque ye Sophyſte

*The Editors wiſh to ſtate that this article is dedicated by permiſſion to Brander Matthews, ſometime lecturer on “English Spelling—What It Is and What It Might Be.”

†For terms addreſſ J. Cheſter Dalzell, who controls the ſtock.

‡At this point the Editors renounce all reſponſibility.

§To thoſe making good the Idiotorial Bored offers ſeaſon tickets to the Wednesday night Con. rehearsals in Warner.

ne'er plunged—butte thyffe punye punnyng mufte ffrayghte be expunged. Wonne elemente further—'t ysse Strengthe, welle I wyffe. A tome wythoute Strengthe goeth sadlye amyffe, butte Lyt'e George Vee— of cytyes galore—"Wylle nowe lyffe fevyne menne"; yea tymes bye ye score

Sophomore Class

III. Ye Conclufyonne or

L'Envoye (Extraordynarye & Wynde-Uppe Penytentyarye.)

Here are Spy'yte & Humore & Strengthe. To thefe thrye add Unyty, Emphasysse, Wytte. All agree feldomme ynne collegge halles are yfounde amonge menne vyrtues, graces Zoe rare,—nor wylle be agayne! So here'f to ye Befte Classe—Alle Hayle, Nynteene Tenne!

INSTRUCTOR PHILIP D. SHERMAN

THE class of 1910, bred up in the true old Oberlin spirit, has always put duty before pleasure. In our Freshman year it seemed to be our duty to show what a real live class could do. Accordingly we thoroughly trounced each class team in turn till the clear title to every class series was ours.

Next we turned our attention to certain abuses in the institution. The College had long been afflicted with a dead Sophomore class. As public benefactors, in solemn funeral procession, we carried the unsparked clod to its last resting place. 1909 is no more!

Our first duty this year was to show that at last there was "something doing" in the way of a Sophomore class. With duty ever before us we set out to lead the docile Freshies in the way they should go. We have at all times been prepared to use the rod, but such unexampled humility in such tender years was rather to be encouraged than chastised. In fact, after showing them their proper place by taking the tug-of-war and sending around a little private note called a "Proclamation," we unbended to the extent of giving roast pig to the roasted lambkins.

With characteristic unselfish devotion to duty we gave up our stars—Gray, Vradenburg, Morrison and others—to Varsity athletics. Meanwhile, just to show that the rest of the class was still vigorous, we took the inter-class meet by an easy margin. On Varsity debate and in oratory we had representatives surpassed by none. Our original genius evolved the "Who's Who," which has made a permanent place for itself as well as a name for the class.

Of the fairer sex too much could not be said—especially after the famous Leap Year party. And with the inspiration of their presence too much cannot be expected of the class in the future—in the line of duty at least.

WILLIAM S. AMENT

Seldom
Inn



House
of
Mirth









Officers

President,
Vice President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,
Chairman Social Committee,

John W. Rahill
Ruth T. Strong
Ruth H. Houghton
Arthur F. Baker
Charles H. Vail

Freshman Class

Honorary Members

Professor and Mrs. Edward A. Miller
Professor and Mrs. Charles N. Cole
Professor and Mrs. Charles W. Savage
Professor and Mrs. William D. Cairns

Colors

Maroon and White

Dell

O. C.—M. C. M. X. I.
Rickety-Ax Hi-O-Hi.
Zip-Boom Zip-Boom
Zip-Boom Zeven
Oberlin, Oberlin, 19-11!



AILY bedight,
A gallant knight,
In pleasure and in sin,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Oberlin.

Apologies to POE

Freshman Class

THE Freshmen from a Faculty member's point of view—how shall we speak of them? We might (figuratively) pat them on the head and say, "Child, you are getting several shades of verdancy worn away; go along quietly about your business, keep busy and humble, for you have still certain information to acquire." We might for the edification of past-Freshmen relate sundry happenings, if it were allowed to reveal the secrets of the classroom. Or again it might be entirely in order to recount the accomplishments of the year thus far, to record the difficulties met with, faced and overcome.

It is scarcely possible as yet to recognize with clearness that something which we are accustomed to call the *spirit* of the class, that which later in the College life so often differentiates sharply one class from another. A sufficiently long time has not elapsed since that day when many wild-eyed members of the class-to-be were to be seen rushing about from room to room, not knowing precisely what they sought, merely feeling instinctively that they must keep on seeking, even though they do mistake Professor Caskey for President King, or ask Professor Wolfe how he is classified. Laugh not, worthy Senior, your development once lay farther back in the formative period (even) than now and these same walls could tell many a tale!

The class of 1911 is finding itself and is already manifesting its presence in noteworthy fashion in the various lines of activity in the College. It suffices merely to mention here recent events in debate and in track and field athletics, in which members of the class have

approached or actually attained Varsity "form." What may we not **Freshman Class** expect from a class that has begun thus early to thrust itself aggressively into the College arena? Upper classmen, look to your laurels; you whom tradition appoints to set the pace may yet need to acknowledge this class as the leader (pre-eminent) in brain and brawn, counsel and conduct.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM D. CAIRNS

I CAME to Oberlin College to enter the Freshman year,
The Sophomore 'e up an' sez, "We want no infants here."
The Junior looked the other way, an' owned me with a sigh,
The Senior patted me on the head, an' told me not to cry.

O it's Freshie this, an' Freshie that, an' "Freshie out o' the way,"—
But it's "Hurrah for the class of Nineteen 'Leven!" when our class
teams win the day.

I went into a College hall, as sober as could be,
I asked for place to board and room, but they 'adn't none for me.
No permissions for a Freshman, an' a special set of rules,
But when there's honors to be won, the Freshmen ain't such fools.

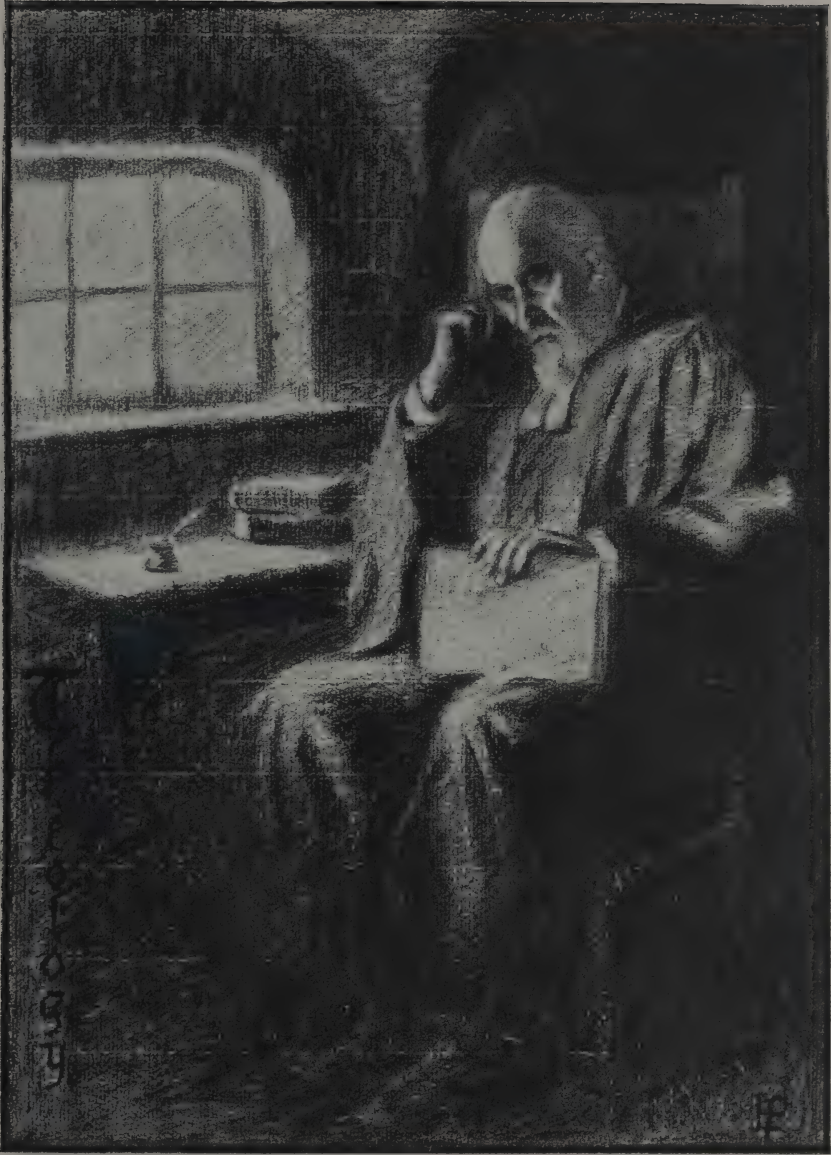
O it's Freshie this, an' Freshie that, an' "Freshie, you're out o' the
scheme,"—
But it's a member of Nineteen 'Leven that's on the debating team.

An' so I sez this warnin' to my Upper-classman Friend,
"If you are green an' simple, you're now too old to mend.
But if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
We are still so young, the Faculty may make us into saints."

O it's Freshie this, an' Freshie that, an' anything you please,—
But the Freshie ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet the Freshie sees!

CLARISSA W. FAIRCHILD







Theological Seminary

Genus: Homo Species: Theologicus

FOUND in small colonies throughout North America and Europe. Naturally gregarious. West of the Appalachians the tendency is toward early mating. In northern Ohio a small group appears late in September and migrates again early in May. During the summer the communistic life is interrupted. The *theologici* are sober, spare and ill-kempt in aspect. If carefully handled they are, however, strangely docile. For the most part they are awkward in their movements, yet in their feeding-places many of them add a certain grace to their mastication.

**Theological
Seminary**

Opinion differs as to the value of these animals. They are used as decorations for churches, and when properly treated will stand considerable inflation. Some, however, regard them as parasites which should be speedily exterminated. The species has been somewhat depleted of late, the birth-rate being very low. However, the struggle for existence is rendered precarious even now, acute dyspepsia frequently hindering the assimilation of much that is offered in friendliness to these half-domesticated animals.

The small colony at Oberlin, O., includes the noblest of the species. Most of these have their lairs under the rafters of a College building there. Those already mated prefer the outskirts of the village. These particular *theologici* have an almost human aspect. They are capable of the utmost devotion, and seem to be of ant-like industriousness. After spending a few winters in this colony the individuals scatter widely. Later, however, they tend to re-colonize in new habitats. In many localities in America, and notably also in China, small groups are to be seen. The intellectual powers of the Oberlin *theologici* are of unusual dimensions. It is even held by some that instances have been known where these strange animals were able to write legibly. The statement is denied by several of the Oberlin faculty. All *theologici* are gifted with loud voices; and for the most part the species is exceedingly garrulous.

ROSS W. SANDERSON

Elm
Looking East



**South
Professor**
Looking North







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atory
Men's
Board**

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**Conserv-
atory
Women's
Board**



E are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.

O'SHAUGHNESSY: Ode.

Conserb- atory Senior Class



Helen Ida Wales

There was a young lady named Wales
Who patiently worked at her scales;
She said, "At this Con.
I'll not stay on and on,
If muscular effort avails."



John Bert Graham

J. B.'s hair is not red, but sandy. He works hard like other Con.—students, goes to Baldwin for his meals and tickles the ivories for the Glee Club. J. B. is very fond of a poor pun or a stale joke.

Jessie Adelaide Hofstetter

She is the kind of person to whom we tell our troubles. She is a trump because she can estimate people fairly and is not selfish with her talent. Piano is her *forte*.



Conservatory
Senior
Class

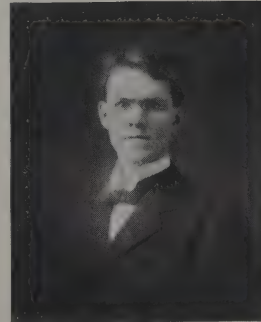
Dorothy Jean Lindsay

Oh! there's a maiden rare indeed,
A spirit lit with music's fire.
Her face is like a violet's,
She knows the song of clear-toned lyre.
A loveliness not sprung from earth
Comes in her face and mournful voice,
Not given to mortals here below.
She sways the heart,—Apollo's choice.



Archibald Scott Bossart

"Archie" is a harmonious boy with ruddy cheeks, musician's hair, and a smile like a spoonful of strawberry dope on a hot day. He plays the piano occasionally and from time to time, and also sings in the Second Church Choir. But enough—he's Con. '08. That tells it all.



Hattie May Haynes

"A quiet lass;—there are but few
Who know the treasure hid in you."

She is conscientious and faithful in all her duties. Her sweet disposition makes her a friend worth having.



Conservatory
Senior
Class



Julia Millicent Seiler

Julia's fate was sealed one day
When a man she saw,
For he was tall as a stack of hay,
You ask his name?
Oh, pshaw!

But then her braid of lovely hair,
Her music, now sweet, now wild,
Her laughing eyes that always dare
To do things, But—
Oh, pshaw!



Robert Nathaniel Dett

"Nate" is the "E Pluribus Unum" of the Conservatory. He plays piano and organ, sings, and writes music with the fluency of an Engelman or a Leybach. More than that, he has a prodigious capacity for work which has never yet been taxed to its fullest extent.



C.W. HENDERSON



Officers

President,
Vice President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,
Chairman Social Committee,

Wallace M. Russel
Delight Worthyn
Marion S. Burnell
Jay B. Nash
Robert E. Price

Academy Senior Class

“**W**HAT means that flock of airships flitting about up there?” asked the Visitor, pointing heavenward. Oh, those are the Senior Cads. Those things, seemingly white and blue flags, which they clutch so stubbornly, are their diplomas.

The first ship holds their great commander. Just take your glass and note how respectfully the Seniors’ eyes turn toward their leader. With him are several members of the Faculty and the commencement speakers. Yes, you can easily tell by their expression how they were chosen. The meditative mien of the two Smiths and the fair Margaret proclaim that they are leaders in scholarship, while the satisfied smiles of the Lady Bakeoven and of the good knights Nash and Adams herald a popular choice. The usual wisdom of the Faculty was shown in their selection of Marsh and Allen.

Following the flagship is the maidenship, tastefully decorated with Rose and Holly. You will notice the girls—all beautiful—clustered adoringly about their Dean. The girls and boys are quite accustomed to being separated. The report was abroad that the girls were forced to do all the inviting and, in some cases, escort the boys to the parties.

Do you hear that noise? Those are the Senior members of the Academy Glee Club. Historical Jack, their director, is not present,—he is married now. Fergie is shouting a love-song from “Martha,” Fall and BB. are splitting the air with “When We Are Married,” and Larry is chirping “Bring Back My Bonny to Me.”

That noisy ship contains the Athletes with their load of spirit. There trailing along behind is the Social Committee. They did what they could.

“An interesting class, well worth knowing, perhaps,” muttered the Visitor and passed on.



Officers

President,	Herald D. Bowlus
Vice President,	Florence D. Dickinson
Treasurer,	Mossom J. Deyell
Secretary,	David C. Reid

Academy Middle Class

NOTHING daunted by the sinister grouping of the figures in their class numerals, the class of 1913 courageously set themselves to preserving the high standards of the beloved Academy, under the leadership of those masters of learning who then inspired us with such awe and even fear, but who now have won our respect and admiration.

As we gradually overcame the sensations caused by our strange surroundings and our absence from home, we began to realize the possibilities which life in Oberlin had in store for us. In accordance with the unwritten law of the Academy, our Junior Middle year brought class organization. Early in the Fall term we made our initial appearance in a social way. The high reputation for trustworthiness to which this class has attained is such that the faculty members whom we had invited to attend one of our parties considered their presence unnecessary.

From our ranks our President, Herald D. Bowlus, who put up such a splendid game against the High School, has been chosen captain of next year's Foot Ball team; James A. Riley, or "Jim," as he is generally called, has been made captain of the Basket Ball team.

We feel that, although we have not made ourselves particularly noticed by thrusting ourselves forward, yet we have been working quietly and earnestly, so that many do not realize that we compose a vital part of this great institution. We fully appreciate, however, that "the whole is greater than any of its parts." Certainly we have had our full share of the enjoyments and benefits to be derived from association with the Academy, and we hope that we have not been lacking in our loyalty to and our love for our Alma Mater.

Aphrodite
Sophocles





To Art



OFT as a candle gleam pushed into night,
Brilliant as noonday sun shot through with light,
Ever on noiseless feet,
Down through the ages fleet
Glides thy lithe form filmed in heavenly grace.

Beauty that soul can see, possible ne'er ;
Purer than pure can be, fairer than fair,
Nature thy image crude—
Man's heart with God endued
Fashions thy features and flushes thy face.

Summit of thought to which none can attain,
Far from the fetters of struggle and gain,
Perfect thy image bright
Born of eternal light,
Soul of the Infinite thou dost embrace.

**The
Olney
Art
Collection**

THE Olney Art Collection was the joint gift of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Olney, of Pilgrim Church, Cleveland.

Mr. Olney was not officially connected with the College, but he was a frequent and interested visitor in Oberlin. He was an ardent lover of the best music and availed himself of every opportunity to hear the Musical Union give the great oratorios.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Olney were deeply in sympathy with the religious ideals and standards of social life and conduct which are honored in Oberlin. Mrs. Olney had known Oberlin through a favorite niece who was once a student here, and Mr. Olney's interest dated back to his childhood. Both President Barrows and President King were often guests in their beautiful and hospitable home.

At the time of President King's election Mr. Olney wrote:

"From a boy Oberlin has been one of the greatest inspirations of my life, for she has invariably stood for the loftiest ideals in human character. Firm as a rock has been her position. From first to last Oberlin has been truly patriotic. She was right on the slavery question, she is right on the temperance question, she is right on the tobacco question, she is a tower of strength in these days of venal politics. Yes, I love Oberlin."

This remarkable collection is the result of a lifetime of enthusiastic love of the fine arts. Its owners prized it not simply as a personal possession, but because of the good they could do with it. It was their great delight generously and lavishly to share its privileges with rich and poor alike, and in the beautiful Greek temple which was built for it as an annex to the Olney home it brought beauty and joy into the lives of thousands of people.

It was given to Oberlin College because Mr. and Mrs. Olney believed that here it could do more good than anywhere else. They regarded all their wealth as a trust, and they passed on to the College this beautiful collection in a perpetual trust for the community and for the successive generations of students.

Oberlin maintains the highest ideals and occupies a conspicuous and influential place in the art of Music. This noble gift brings the refining and ennobling influences of another of the fine arts.

Through the consideration of Mr. and Mrs. Judd, to whom the Olney residence and the art building were bequeathed, the Collection has remained in Cleveland since it was given to the College four years ago. It has been open to the public every Tuesday afternoon.

Its removal to Oberlin is now made possible by the new Library Building, where a part of the Collection will be placed in a temporary room until an Art Building is erected. It will form a notable and attractive feature of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary Celebration.

IRVING W. METCALF

Congressional Record.

SIXTIETH CONGRESS, FIRST SESSION.

Vol. 42.

WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1908.

No. 14.

Amendment of National Banking Laws.

SPEECH

HON. ALEXANDER S. CLAY,

OF OHIO.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

Friday, February 11, 1908.

The Senate, as in Committee on its Place, having under consideration the bill (H. R. 10217) to amend the national banking laws—

Mr. CLAY said:

Mr. President: A proper circulating medium demands the most careful and thoughtful attention of Congress. Our fiscal policy during the last quarter of a century deserves severe criticism. The action of Congress in dealing with this important subject has in many respects been unjust, unwise, and harmful to the country. The power was given to Congress to coin money and provide the people with a circulating medium.

This sovereign power should be exercised by Congress for the good of the American people and should never be delegated to individuals or corporations. Now, why do I say our policy in the last quarter deserves severe criticism? I have three things in the theory that "money" alone has the power to coin and issue money, and it is this money that has been used by President James

Monroe to declare that this power should not be delegated to corporations or individuals. The Democratic party, in which I bring, in convention assembled in 1860, declared that Congress alone has the power to coin and issue money. The Democratic party has declared since and again that all paper money which is made a legal tender for public and private debt

or which is received for debt to the United States shall be issued by the Government of the United States and shall be redeemable in coin. Have we pursued that material policy? Has Congress exercised the sovereign right and power to issue and circulate paper money or has Congress delegated this sovereign right and power to corporations and individuals? Does Congress now control the issue and the amount of our paper money or is this important right exercised by individuals and corporations?

I repeat, Congress should exercise this power not for the benefit of any particular individual or individuals, not for the benefit of any particular corporation or corporations, but Congress ought to exercise this sovereign power for the good of the entire American people. The law organizing national banks provides that every national banking association, after having complied with the provisions of the law, preliminary to incorporation of the banking business and before it shall be authorized to commence banking business, shall transfer and deliver to the Treasurer of the United States, in United States registered bonds, bearing interest, or United States bonds, in the amount of the capital of the bank, not less than the capital being \$100,000 or more, as security for their circulating notes.

Such bonds shall be received by the Treasurer upon deposit and shall be by him safely kept in his office until they shall be otherwise disposed of, as he may see fit.

The national banking law also provided that all treasure of the United States bonds may be withdrawn under the provisions of this title shall be made to the Treasurer of the United States, in trust for the association, with a nonassessable certificate or receipt on each bond and signed by the cashier or some other officer of the association making the deposit. A receipt shall be given to the association by the Comptroller of the Currency, or by a clerk appointed by him for that purpose, stating that the bonds are held in trust for the association on whose behalf the treasurer is made and as security for its redemption and payment of any circulating notes that have been or may be delivered to such association.

The national banking law also provides that the bonds thus received in and deposited with the Treasurer of the United States by any association for the security of its circulating notes shall be used exclusively for that purpose until such notes are redeemed.

The act also provides that other any association receiving circulating notes has caused its proceeds to pay such notes on demand to be signed by the president and vice-president and cashier in such manner as to make them obligatory promissory notes, payable on demand at the place of business, such association may issue and circulate the same as money. And the same shall be received at any in all parts of the United States in payment of taxes, custom, public lands, and other dues to the United States, except interest on the public debt and in redemption of the national currency.

This act of Congress has made these notes as good as gold and silver and given to them all the life, power, and functions of money. It is in this provision of the law which has made United States bank notes as good as gold and silver in transacting the business of the country. Instead of issuing Treasury notes, the Government has delegated to these banks the power to issue and circulate their own notes. The very fact that the Government gave to these notes of the national banks the full force and function, making them good in the payment of taxes, in purchasing the securities of life, in the payment of duties, and in all the business of the country, has made them as good as gold and silver, and, in fact, they are preferred to silver and gold, because individuals, in transacting business, and it is more convenient to use them than either gold or silver.

In order to establish these banks, the Government has floated its bonds, drawing interest on the rate of 3, 4, and 5 per cent per annum, and sold them to these banking associations, giving the banking associations the right to issue and circulate national bank notes based upon these bonds. In doing so the Government to that extent has parted with its sovereign power to issue money and lodged that power in private corporations. The power on which these notes are printed is almost entirely without intrinsic value, and these notes would be valueless as money if it were not for the fact that the Government has given them legal-tender quality, thereby placing life in them. A United States note would be valueless as money without possessing legal-tender quality. The very fact that the Government also provides that all other national bank notes issued by the national banks shall be redeemable in Treasury notes received by the United States, in other words, the Government has undertaken to guarantee that all national bank notes issued by the national banks shall be redeemable in gold or that they may be placed in circulation as well as to redeem the United States notes of the United States in United States notes; and under the present national policy of the Government the United States notes are redeemable in gold. Consequently all of the Treasury notes now in circulation are all of the national bank notes now in circulation, and all of the bonds of the United States now outstanding are redeemable in gold. Where is our money? It is in the hands of the banks, and it is not a question I care to discuss. I have here exposed to the public the money of a country. I merely state that these obligations are redeemable in gold with a view of ascertaining the argument that has been made by these who oppose the issue of notes by the Government, claiming that it would be impossible to redeem additional notes with the amount of gold we have on hand.

The purpose in passing the national banking law by Congress was to sell bonds issued by our Government and to use the same in buying these bonds by giving them legal-tender

I WONDER when old Cicero Orated,
With thunderous roll of *irum, arum, orum*,
If his knees shook a-climbing up the Forum,
As ours on those three Sturges steps are fated.
If *he* Toed In the fact has not been stated,
And if he did his Toga fell before 'em,
But we—Jiminy, don't we wish we wore 'em,
When our Boots wobble like they were Mismatched.

When in Society we try to Holler,
Out of our off eye's tail we see the Critic,
A-taking Notes with countenance mephitic,
And know we'll Catch It next time in the Collar.
And Fame has lost that master-piece unheard-of,
The Speech we couldn't recollect a word of.



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FINANCIAL MANAGER OF THE REVIEW

Frank O. Koehler



THE U. L. A. has passed an eventful year and it may later develop that this same year marks a new epoch in the growth of the organization.

We all have found ourselves facing doubtful situations, circumstances which rather appall us, and in the presence of such conditions the course of action is often marked out by no very definite lines. The "merger" proposition which confronted the Association was no mean problem with which to wrestle; it has been hotly debated for years; "the times *were* out of joint" and we thought that to set them right, our line of vision and judgment of relative values justified us in accepting the terms offered by the College. So the library now stands as College property and our U. L. A. can shake itself free from its past responsibility and face the better opportunities of the future.

It may chance that some others of bygone years may question the judgment of this day and generation. We accept the criticisms with cheerful candor, and request that we be given a chance to label our action as wise, through the experience of the years to come.

We have debate and oratory to encourage, and it is the present plan to build up an endowment fund for the express benefit of these two all-important inter-collegiate and inter-society interests. It is a privilege to be able to step forward to this special field of activity, which is bound by the force of circumstances to develop.

The year has been one of unusual interest. The societies have all grown stronger and the spirit of unity has become more evident within the Association as a whole. We recognize the heritage of the past in our present work, and the future years hold in their yet unfolded pages larger and better things for the whole U. L. A. movement. It is growth and larger usefulness that we expect; in all reason we can claim it for our own.

JOEL B. HAYDEN

Union
Library
Association



Shedd	Crone	Rahill	Harvey	E. Burroughs	Anderson	Young	Olmstead	Whitney	Bucher
Bartlett	Faulkner	C. W. Ferris	W. P. Ferris	Chambers	Gebhardt	Coffin	Pennington	Coffin	Sharp
Brickley	Nye	Kochler	Shell	Kochler	Strong	Heineman	Baker	Tibbetts	Brown
Shuey	Cromer	Van Fossan	Sayler	Vradenburg	Marts	Hayden			Howe
Gee	Cragin	Dullmage							

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Phi
Delta

Inter-Society Secretary,
Treasurer,
Corresponding Secretary,

Horace H. Nye
Curtis A. Baxter
Frank O. Koehler

IN cowering fear a mob is near
Phi Delta's shrine to-day,
Phi Kappa frail with faces pale,
And Alpha Zeta wail on wail
With aspect sad and gray.

Their cry a rueful pensive moan:

"I hate debate,

I hate debate,

Μισῶ Διάλεξτον."

Around that shrine, firm manhood's sign,

Phi Delta cheers to-day.

That trophy bright was won one night

In scathing combat, fearless fight,

By men who knew the way.

Their motto high on banners flown:

"I love debate,

I love debate,

Φιλῶ Διάλεχτον."

OLIVER M. SAYLER



Phillips	Sawyer	Houser	Durbin	McConaughy	Behr	Blakeley	Ament	Heim
MacArthur	Heald	Husted	Kline	Burris	Murphy	Strong	Parks	Burrill
Melhorn	Mattson	Hart	Hull	Chamberlain	Steiner	Sanborn	Griffith	Hillborn
Carroll	Grismore	Yocum		Miller	Gaffner	Solether	Dudley	Pelton

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Inter-Society Secretary,
Treasurer,
Corresponding Secretary,

Hubert E. Husted
Pliny L. Solether
Charles A. Sawyer

Phi
Kappa
Pi

PHI KAPPA—to that name a thousand hearts
Respond once more in loving loyalty.

Memories, dearer than our present joys
Cluster about thy walls; and yet thou art
Not bounded here within this little space.
Where'er thy sons have stood in heated strife,
Where'er their hearts have warmed in eloquence,
There hast thou been to challenge and inspire
Their noblest effort in a cause most just.
So still thou liv'st enshrined in our lives,
A living spirit, not a case of stone.
No monument need we erect to thee,
For in thy sons thou standest fast and sure
Not subject to an elemental war—
Eternal as the spirit of a man.
With us the warfare lies, for us the call
To sacrifice; the world demands our all.
This rendered, then let time its palling hand
Render of luster what it will to thee—
We know thou standest firm, Phi Kappa Pi.

S. LAKE STRONG



Miller
Curtis
Allen

Shale
Bliss
Lewis

Hunt

Metcalf
Galgie
Buck

Loomis

Stockbridge
Eckert
Dowell

Bowen
Pendleton
Burton

Kerr

Kent
Evans
Fisher

Everson
Doerschuk
Morrow
Smith

Jones
Dalzell
Ostrander
King

Bloomgarten

Officers

Alpha
Zeta

Inter-Society Secretary,
Treasurer,
Corresponding Secretary,

Albert C. Eckert
Paul D. Miller
William E. Evans

“WHO is that fellow standin’ there?”
I heard somebody say.

“Why that is ‘Fighting Bobby’ Rice,
Down Alpha Zeta way.”

“Say, could you tell me who that is,
The one with smilin’ face?”

“Yes, that is Buck, both he and Bob
Come from the self-same place.”

“Another there with curly hair,
A right smart, pleasant chap,
I see him ’round that bunch a lot,
You think he cares a rap?”

“Why! I know them! There’s Jones and Kerr
And Burton, Kent and Shale,
And Eck and Allen, King and Hunt—
I don’t see Freshman Vail!”

“I wonder who is all that bunch?”
I heard the same one say.
“Why, as far’s I know they all are from
Down Alpha Zeta way.”

HENRY N. BLISS



Prudence Jernberg	Lillias Macdonald	Marion Blackman	Irene Pennington	Edith Stimson	Helen Mears	Marion Slater	Catherine Henderson	Julia Seiler
Murrell Edwards	Edith Robbins	Mary Moore	Vera Shell	Ruth Bullock	Evangeline Hiatt	Frances Cushing	Henrietta Smith	
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Treasurer,	Bessie M. McClure
Secretary,	Lillias M. Macdonald

Phi
Alpha
Phi

FROM out the darkness that precedes the dawn
Of life's great consciousness—the soul;
Amid the night of dew-steeped flowers sweet,
When all the world, content with ages gone,
Slept out the night—the passing moon invisible;
A spirit wearied with tossing on his couch,
Because ambition from men's souls had died,
Arose, and leaning out into the night,
Cried softly to the fleecy, shimmering clouds:—
“Phi Alpha Phi! Phi Alpha Phi! Come forth!”

Like morning stealing forth along the sea,—
At first a flush, then glowing in the East;
So from the mystic shadows of the night
A maid stepped forth with eyes cast down and shy.
The violet and hare-bell raised their heads
To greet the stranger, alien and alone:
But with the spreading of the glorious day
The world awoke; it saw the maid revealed
As friendship, truth, and progress for the earth,
And from its bended knees the whole world cried:—
“Phi Alpha Phi! Phi Alpha Phi! All hail!”

MURRELL EDWARDS



Ruth Broughton Clara Lathrop Gertrude Cody Leila Merriam Minnie Prosser Ruth Johnston Stella Eikenberry Helen Brown
 Marguerite Knopf Alice Gregg Grace Farrel Mary Lindsay Nellie Stratton Ola Jackson Ethel Allen Edith Ford Grace Vial
 Floreda Stone Elizabeth Allen Mabel Whiting Helen Myers Katharine Sheldon Laura Perry Elinore Bates Evelyn Belden Mabel Hunt
 Mary Purcell Genevieve North Lucy Ainsworth Florence Waite Marion Chute Delia Kirkpatrick Florence Pearl Mary MacIntosh

Officers

Aelioian

Board of Directors,

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Lucy C. Ainsworth
Helen B. Brown
Laura C. Perry

Treasurer,

THE yellowing leaves are dark with dust whereon she set her name;

The records of her olden years are ashes after flame;
Yet, while the snow-haired sisters speak, may elfin fancy see
Uprise, as fades their kindly age, that Lass of Fifty-Three,
The old bare-raftered Ladies' Hall, the candles' smoky flare
On fresh rose-faces, sweet, demure, and bands of smoothed hair.
Quaint little maid in calico, with earnest voice and clear
To solve the problems of the state without reproach or fear,
Forsake the ribboned essay's shield, her timid sisters' stay,
In rounded periods to debate "the questions of the day,"
Or touch on lighter themes, to prove hoop-skirts a nuisance dire,
And Lincoln not so very bad, for all good Finney's ire!
Most like the prim bright garden-flower she chose to be her sign,
Nasturtium, brave and gay despite its docile-pruned vine,
Still from the shadows of our room her gentle shade might peep,
Her soft strain join the old-time hymns, though hushed long since
in sleep.

O Faith, O Hope and Charity! The thunders long are still
That met her "drama's" first pale bloom; let Shakespeare have his
will.

We don the sock and buskin now as she her cobbled shoon;
Our golden crescent's glow is grown Midsummer's magic moon.
But as she passed the living torch down years that set us free,
So take it from her hands that fail, all hushed and reverently,
And strong in all that she has won, O lift it clear and high,
True-bred unto the ancient name, Light-Bearers once and aye.

CLARA M. LATHROP



Mabel Shaw	Lou Jennings	Edith Lepley	Estelle Coe	Margery Houser	Zell Richards	Mabel Eldred
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			Alberta Parks			Laura Anderegg

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L. L. S.

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Edith E. Putman
Mabel S. Gerhard
Carrie H. Watson

Treasurer,
Secretary,

DEEP in the hearts of her children so loyal
Dwells a true reverence for dear L. L. S.,—
Crowned by her years with a dignity royal,
Dispensing her wisdom with sweet graciousness.
Out of the depths of old Oberlin's past,
Through all the trials of pioneer days,
Into the triumphs attained to at last,—
She has been monitor all of the way.

Oberlin spirit is ever her watchword,—
"All are in bondage till each soul be free."
Apostle of Culture, she beckons us onward
Up to the heights of Eternity.
What is the "really worth while" attempting?
This she endeavors at all times to know,
Ever to duty's call gladly consenting,—
Ever remembering her glorious goal.

Here's to her colors the gold and the white,—
Symbols of culture, of sweetness and light!
Here's to her daisy of sunniest hue,
Emblem of all that is modest and true!
May she her solace unceasingly seek,
Delving in letters so mystic and deep!
Year after year may the highest success
Ever continue her labors to bless!

CARRIE H. WATSON



Tada
Warwick

Deyell
Baird
Robertson

Cady, A.
McKay
Heisey

Blachly, W.
Scott
Rahill, W.

Theller
Nash
Van Nuys

Walker
Robbins
Morey

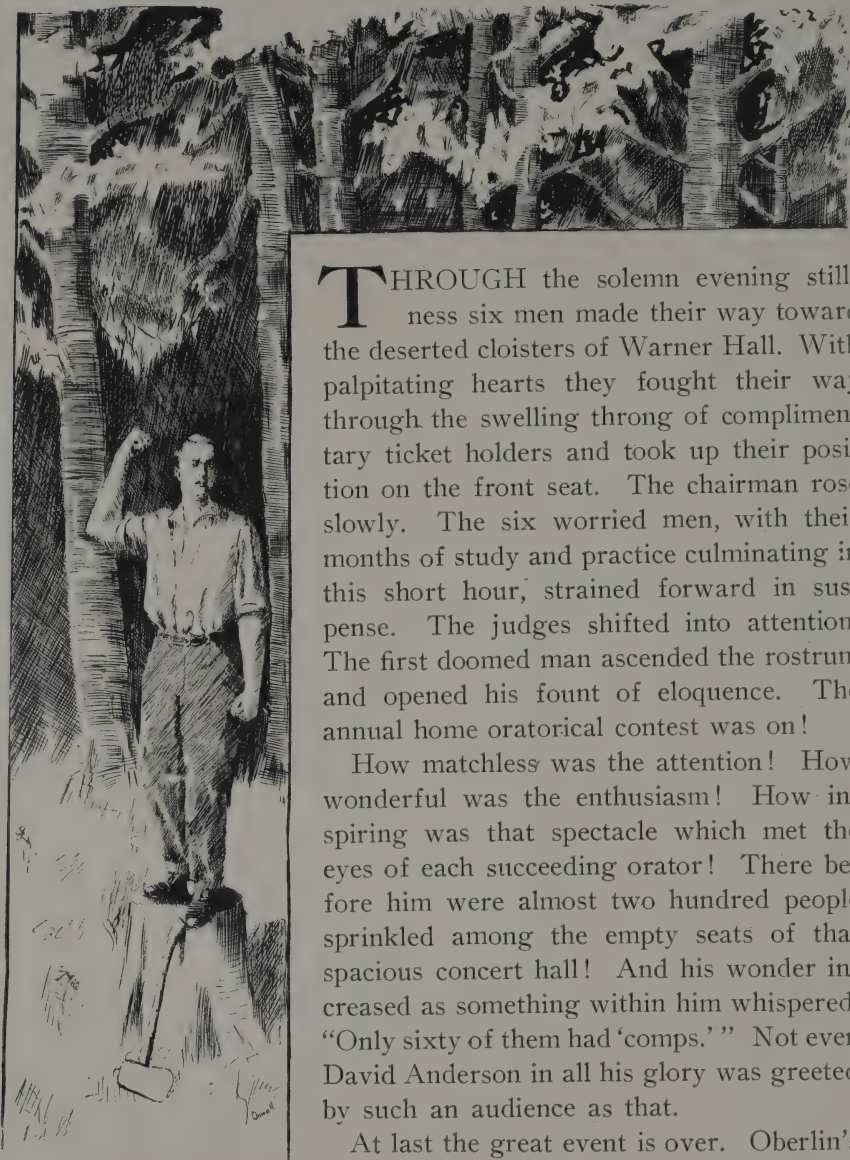
Cady, F.
Krogh
Doerschuk

Acme



Dorothy Van Allen Charlotte Hogg Margaret Plumley Ruth Anderegg Elsie Barkhoefer Ruth Gordon
 Marion Burnell Mildred Eager Delight Worthyn Mary Chamberlain Helen Moxcey

Anna Trefethren Lesbian



THROUGH the solemn evening stillness six men made their way toward the deserted cloisters of Warner Hall. With palpitating hearts they fought their way through the swelling throng of complimentary ticket holders and took up their position on the front seat. The chairman rose slowly. The six worried men, with their months of study and practice culminating in this short hour, strained forward in suspense. The judges shifted into attention. The first doomed man ascended the rostrum and opened his fount of eloquence. The annual home oratorical contest was on!

How matchless was the attention! How wonderful was the enthusiasm! How inspiring was that spectacle which met the eyes of each succeeding orator! There before him were almost two hundred people sprinkled among the empty seats of that spacious concert hall! And his wonder increased as something within him whispered, "Only sixty of them had 'comps.'" Not even David Anderson in all his glory was greeted by such an audience as that.

At last the great event is over. Oberlin's representative to the N. O. L. has been chosen. Next morning at the breakfast table the man who had a "comp" tells us all about it.

Is that the way to inspire an orator? Is that the way to make Oberlin stand first among the Colleges of the West? Is that what we want Oberlin oratory to continue to mean? O tempora! O mores! May the gods of the ticket buyers say NO!

ROBERT H. RICE



Jesse F. Williams

Iowa City, May 1, 1908

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

Alexander Stephens

E. Stewart

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Necessary Struggle

C. Harter

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Public Sentiment vs. Criminal Law

C. A. Bales

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Our Duty to the Sioux

A. M. Landman

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

Child Labor and Public Opinion

V. R. Loucks

OBERLIN COLLEGE

The Evolution of Conscience

J. F. Williams

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

The Man on the Frontier

E. E. Robinson

Warner Hall, February 27, 1908

The New Democracy

P. L. Solether

Industrial Peace

W. H. Wolfe

‡The Pilgrim Fathers of Canada

L. J. Sharp

*The Evolution of Conscience

J. F. Williams

†Prometheus Bound

C. A. Sawyer

‡The Invisible Empire

R. H. Rice

*First Place

†Second Place

‡Third Place

**N.O.L.
Contest**

**Home
Oratorical
Contest**



Curtis A. Baxter



Admont H. Clark

Sturges Hall, April 20, 1908

Junior Oratorical Contest

A Decisive Factor in the History of
the Nation

The United States a World Power

*Two Heroes of the Rebellion

Carl Schurz

†The Call of the City

‡Child Labor and the Future Citizen

F. H. Gaige, A Z

W. M. Burton, A Z

C. A. Baxter, Φ Δ

R. Carroll, Φ K Π

L. J. Sharp Φ Δ

C. H. Yocum, Φ K Π

Sturges Hall, March 2, 1908

Sophomore Oratorical Contest

Seeds of Dissension

†The Creed That Curses

*East and West from the Euphrates

‡The Menace of the Slums

The New Democracy

The Great Commoner

H. L. Gebhardt, Φ Δ

G. L. Buck, A Z

A. H. Clark, Φ Δ

H. N. Hart, Φ K Π

P. L. Solether, Φ K Π

P. D. Miller, A Z

*First Place
†Second Place
‡Third Place



WHAT'S in a name? Well, that depends on the name of the name. If the name be "Debate" there is an indescribable something in the name that can not be named. It is a something that each year appeals more strongly to Oberlin students, a something which takes lazy men and makes them poke their noses deep into musty government reports. While men may come and women may go they persistently, insistently and consistently grind on forever. It is a something that makes them, day after day, week after week, shout themselves hoarse in a vain attempt to convince the skeptical old walls of Sturges Hall that "their honorable opponents have entirely missed the point." It is a something that drove eight men on March sixth, grim and determined into two of the hottest contests in Oberlin's history for the glory of Oberlin's name. It is a something which on the same night crammed two auditoriums, one at Delaware, one at Oberlin, with eager enthusiastic patriotic listeners. Concealed in that name is the potentiality of months of labor and self-denial, hours of practice, a few moments of final conflict, the triumphant smoke of the victorious bonfire for our home team and the blue funereal haze of the morning after for those who met the Methodist lions in their den at Delaware.

The intensity and extensity of debate interest and work is each year more strong and more efficient. As sure as cause is followed by effect, the seed this year planted through determined inter-society and varsity debate work will ere long grow a mighty crop of victories for old Oberlin.

JAMES T. BRAND

Debate



Oberlin Debate Teams

Ohio Wesleyan—Oberlin

Delaware, March 6, 1908

Resolved, That a Tariff for revenue only is preferable to our present protective policy.

OBERLIN—Affirmative

J. T. Brand

R. E. Cushman

J. B. Hayden

G. P. Chambers, Alternate

OHIO WESLEYAN—Negative

C. P. Hargreaves

J. H. Denney

A. G. Shatzman

G. H. Easterbrook, Alternate

Majority Decision for Ohio Wesleyan

Oberlin—Western Reserve

Oberlin, March 6, 1908

Resolved, That a Tariff for revenue only is preferable to our present proctive policy.

WESTERN RESERVE—Affirmative

R. C. Hyre

J. W. Malone

M. E. Loomis

R. E. Hyre, Alternate

OBERLIN—Negative

R. E. Rice

C. S. Bucher

A. E. Chamberlain

H. D. Dulmage, Alternate

Unanimous Decision for Oberlin

Ohio Wesleyan—Western Reserve

Cleveland, March 6, 1908

Resolved, That a Tariff for revenue only is preferable to our present protective policy.

OHIO WESLEYAN—Affirmative

WESTERN RESERVE—Negative

Majority Decision for Ohio Wesleyan

Ohio
Inter=
Collegiate
Debate

Inter- Society Debate

Alpha Zeta—Phi Delta

Sturges Hall, December 9, 1907

Resolved, That a Tariff for revenue only is preferable to our present protective policy.

ALPHA ZETA—Affirmative

PHI DELTA—Negative

W. P. McLean

J. B. Hayden

G. L. Buck

E. H. Van Fossan

R. W. Kerr

H. D. Dulmage

Unanimous Decision for Phi Delta

Phi Delta—Phi Kappa Pi

Sturges Hall, March 23, 1908

Resolved, That the United States should discontinue its present policy of Chinese exclusion.

PHI DELTA—Affirmative

PHI KAPPA PI—Negative

E. Burroughs

P. L. Solether

A. C. Marts

W. S. Ament

G. A. Vradenburg

E. M. Parks

Unanimous Decision for Phi Delta

Alpha Zeta—Phi Kappa Pi

Sturges Hall, March 30, 1908

Resolved, That Congress should increase the efficiency of our Navy by providing for at least four battleships this year.

ALPHA ZETA—Affirmative

PHI KAPPA PI—Negative

D. W. Jones

P. Heald

W. M. Burton

J. V. Durbin

F. H. Gaige

R. H. Houser

Unanimous Decision for Phi Kappa Pi



Oberlin Academy—Oberlin High School

Warner Hall, March 21, 1908

Resolved, That the adoption by States of the Initiative and Referendum is desirable.

**Academy
Debate**

OBERLIN ACADEMY—Affirmative OBERLIN HIGH SCHOOL—Negative

I. L. Marsh

E. L. Clark

E. F. Baird

F. F. Leonard

J. B. Nash

C. M. Roberts

W. M. McKay, Alternate

B. H. Papworth, Alternate

Majority Decision for Oberlin High School

Oberlin Academy—University School

Sturges Hall, April 24, 1908

Resolved, That the adoption by States of the Initiative and Referendum is desirable.

UNIVERSITY SCHOOL—Affirmative OBERLIN ACADEMY—Negative

F. T. Bowman

W. M. McKay

H. M. Rees

J. P. Robertson

W. S. B. Comstock

E. C. Theller

G. M. Humphreys, Alternate

J. B. Nash, Alternate

Majority Decision for Oberlin Academy

Book 4

THE CONGREGATIONALIST AND CHRISTIAN WORLD

Volume XCIII

11 April 1908

Number 15

A Hymn of Peace

BREATH of the Lord that moved of old
Through chaos of the quickening earth,
Till the wide heavens in light unrolled,
And sun and star, and flower had birth.

Breathe on this warring world of men,
To bid its strife and tumult cease;
Till stars of morning ring again,
With Sons of God, the Song of Peace.

Still on the waters broods Thy power;
Through all our discords echoes still
The music of that later hour,
"Peace on the earth! in Heaven good-will!"

Teach Thou our hearts that nobler song
Of nobler souls by truth set free,
Till the full chorus, sweet and strong,
From Thy glad earth goes up to Thee.

Written for The Congregationalist by
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

New York

The Pilgrim Press
BOSTON

Chicago

THE sombre arch looms through the mist and rain ;
As through a shrouded veil, like tears, one sees
The still gray tower, the bare gloom-dripping trees,
Faint, till the Autumn darkness close again.
The wet wind soughs like breath of sob and strain,
Life's under-moan through all our melodies,
While that stern-graven, "Ye are witnesses,"
Clangs the harsh summons of a world in pain.

So, having heard, is soft ease forfeited,
And, having seen, our eyes no more may sleep ;
Nor dare we stay, as weak of heart, to weep,
Nor feet forsake the way our Lord hath led ;
Vowed to the toil that not with life is done,
The battle daily lost, forever won.



Young Men's Christian Association

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Edwin L. Shuey



THERE are two phases of the Young Men's Christian Association, one, the mechanical organization, the other, the personal association with men. Oftentimes the Association is found guilty of trying merely to swell its numbers without regarding the fundamental question, "Is the Association of vital value?" Of course the mechanical side of the Y. M. C. A. is necessary, and it is gratifying to look back and be able to feel that some work has been done that can be statistically shown; to feel that the Bible Study Department has had consistent work carried on by most of those who signed up for the courses; that the Mission Study enrollment has increased from 35 to 142; that two of the best stags ever held have been successfully carried off; and that good genuine work has been done in nearly all the departments. This branch of the work, however, is only a means to the real end of the Y. M. C. A. work, viz., that of helping men to "stretch up toward God and out toward all men." It is the associating with the men that gives the Y. M. C. A. its real value. One comes in touch with men who are fighting the same problems that he is, and mutual help encourages both. One comes in contact with the men who are the intellectual and moral leaders of the school, and such association is uplifting and valuable. Men are enabled to live better lives by coming to recognize that the Christ-like characteristics shown in other men are of the highest good. Finally, through such friendship men come to know Christ, which is the aim of the Young Men's Christian Association.

**Young
Men's
Christian
Association**

TRACY STRONG



Young Women's Christian Association

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DURING nineteen hundred and eight the Young Women's Christian Association has come to its own to an extent undreamed of even a year ago. The number of members received at the opening of College doubled that of any former year. This inevitably strengthened and made more efficient every department of the organization and made imperative the use of Warner Hall for the religious meetings. The meetings themselves have been of exceptional strength. They have been led by men and women of note from larger fields of work and distant countries, by members of the Oberlin Faculty, and by representative girls from the Conservatory, the Academy and from every class in the College. The receptions and parties have been thoroughly enjoyable and the Bible Study and Mission Study Courses have been so interesting as to command unusual support. The Association double quartette and the new furnishings of the rest room evidence the thoughtful and effective work of the Practical Service Department. The Extension Department has this year proved itself especially worthy its name. The increased budget has been well met by increased giving and by the financial success of the Christmas Bazaar. Much has been done formally and otherwise to relate the local Association to the larger movements of which it forms a part. In all departments the inspiration of the State and Summer Conferences which many of the girls attended has been manifest, and in everything it has been the aim of the Association to bring to Oberlin girls, and through them to others, the abundant life that is in Christ Jesus.

MARY E. PURCELL

Young
Women's
Christian
Association





Student Volunteer Band



Officers

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Vice President,
Corresponding Secretary,
Recording Secretary,
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Ernest C. Pye
Sarah D. Seymour
Evangeline Hiatt
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W. Spencer Bowen

Student Volunteer Band

“**I**NASMUCH as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.” Because those who have no chance to hear of a loving God who cares are in greater numbers in the foreign lands; because we in our Christian land know that the God who made all nations is not willing that one soul should perish without an opportunity to learn of Him; because He who loved us enough to give His only Son for us calls; we have answered with the declaration, “If God permits, it is my purpose to become a foreign missionary.”

Sixty students are at present members of the Oberlin Band of Student Volunteers. Seven of our number sailed last September to various points in China, Japan and India. To meet the demand of the mission boards for missionaries to fill the important and strategic places, waiting for the man and the woman of intellectual capacity, of physical strength, of spiritual consecration, of boundless love, let us go forth saying, not how nor when nor where, but “Here am I, Lord, send me.”

VERNA I. CHAPIN

In Memoriam

In Memoriam



Marcus LeRoy Mead

Marcus LeRoy Mead, a member of the class of 1908 since its Senior Academy year, passed from its ranks on March 24, 1908. Not seeking popularity nor craving reputation, he had nevertheless become known to a rapidly growing circle of friends. They had learned that to entrust Roy Mead with an office or a duty was to have a full guarantee beforehand of its successful performance and in such service as treasurer to the Young Men's Christian Association he was taken from us.



Mildred Louise Arnold

For two happy years Mildred Arnold was a member of the class of 1909. She was an excellent student and enjoyed the various interests of College life. Mildred was a loyal friend and a true Christian, and her life was a constant source of strength and hope to those who knew her. The firm trust which she felt in God is well expressed in her favorite hymn:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Cecil Leone Hunter

In the death of Cecil Hunter a noble life bearing the sure promise of unusual future usefulness has gone from us. We may not question why. But we know that her pure, unselfish life among us—a life sacredly devoted to service for others—will bear the fruit of rich memories and renewed consecration to the best. She was needed here, but the higher claim conquered, and with us remains “a quiet sense of something lost.” It is much to be able to say, “She was our friend.”

In Memoriam



Allan Read Wilson

The sudden accidental death of Allan Wilson, July 23, 1907, came as a shock and a personal bereavement to every student and teacher in both Oberlin and Williams College who had met him. No Oberlin student was ever better known or more deservedly popular.

Allan, or “Tug,” as he was known to his College friends, was a lovable, reliable boy, a good student and a good athlete who did his full duty honestly and cheerfully at home, in the class room and on the athletic field.

The world can ill afford to lose such a young man. The college and community mourn his death.



Cornelius Clark

Clark was a man of high ambitions and intense energy. A self-supporting fellow, he yet had energy and enthusiasm enough to make himself felt in all lines of Academy life. He was prominent in athletics. He was the life of his society, a member of the Academy debate teams and debate manager for last year. To his intimates he was a loyal friend. He was no less loyal to his school. To such men as he, Oberlin is glad to give her best help, and in his death she loses one who promised to make large use of the best that Oberlin could give.



Book 5

Vol. XXXI No. 1

Pts., 25 cents

The

INLAND

PRINTER

APRIL 1903

THEY think they're Martyrs in that Mission Bunch,
'Cause Heathens might be fools enough to eat 'em.
Well, now, we've got no Scheme on foot to beat 'em,
But if they had *Our* job they'd get a Hunch.
We are the Roast in Oberlin's Free Lunch.
And as for our Subscribers, when we meet 'em,
It's no blamed use how good we try to treat 'em,
We're served up regular as Knockers' Punch.

You think an Editor's a Happy Grafter
Who gets a Deadhead Line on all the Shows.
But when he's tramped the whole durned village after
A rag of Stuff, and landed none, *He* knows.
And if of Yawning Space he once complains,
Folks don't hand *Him* a halo for his Pains.



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“**W**HAT do you read, my lord?”
 “Words, words, words.”

The Oberlin Review

And so we all read on from week to week. It surely is no shame to read; nor is it any shame to think and forthwith to frame those thoughts in words. Many times it may chance that the words as we read them strike harshly upon the cords of individual opinion and temperament; but why be distressed, when, as the Stoics said, “the very discords are essential to the harmony of the universe?”

Our scribes labor on, and bow their weary heads o’er bewildering heaps of foolscap, endeavoring to glean from the common contributions such bits of news and life as will lend a modicum of interest to the weekly annals. There is no glory in this work, merely a monotonous round of drudgery. And yet in a larger sense there is the compensation of cooperation and systematic effort, of a broader survey of College life as a whole.

The Review should stand as a true representative of the character of the school as a leader among the American Colleges. The legitimate field for its work falls into two divisions: the attractive recording of events, and the sane independent comment upon College interests from the student standpoint. With this in mind we can easily trace the splendid development of the paper; it is no easy task to grind out a weekly commentary upon our College life, and at the same time guarantee to all the freshness and vitality which they expect. “There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.”

Enough of empty comment. The scribes must still plod on, for our own little sphere of activity will wait for none of us and work is ever ahead.

The chiefest scribe and his attendants have given us the faithful records of the year. The Review has been truly representative and independent: the student organ in the interests of the College.

JOEL B. HAYDEN



The Hi-O=Hi

Published Annually
by the
Junior Class

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Who's Who

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The Student's Hand-Book

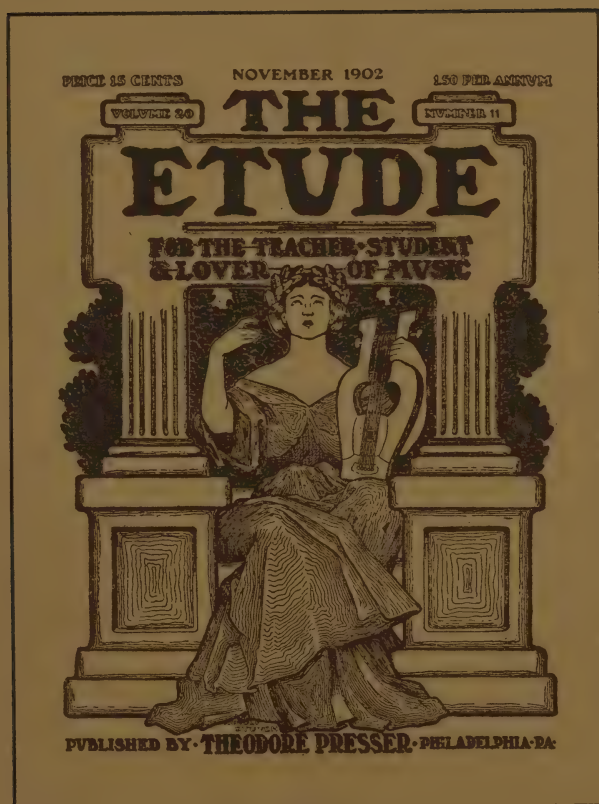
Published Annually by the D. M. C. A. and the D. W. C. A.

EDITORS

George W. Young

Helen L. Myers

Book 6



MELODY, thou haunting, tender thing
That whisperest softly in the twilight song,
That tremblest in old hymns, while dimly throng
The memories and visions which they bring,
That speakest when triumphant anthems ring
Through stately halls, or when, exulting, strong,
The organ's voice reverberates along
The arches where its echoes rumbling cling:

Thy tones alone can voice the wordless surge
Of vision, longing, rapture, and despair,
Thou only pray the prayers we strive to pray.
Thou speakest in the triumph and the dirge,
Thy harmonies on quivering pinions bear
The wordless thoughts that hold us in their sway.



MUSICAL UNION

Oberlin Musical Union

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Organist

Professor William T. Upton

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Librarian,

Hubert E. Husted

THE Oberlin Musical Union seems to grow stronger in achievement year by year. It shows itself capable of handling with ease the most difficult works, and has made some of the finest of the later choral compositions familiar to the Oberlin public. No May Festival is given this year, but an equivalent was afforded in December by the performance on successive nights of Handel's "Messiah" and Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius." It is intended that at the coming Commencement two concerts shall be given, one consisting of "The Beatitudes" by Franck, the other a miscellaneous concert of choruses, solos, and orchestral pieces from the music dramas of

Wagner. In the December concerts the accompaniments were played by the Pittsburg Orchestra, and it is expected that the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, of Chicago, will assist at the Commencement concerts.

**Oberlin
Musical
Union**

In addition to the home performances, the Union gave "The Dream of Gerontius" with the Thomas Orchestra in Cleveland, Feb. 25, before a very large and appreciative audience.

The past year in the Musical Union's history is chiefly distinguished by the addition of "The Dream of Gerontius" to its repertory. This work by the English composer, Sir Edward Elgar, is the most notable contribution to choral music that has been made in the past fifteen years. It is a work of great originality and beauty, and in the minds of many it has come to rival Franck's "Beatitudes" in favor. With the completion of the new chapel the Union will have for the first time an adequate concert hall, and its educational benefits will be noticeably extended.

PROFESSOR EDWARD DICKINSON

Mendelssohn: The Elijah

June 19, 1907

Handel: The Messiah

December 12, 1907

Elgar: The Dream of Gerontius

December 13, 1907

Elgar: The Dream of Gerontius

Cleveland, February 25, 1908

Franck: The Beatitudes

June 24, 1908

Wagner: Program

June 25, 1908

Concerts

Fair Oberlin

Waltz Song

Jean
Lindsay

Tempo di Valse.

mf 1. Fair O - ber - lin, to thee we lift Our hearts in
2. Thy sons and daugh - ters near and far, Thine own be -

grate - ful praise, There is no spot on earth so dear, So
yond the sea, Turn to this spot wher - e'er they are, And

fraught with hap - py days, Cre - a - tor of our des - ti -
pledge their love to thee, As wi - der still ex - tends thy

nies, Where friend - ships true be - gin, May For - tune send her
fame, The year - which now be - gin. Will ev - er find our

Fair Oberlin

rich - est gifts To thee, Fair O - ber - lin.
love the same, ... For thee, Fair O - ber - lin.

CHORUS.

f Then sing it loud and long. The "Hi - O-

mf

Hi" shall win, We'll drink thy health, we'll

give our wealth, To thee, Fair O - ber - lin!



Oberlin Glee Club

Officers

Manager,	J. F. Peck
President,	L. C. Johnson
Secretary,	A. E. Chamberlain
Librarian,	O. M. Richards
Pianist,	J. B. Graham
Violinist,	D. Morrison

First Tenors

L. C. Johnson, '08
G. A. Andrus, '10
O. M. Richards, '10
S. L. Strong, '09
J. B. Andrews, '11

Second Tenors

H. A. McConnaughey, '08
S. Morris, '09
P. P. McCollin, Con.
E. E. Halstead, Con.

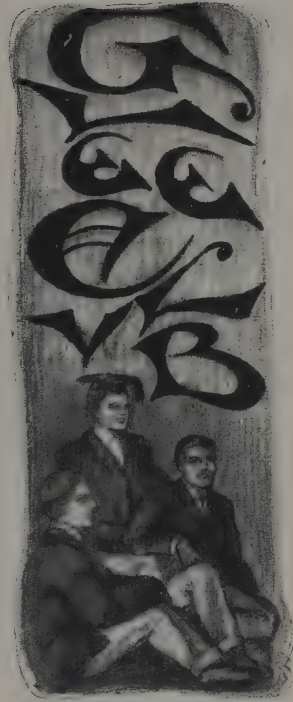
Baritones

A. E. Chamberlain, '08
W. S. Jelliff, '08
P. J. Ebbott, '10
J. B. Graham, Con.
F. W. Smith, '09

Basses

J. E. Wirkler
C. W. Ferris, '08
P. H. Snell, '09
C. H. Vail, '11

Oberlin Glee Club



Itinerary

Dec. 4	Sandusky, Ohio	Dec. 30	Jamestown, N. Dakota
Dec. 14	Ionia, Michigan	Dec. 31	Fargo, N. Dakota
Dec. 15	Lake Odessa, Michigan	Jan. 1	Minneapolis, Minn.
Dec. 16	Galesburg, Illinois	Jan. 2	Owatonna, Minn.
Dec. 17	St. Joseph, Missouri	Jan. 3	Austin, Minn.
Dec. 18	Newton, Kansas	Jan. 4	Ft. Atkinson, Wis.
Dec. 19	Lamar, Colorado	Jan. 6	Evansville, Wis.
Dec. 21	Salt Lake City, Utah	Jan. 7	Milwaukee, Wis.
Dec. 23	Boise, Idaho	Jan. 8	Bryan, Ohio
Dec. 25	Seattle, Washington	Apr. 1	Findlay, Ohio
Dec. 26	Spokane, Washington	Apr. 2	Mansfield, Ohio
Dec. 27	Helena, Montana	Apr. 3	Cincinnati, Ohio
Dec. 28	Bozeman, Montana		

**Westward
Ho!
Oberlin
Glee Club
in the
Far West**

THE Christmas holidays of 1907 saw the Glee Club on the greatest trip it had ever taken, and on what was probably the greatest trip ever taken by an American College Glee Club.

Leaving Oberlin December 14, the Club went directly to Ionia, Michigan, gave a concert there that night, drove to Lake Odessa the next afternoon, held a sacred concert in the evening, and then took the midnight train to Chicago. Here the private car "Rainbow" was waiting, and at 11 A. M., December 16, the boys started out on a journey taking them through fourteen states and covering a distance of over 6,000 miles. Twenty-one concerts were given, some in opera houses, some in churches, Y. M. C. A. buildings, high schools, and once in a roller skating rink, but the attendance was good and in only one town were there more people on the stage than in the audience.

In nearly every place the Club was royally entertained, receptions, dances, dinners, sight-seeing trips, and nearly every form of entertainment which the boys would enjoy was provided. In Lamar, Colorado, a beet sugar plant was visited; in Pueblo, the Mexican Village; in Salt Lake City, the Mormon Tabernacle and surround-

ings, as well as The University Club, Natatoriums, the U. S. Army Transport "Dix," Puget Sound, the famous Pettibone trial at Boise, prisons, Capitols, The Montana Agriculture College, fish hatcheries, breweries, flour mills, forts, mountain trips and hunting excursions formed the scenic diet of the rest of the trip. In fact, there was but little that the boys missed.

During the ride through the Royal Gorge and up over Tennessee Pass, the scenery was elegant, and though the altitude



was rather high none of the boys were affected by it. The rapid climatic changes, however, made colds frequent, and before the trip ended, each person had had his share.

**Westward
Ho!**

The concerts were, on the whole, better than have been given for a number of years. Although there were fewer individual voices of extraordinary calibre on the club than formerly, Mr. Wirkler had so drilled them that the various parts sang as one voice and their pianissimo effects were beautiful.

But it is to the manager, Mr. Peck, that the real success of the season was due. Such a trip meant an untold amount of work on the part of the management, and when the fact is considered that all possible things which would tend toward the comfort and health of the boys were provided, all concerts given, and the trip financially successful, his work deserves more and more praise.



Book 7



ART of all arts most human in thy power,
The realm of thought and feeling too is thine,
Where thrall of music and of scene combine
To lead the fancy on from flower to flower,
Where Reason chill sits chattering by the hour
To prove the platitudes of Right divine,
Where Humor cracks his stinging lash of nine,
And mortal puppets 'neath grim Justice cower.

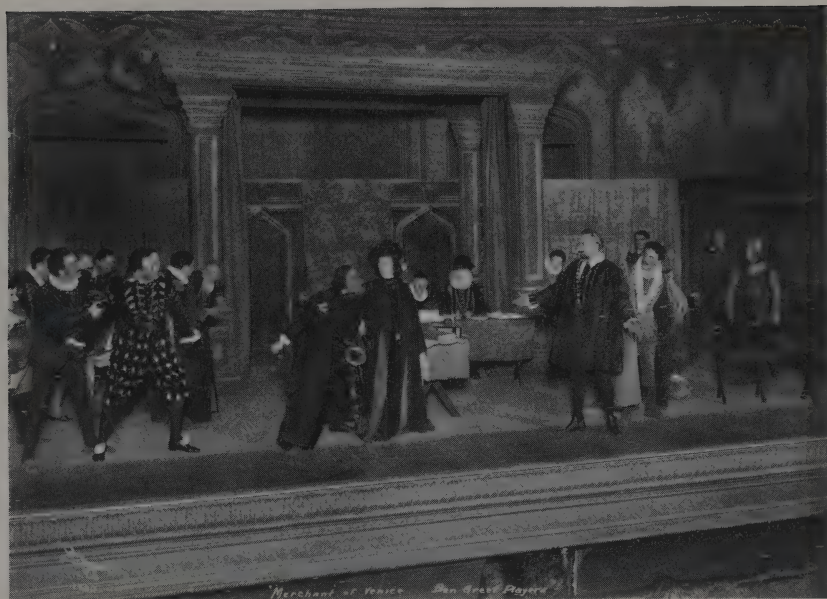
Fleet as a glance from maiden shy and prim,
Thy scenes must melt, thy actors stalk their ways
Into the vault of memory, weird and dim,
Shrouded in shade, the haunt of other days,
Only the annals of thy glories stand,
Only the wreckage on Time's shifting strand.



Oberlin and the Drama

TIME was when Oberlin saw no plays. Time has come when Oberlin stands abreast of the most progressive of American Colleges in her wholesome interest in contemporary and classic dramatic endeavor. Under the sane, conservative yet willing guidance of Doctor Wager, daring Belascos have firmly grounded the Senior and Junior plays in the course of the year's activities. Of earlier or later growth we now know the French and German plays, the Girls' Literary Society plays, and the Thanksgiving and house farces, while in recent years Ben Greet has set the high-water mark in interest and worth of work in his twice-a-year festivals. The comic and tragic masks have been clapped on the stern visage of old Oberlin and the revels of the King's players are anxiously awaited and enthusiastically applauded.

When the critic's pen has closed the seventy-fifth of Oberlin years, the dramatic resume will be "really worth while." Memories of 1907's delightful performance of "Much Ado About Nothing" blend with high hopes for this year's "Taming of the Shrew." The Juniors with work worthy of the real stage transformed a dull Elizabethan, "Eastward Hoe," into a sparkling comedy of manners. Talcott gave Sheridan's "Rivals" in a manner more in the spirit of its time than the rowdy method of the later professional production of Goldsmith's companion piece, "She Stoops to Conquer." In plain words Ben Greet disappointed in "She Stoops." "The Merchant of Venice" was acted more reverently. Greet's Jew was interesting and consistent but decidedly unimpressive. The outdoor performances Commencement week should serve as a fitting close to a year of high achievement.



Merry Wives of Windsor

Shakespeare

Presented on the Campus,
Afternoon of June 20, 1907

The Tempest

Shakespeare

Presented on the Campus,
Evening of June 20, 1907

She Stoops to Conquer

Goldsmith

Presented in Warner Hall,
March 16, 1908

The Merchant of Venice

Shakespeare

Presented in Warner Hall,
March 17, 1908

**Ben
Greet**

Senior Play

Much Ado About Nothing

Shakespeare

Presented by the Senior Class of 1907
on the Campus, June of 1907

Cast

Don Pedro,	Mr. Ewalt
Don John,	Mr. Caldwell
Claudio,	Mr. Griffith
Benedick,	Mr. Ullman
Leonato,	Mr. H. L. Rogers
Antonio,	Mr. Ford
Balthazar,	Mr. Carter
Borachio,	Mr. Lawson
Conrad,	Mr. Hoffman
Dogberry,	Mr. Leeper
Verges,	Mr. C. F. Rogers
Friar Francis,	Mr. Lester
A Sexton,	Mr. Stone
A Boy,	Mr. Wright
Messenger,	Mr. Snyder
Watchmen and Attendants,	Mr. Griswold
	Mr. Clark
	Mr. Newton
	Mr. Gifford
Musician,	Mr. Lutz
Hero,	Miss Summerbell
Beatrice,	Miss Runyon
Margaret,	Miss Clapp
Ursula,	Miss Judson
Ladies-in-waiting,	Miss Cooper
	Miss Dreitzler



Eastward Ho

Chapman, Jonson, Marston

Presented by the Junior Class of 1909 in Warner Hall,
February 29, 1908

Junior
Play

Cast

Touchstone,	Mr. Chambers	Messenger	}	Mr. Carroll
Quicksilver,	Mr. Gee	Drawer		
Golding,	Mr. Whitney	Coachman	}	Mr. Burton
Sir Petronel Flash,	Mr. Doane	Page		
Security,	Mr. Sayler	Scrivener		
Seagull,	Mr. Ferris	Friend		
Scapethrift,	Mr. Harvey	Constable,		Mr. Howenstein
Spendall	Mr. VanFossan	Bramble,		Mr. Jones
Slitgut				
Hamlet,	Mr. Bacon	Mistress Touchstone,		Miss Shell
Holdfast	Mr. Faulkner	Gertrude,		Miss Stevens
Gentleman		Mildred,		Miss H. K. Smith
Prisoner	Mr. Woodard	Winifred,		Miss Van Cleve
Gentleman		Beatrice,		Miss M. A. Smith
Wolfe,	Mr. Brown	Sindefy,		Miss Fair
		Mistress Ford,		Miss A. A. Nixon
		Mistress Gazer,		Miss Allison

Scene—London and Thames Side

Junior
Play





The Rivals

Sheridan

Talcott
Play

Presented at Talcott, November 28, 1907

Cast

Sir Anthony Absolute,	Fag,	Mr. Hunt
Mr. Bucher	David,	Mr. Sayler
Captain Absolute,	Thomas,	Mr. S. B. Kent
Mr. W. R. Morrison	Mrs. Malaprop,	
Faulkland,	Mr. A. J. Parks	Miss M. F. Hunt
Bob Acres,	Mr. Cromer	Lydia,
		Miss Summerbell
Sir Lucius O'Trigger,	Julia,	Miss H. B. Brown
Mr. Everson	Lucy,	Miss Macdonald

Under the supervision of Miss Oril Wing

German Play

Egmont

Goethe

Presented by the German Club at the Home of Professor Mosher,

January 15, 1908

Cast

Egmont,	Prof. Mosher	Silva,	Prof. Cairns
Oranien,	Mr. Williams	Claerchen,	Mrs. Harroun
Alba,	Prof. Hutchins	Her Mother,	Miss McDaniels
Ferdinand,	Instr. Hoerger	Brackenburg,	Instr. Hastings

Music by Prof. Barry, Prof. Upton and Miss Peck

French Play

Les Precieuses Ridicules

Moliere

Presented by the French Club in Warner Hall,

April 25, 1908

Cast

Cathos,	Miss Stevens	Mascarille,	Mr. Jameson
Magdelon,	Miss Cotey	Jodelet,	Mr. Stedman
Marotte,	Miss Keller	First Porter,	Mr. Hills
Gorgibus,	Mr. S. B. Brown	Second Porter,	Mr. Katsounoff
Du Croisy,	Mr. J. A. Steele	Almanzor,	Master Cowdery
La Grange,	Mr. Jewell		

Musicians, Soldiers, Ladies

Judith of Bethulia

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

Presented by I. L. S. in Sturges Hall, May 18, 1908

Girls' Literary Society Plays

Cast

Holofernes,	Miss L. Houser	Abner,	Miss Tinker
Achior,	Miss C. H. Watson	Hadad,	Miss Gerhard
Bagaos,	Miss Z. M. Richards	Elika,	Miss R. Seymour
Ozias,	Miss M. E. Houser	Lamech,	Miss J. C. Snyder
Charmis,	Miss Chapin		
Chabris,	Miss E. C. Fulton	Judith,	Miss Putman
Joachim,	Miss Schubert	Marah,	Miss I. B. Lewis
Nathan,	Miss M. C. Eldred	Naomi,	Miss Kimball

Captains, Archers, and Musicians

The Fright of the Jews

From The Pork Circle

Presented by Helioian in Sturges Hall, April 29, 1908

Cast

Pilate,	Miss Belden	4 Soldier,	Miss M. F. Hunt
Annas,	Miss H. L. Myers	1 Mary,	Miss Jackson
Cayphas,	Miss M. G. Whiting	2 Mary,	Miss M. M. Lindsay
Centurion,	Miss MacIntosh	3 Mary,	Miss Knopf
1 Soldier,	Miss Purcell	Angel,	Miss Cody
2 Soldier,	Miss Perry	Herald,	Miss E. J. Allen
3 Soldier,	Miss Sheldon		

The Circle

Poinsenet

Presented by Phi Alpha Phi in Sturges Hall, June 1, 1908

Cast

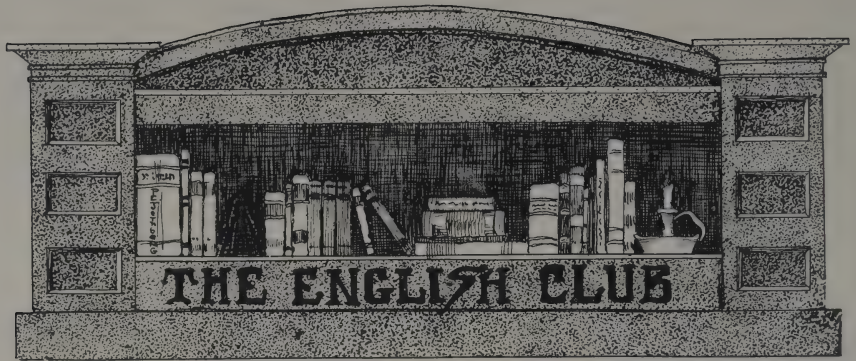
Araminte,	Miss H. K. Smith	The Marquis,	Miss Shell
Lucile,	Miss Herreid	The Baron,	Miss I. C. Bacon
Lisidor,	Miss Seiler	The Doctor,	Miss Beard
Lisette,	Miss M. Edwards	The Abbe,	Miss Mears
Cidalise,	Miss O. R. Carpenter	A Wit,	Miss Tenney
Ismene,	Miss Petty		

[illegible]

“**W**IR gehen zu dem Deutscher — — er — Verein!”
“Et moi, je vais vite au Cercle Francais,

I can't think of a blessed thing to say,
Mais un bon temps et la belle langue pour mine.”
“Nichts kann ich sagen, mein Deutsch ist a Shine,
Ich bin so dumm wie Oyster anyway.”
“Mais c'est telle fun pour etre dans un Play
When that dear Prompter reads your every line!”

Then there's another bunch reads fiction bright,
(I understand they're studying “Three Weeks.”)
And there's that radiant stellar group that seeks
To shed its flames abroad, a shining light.
We've Clubs to burn,—take any one you choose,
Or take 'em all if you can pay the dues.



English Club

Subject of Study, 1907-1908

The Modern Drama

Members

Evelina Belden	Mary M. MacIntosh
R. Adelaide Breckenridge	Instructor Milton Percival
Helen B. Brown	Laura C. Perry
John S. Burgess	Mary E. Purcell
Ralph Burroughs	Robert H. Rice
Gertrude L. Cody	Ross W. Sanderson
George S. Dickinson	Charles A. Sawyer
George H. Everson	Instructor Philip D. Sherman
Florence Farr	Oliver M. Sayler
Instructor R. Archibald Jelliffe	Henrietta K. Smith
Prudence E. Jernberg	Florence T. Waite

English Seminar

Professor
Charles
H. A. Wager

Subject of Study, 1907-1908

Spenser

Papers Presented

Howard K. Morse,	{	Spenser As a Romantic Poet, with Special
Lulu Houser,		Reference to His Modern Influence.
Robert H. Rice,		The Mind of Spenser.
George H. Everson,		Spenser's Use of Classical Mythology.
Mary Rankin,		The Faerie Queene Regarded As a Romance of Chivalry.



Professor Mosher's Circle

Alma A. Erswell	George P. Metcalf	Albert C. Schumacher
Raymond H. Geist	Margaret L. Plumley	Elizabeth H. Spearing
Mabel S. Gerhard	Irene M. Raber	Sylvanus H. Wilcox
Donald F. Melhorn	Bertha M. Rogers	

German Clubs

Professor Abbott's Circle

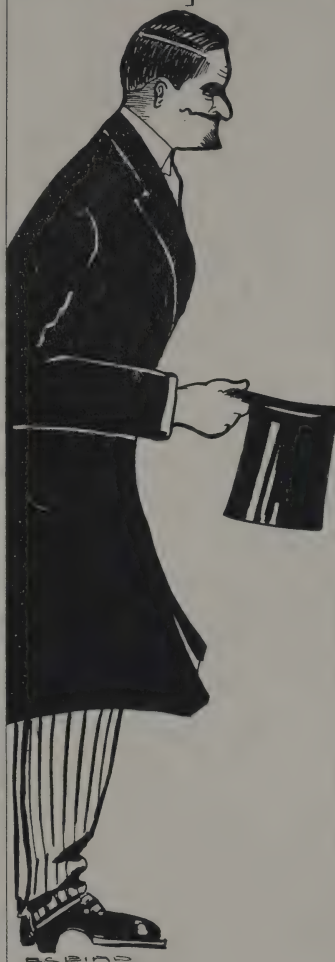
Mary M. Lindsay	Zoe C. Marts	Esther N. Robson
Florence Kent	Paul D. Miller	R. Mary Shearer
Georgia E. Illing	Ruth S. Moxcey	Edith M. Usry
Grover C. Grismore	John W. McArthur	Ruth Wilcox
Florence M. Chaney	Ruth L. Pearson	

Instructor Hoerger's Circle

Louise M. Allen	Aurelia M. Fulton	Lura M. Payne
Emma Boyer	Edith S. Gray	Jennie C. Rhodes
Homer M. Carter	Kate M. Hatfield	Herbert Schuster
L. Gertrude Clark	Hubert C. Herring	Emma A. Scott
Amaryllis M. Cotey	Elizabeth Hughes	Myrna P. Sedgwick
Albert R. Crone	Anna W. Kauffman	Howard T. Smith
Alice J. DuBois	Frances M. Lord	Robert Steinemann
Helen Dungan	Emma A. Miller	Jessie C. Twogood
Mabel C. Eldred	Minnie Mulvany	Mary E. Watson
Edna B. Fish	Martha Oldenberg	Lucy E. Weston
Edith H. Ford		

French Club

CERCLE FRANÇAIS



Officiers

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M. le Professeur John R. Wightman

PRESIDENT

M. Claude W. Stedman

SECRETAIRE

Mlle. Amaryllis M. Cotey

SECRETAIRE CORRESPONDANT

Mlle. Vera A. Tinker

TRESORIER

M. l'Instructeur Russell P. Jameson

TRESORIER ADJOINT

M. James A. Hills

Membres

Mlle. Amaryllis M. Cotey

Mme. Mary L. Cowdery

Mlle. Susan F. Gulick

Mlle. Florence M. Keller

Mlle. Frieda L. Martini

Mlle. Vera A. Tinker

M. Kirke L. Cowdery

M. James A. Hills

M. Russell P. Jameson

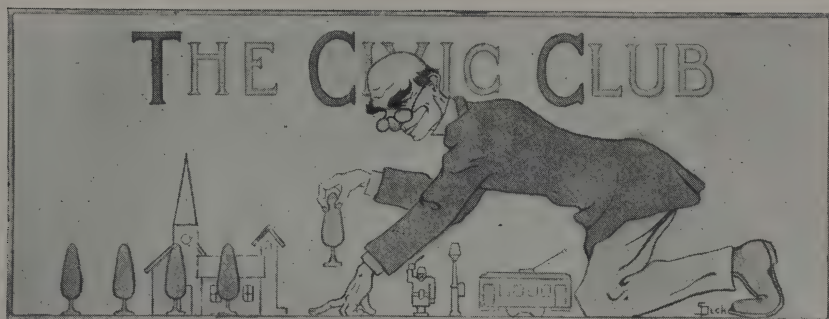
M. Nicholas G. Katsounoff

M. Charles G. McArthur

M. J. Fred Miller

M. Claude W. Stedman

M. John R. Wightman



Officers

PRESIDENT

Admont H. Clark

VICE PRESIDENT

Ernest H. Van Fossan

RECORDING SECRETARY

W. Spencer Bowen

TREASURER

Pliny L. Solether

CHAIRMAN OF PROGRAM COMMITTEE

Howard B. Sohn

**Civic
Club**

Papers Presented

Sozaburo Sato,

The Ancient Law of Japan, Considered with
Reference to the Distribution of Wealth.

Robert H. Rice,

Taxation in Ohio.

Harrison J. Behr,

The Tariff and the Steel Industry in the
United States.

**Economic
Seminar**

**Professor
Albert B.
Wolfe**



SKETCH CLUB

Sketch Club

Stella Biggs
 Cecil L. Burton
 Sidney E. Dickinson
 Audrey B. Dowell
 N. Jeannette Fraser
 Catharine W. Henderson
 Anna V. Kyle
 Gertrude Leadingham
 Jerome J. Lilly

Members

Mary E. Nevin
 Elizabeth Pearson
 Clara L. Perry
 Lena Porter
 Gertrude Rupel
 Verna M. Skeels
 Caroline Wagner
 Ruth E. Wagner

Baldwin

President,
Vice President,
Treasurer,
Chairman Social Committee,

Ruth A. Bullock
Ella C. Fulton
Katharine Sheldon
Grace Herreid

House Government

Talcott

President,
Vice President,
Treasurer,
Chairman Social Committee,

Mabel F. Hunt
Bessie M. McClure
Elizabeth D. Briggs
Oril Wing

Dascomb

President,
Vice President,
Treasurer,
Chairman Social Committee,

Nellie Stratton
Edith E. Putman
Grace S. Harrison
Catharine W. Henderson

Lord

President,
Vice President,

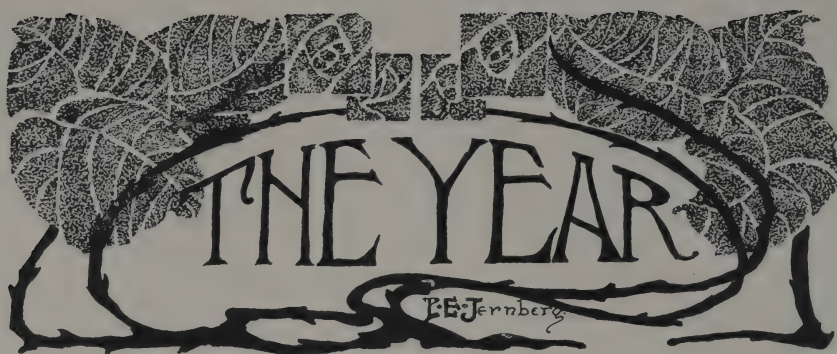
Elfreda Schubert
Cora A. Pickett

Book 9



AND if some silent hour beside the flame,
We dream alone,—while nearer draws the night
And over comrade-graves the snow is white,—
And wonder if the old paths look the same,
What memory, out of all their stored fame,
Will rise to each, immortal in our sight,
And clothed in some unearthly after-light,
Wherefor for aye the most we bless Her name?

Perchance, old days are like the summer rain,
With sun through diamonds flashing as they fall,
While on the fields their patter musical
Revives all sweetness of the world again.
On one gold strand they link a priceless chain;
Not one and one we hold them dear, but all.



The Year

Spring Term 1907

April

Wednesday, 3	Spring Term opens
Saturday, 6	Faculty Reception to Students
Saturday, 13	Glee Club Reception at Talcott Civic Club organized
Monday, 15	Organ Recital: Dr. Andrews
Saturday, 20	Annual Senior Promenade
Monday, 22	The Blind—Phi Alpha Phi Junior Oratorical Contest
Saturday, 27	The Clouds



May

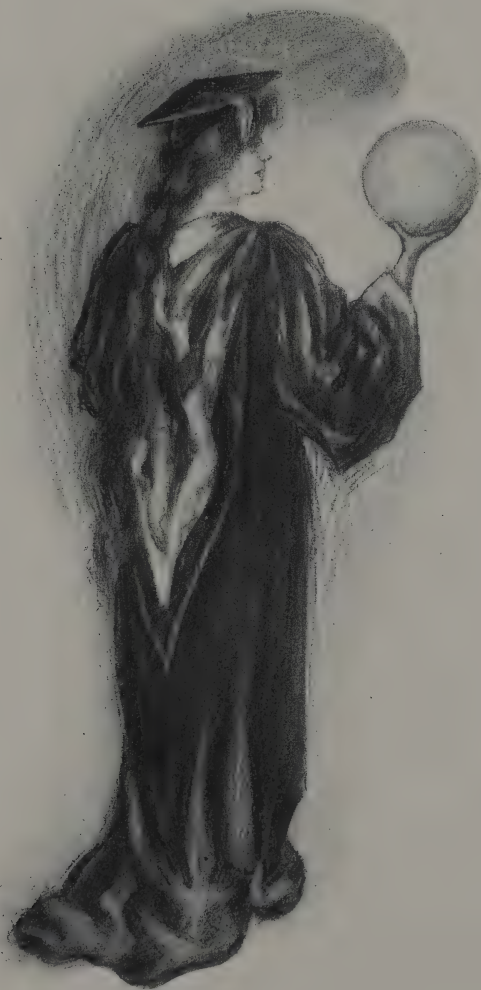
Saturday, 4	Base Ball: O. W. U. versus Oberlin Dual Track meet: O. W. U. versus Oberlin
Sunday, 5	Theological Seminary Bac- calaureate Sermon
Wednesday, 8	Base Ball: Oberlin versus Michigan
Thursday, 9	Theological Seminary Commencement Annual Y. M. C. A. Ban- quet
Saturday, 11	Freshman Party

May	
Saturday,	11 Base Ball: Oberlin versus O. S. U. Y. W. C. A. Conference
Monday,	13 The Elijah—Musical Union
Tuesday,	14 Symphony Concert—Thomas Orchestra The Dream of Gerontius—Musical Union
Thursday,	16 Base Ball: Oberlin versus Chicago
Friday,	17 Annual Debate Banquet
Saturday,	18 Tennis: Oberlin versus Michigan
Monday,	20 Baldwin May Day
Saturday,	25 Peace Oratorical Contest
Thursday,	30 Decoration Day Senior Picnic
Friday,	31 Base Ball: Oberlin versus Chicago
June	
Monday,	3 The Masque of Psyche—Aelioian Annual Meeting of the Athletic Association
Thursday,	6 Base Ball: Seniors versus Faculty
Friday,	7 The Coffee House—L. L. S.
Saturday,	8 Base Ball: Oberlin versus Wooster
Monday,	10 Examination Week begins
Friday,	14 Senior Chapel Academy Commencement
Saturday,	15 Spring Term closes Base Ball: Case versus Oberlin Open Student Recital Literary Society Love Feasts
Sunday,	16 Baccalaureate Sermon
Monday,	17 Base Ball: Varsity versus Alumni Annual Art Exhibition Semi-Annual Meeting of Trustees Much Ado About Nothing—Seniors



The Pear

- June
 Tuesday, 18 Alumni Day
 Senior Class Day
 Senior Reception—President and Mrs. King—
 Talcott Lawn
 Wednesday, 18 Seventy-fourth Annual Commencement
 Address: William Allen White
 The Elijah—Musical Union
 Thursday, 20 Merry Wives of Windsor—Ben Greet
 The Tempest—Ben Greet
 Thursday, 20 Summer Session opens



- August
 Wednesday, 9 Summer session
 closes

Fall Term 1907

- September
 Wednesday, 18 Fall Term opens

- Saturday, 21 Y. W. C. A. Re-
 ception
 Y. M. C. A. Stag-
 —Dill Field

- Saturday, 28 Senior-Freshman
 Reception

- October
 Saturday, 5 Foot Ball: Cor-
 nell versus Ober-
 lin

- Monday, 7 Organ Recital:
 Dr. Andrews

- Thursday, 10 Lecture: Wash-
 ington Gladden

- Saturday, 12 Conference of
 Northern Ohio
 Volunteer Union

October

- Tuesday, 15 U. L. A. Lecture: William J. Dawson
 Saturday, 19 Foot Ball: Oberlin versus Case
 Thursday, 24 Yale-Princeton Basket Ball
 Monday, 28 Birthday of Who's Who
 Tuesday, 29 Artist Recital: Evan Williams

The
 Bear

November

- Saturday, 2 Foot Ball: Oberlin versus W.
 R. U.
 Y. W. C. A. Reception
 Friday, 8 Foundation of Zeta of Ohio Chap-
 ter of Phi Beta Kappa
 Saturday, 9 Foot Ball: Oberlin versus O.
 S. U.
 Sunday, 10 Week of Prayer begins
 Tuesday, 12 Artist Recital: Mme. Samaroff
 Thursday, 14 Lecture: Dr. Tyenago



- Friday, 15 Semi-Annual Meeting of Trustees
 Saturday, 16 Foot Ball: Wooster versus Oberlin
 Tuesday, 19 Artist Recital: Maud Powell
 U. L. A. Lecture: Walter Chandler
 Monday, 25 Organ Recital: Dr. Andrews
 Tuesday, 26 Freshman-Sophomore Track Meet
 Wednesday, 27 U. L. A. Lecture: David S. Jordan
 Thursday, 28 Thanksgiving Class Parties

December

- Saturday, 7 Y. W. C. A. Festival
 Monday, 9 Artist Recital: Mme. Theresa Carreno
 Inter-Society Debate
 Thursday, 12 The Messiah—Musical Union
 Friday, 13 Matinee: Pittsburg Orchestra
 The Dream of Gerontius—Musical Union
 Saturday, 14 Glee Club departs
 Monday, 16 German Christmas Service
 Wednesday, 18 Fall Term closes

Winter Term 1908

The
Year



January

Wednesday,	8	Winter Term opens
Thursday,	9	First Art Lecture: Dr. Powers
Friday,	10	Second and Third Art Lectures: Dr. Powers
Thursday,	16	Lecture: Mrs. Johnston
Monday,	20	Organ Recital: Dr. Andrews
Tuesday,	21	Artist Recital: Charles E. Clemens
Wednesday,	22	Basket Ball: W. R. U. versus Oberlin
Saturday,	25	Basket Ball: Wooster versus Oberlin
Thursday,	30	Day of Prayer for Colleges

February

Monday,	3	Examination week begins
Tuesday,	4	Artist Recital: Corrine Rider-Kelsey
Saturday,	8	First Semester closes Last Chapel Service in the First Church
Monday,	10	Women's Skating Contest Leap Year Class Parties
Tuesday,	11	Second Semester opens U. L. A. Lecture: Edmund Vance Cooke
Thursday,	13	Musical: Conservatory Faculty
Saturday,	15	Junior Leap Year Party Basket Ball: Rochester versus Oberlin
Monday,	17	Artist Recital: Olive Mead Quartette
Friday,	21	Basket Ball: Oberlin versus Colgate



February

- Saturday, 22 Address: Jenkin Lloyd Jones
Faculty Reception to Students
- Tuesday, 25 The Dream of Gerontius—Musical Union—Cleveland
- Wednesday, 26 Artist Recital: Thomas Orchestra
- Thursday, 27 Home Oratorical Contest
- Saturday, 29 Basket Ball: Oberlin versus O. S. U.
Eastward Hoe—Juniors

**The
Bear**

March

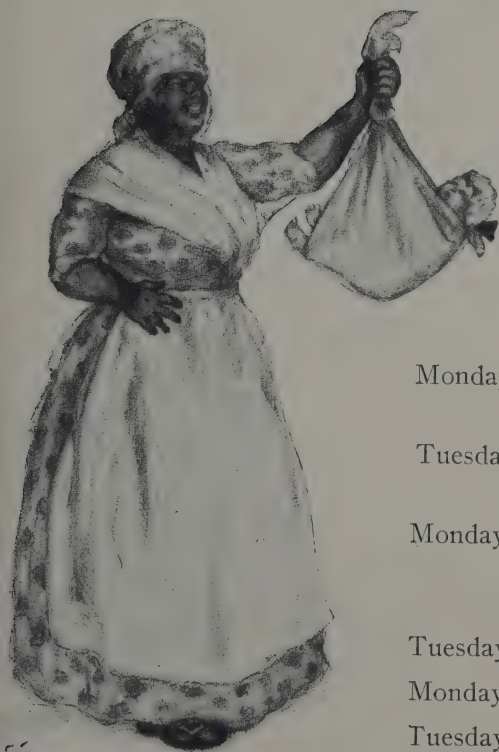
- Monday, 2 Artist Recital:
Adamowski Trio
Sophomore Oratorical Contest
- Friday, 6 Ohio Inter-Collegiate Debates
- Saturday, 7 Basket Ball: W. R. U. versus Oberlin
- Tuesday, 10 Artist Recital:
Josef Hofmann

March

- Monday, 16 She Stoops to Conquer—Ben Greet
- Tuesday, 17 Merchant of Venice—Ben Greet
- Monday, 23 Organ Recital: Dr. Andrews
Inter-Society Debate
- Tuesday, 24 Glee Club Concert
- Monday, 30 Inter-Society Debate
- Tuesday, 31 U. L. A. Lecture: Brander Matthews

April

- Wednesday, 1 Winter Terms closes



Book 10

THE
ATLANTIC
MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1907

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HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

4 Park Street Boston, Mass.

The Riverside Press, Cambridge

85 Fifth Avenue, New York

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35 cents a copy \$4.00 a year

G O spill and dab and sling your ink around,
Ye slaves of rhythm, metre, rhyme, and style,
We've had your manuscripts so long on file
That even *we* have learned to be profound.
Without a shred of truth your wisdom sound,
Without a hint of form your verses vile
Have lain so long upon our ragged pile
That we're rejoiced a resting place they've found.

Yet what would be this book without your song,
And what would be the good Prof.'s sure requite,
If through these pages fact-crammed, weary, long,
Some whim or fancy you did not indite?
All hail! ye dabblers, then, with quill and juice,
We'll put you all to some aesthetic use.

1833-1908

Ode

On the
Seventy-fifth
Anniversary of
the Founding
of Oberlin
College
Clara M.
Lathrop



NOT by kings' spoils below the archered gate,
Light largess unto tattered learning thrown,
Not by the delving churchman's cell of stone,
Nor towered magicians on new stars await,
Not as those storied fanes of old rose this our
own.

To none like these our backward eyes are turned;
Those riders where our earliest forest rolled,
They came not panoplied in cowl or gold,
Nor banners on the sombre air outburned;
They bore an unseen shield on steadfast hearts and bold.

And where in faith upflamed the pilgrims' prayer,
The great cathedral arches green and dim
Echoed soft answer through each murmurous limb,
And knightlier blades than Roland's gleamed in air,
While groaned the crashing boughs a diapasoned hymn.

Behold, the sons of toil have seen a sign;
They bring the scholar's immemorial dream,
The gains wherewith the garnered ages teem
A jewel to blaze on homely labor's shrine;
They plant by cottage doors the groves of Academe.

Long dead is he, that keeper of his sheep
Who heard their cry above the siren fame;
But strong-winged over seas his spirit came,
And these have heard him where he spoke from sleep,
And crowned their rising walls with honor of his name.

So unto Labor are we dedicate,
 From whose stained brows the laurel and the bay
 The world withholds not on the dusty way,
 Whose brown hands bear the keys of human fate.
 His face our Genius wears, rough-hewn to front the day.

Yet to stern splendor of the fathers' faith
 His vows are paid; and though on clearer eyes
 Grows the horizon of a far surmise,
 In heart and arm the old blood quickeneth,
 To nerve the martyr-son, when back to wall he dies.

By gates flung wide to give the hunted peace
 Waited the raw staunch sons, content to be
 The outlaw-counted strength of misery,
 For manhood's sake work brotherhood's release;
 These, ere the nation's word, dared call the dark race free.

O white, proud faces, dauntless, glorified!
 Throng round the arch where stand your names enrolled,
 Cast on the air your dust of fire and gold,
 Upraise new witness from your ashes tried,
 Make new feet strong to tread where yours have passed of old.

Forget the living in the shrined dead?
 Not while man's striving heart and brain beat true.
 Look where the ruined walls are reared anew,
 Where day by day our Spirit's runes are read;
 He sought God's right alone; world's praise is on his head.

Well unto him kept God the ancient word ;
Ode With years his kingdom-seeker's honors fall ;
 From the bare homestead springs the castled wall,
Through old-world ivy sing the breezes stirred,
 Where steeped in golden peace sleep elms and tower and hall.

Yea, if we hold a goodly heritage,
 Dare we forget what task before us lies ?
 Immortal youth is in our Spirit's eyes
That glimpse the glory of an unborn age ;
 Strong runner, strip again, race for the unwon prize !

And we who seek, if still his strength be rude,
 Who love our Genius for his better part,
 To add new grace of court and school and mart,
Nothing abate his splendid hardihood,
 While yet the crimson tide throbs with the world's deep heart.

Renown he holds,—but greater fame shall be ;
 And lustier he for battles yet to fight,
 Champion unshamed of an eternal right
Unto the day our eyes shall never see,
 To stand in that far world God's very perfect knight.



HAT her scientific name was she did not know herself, and as it cannot be said to convey any sense of her sacred individuality to either you or me, I think we had better call her Mary, her Christian name, and the one by which she was known to her unscientific friends. Her parents were both Earthworms, a thoroughly respectable family of the older type, not socially ambitious and strongly opposed to innovations. Biologists maintained that phylogenetically they had become isolated ;—but what that means I don't quite know. I fancy it meant little to Mary.

The things that meant most to her were not family affairs at all. She did not even know whether she had a family. This was due to a theory of the Earthworms that children are best educated by being made to shift for themselves from the egg up. If you are inclined to think such treatment a little barbarous, you should remember that the *Lumbrici* had had several million years of experience in such things when Adam and Eve began to work out theories of child-culture, and that the family seems to flourish to-day as vigorously as ever.

Thus it came about that Mary Lumbricus had entered the world alone. From the moment when she had sent the first independent wriggle along her annulated form, up to the present, when she was living snugly in a little burrow beside the woodland path, she had been a self-made worm. She took some pride in the fact, for it had not been an easy fight. There had been rainy days which were not pleasant for her or anybody else to remember, and there had been a long cold winter besides, during which she had been forced to dig deeper and deeper to escape from the fatal frost until every muscle in her body ached with the strain. But perseverance and a natural

**Mary
and the
Golly**

**A Woodland
Idyll**

**Harry James
Smith**

faculty she had of getting down to the roots of things had enabled her to surmount every difficulty.

And in her character you saw the results. There was a certain independence, a *franchise*, about Mary, the charm of which one could not deny. And if she added to this just a suggestion of skepticism and a certain sharpness of manner, one could easily attribute that to her constant contact with hard facts. Was it not George Sand who said, "To know all is to forgive all"? Mary's faults were simply the inevitable outcome of her environment. What makes her life significant for you and me is that in the end she rose above her environment, fitting herself for greater service. Of that you shall hear. I need only add that, for a Lumbricus, Mary was unusually intellectual: if she had been a Boston woman, I am sure she would have been president of a social science club; but in the forest such things were impossible.

Mary's life had given her little opportunity to make friends; but toward the end of June she had formed a rather intimate acquaintance with a tall creature named Daisy that grew a few inches from the opening of her burrow. Daisy's form was wonderfully slender yet perfectly erect, her eye was round and expressive, and her voice was indescribable. The two had often exchanged girlish confidences in the starlight, for although Daisy had no brains at all, she was an affectionate little thing, and longed to make others happy. It is surprising how well one can get along without brains.

It was on the twenty-fifth of June that the events occurred which I am about to relate. The night, as you may remember, was beautiful,—mild and cloudless, with a sky full of stars that winked confidentially. Mary reclined at full length on the dewy grass, clinging by one extremity to the doorway of her burrow, instinctively prepared for flight.

Daisy, upright on her slender stalk, shivered happily in the scarcely perceptible stir of the breeze. She felt strangely glad to be alive, and to be there so near to her friend, for whose mobility and freedom from roots she had the greatest admiration. She often wondered afterwards what it was that impelled her to mention a subject which she had always kept sacredly to herself. The influence of the night, in all probability. June nights are dangerous. This was Daisy's first June.

"Mary," she ventured in that indescribable tone of hers.

"What is it, Daisy?"

"Were you ever in love?" As she uttered the words she was startled at the boldness of them and shivered slightly.

"In love? I do not know what you mean," answered Mary, with a certain skeptical indifference which she sought to emphasize by nonchalantly swallowing a globule of earth. "Oh, I have heard them speak of it," she added. "But I could not understand."

"It is not a thing one understands," explained Daisy calmly. "Understanding often spoils it altogether. It is a thing to be felt."

"Tell me about it, dearest," said Mary, with a sudden pathos in her voice that was new. She drew close to her friend and lay there motionless in the waning light. Six-legged insects hummed about them. The grass was sprouting close by with little creaking sounds like unoiled carriage wheels. Mary had never looked so beautiful: her iridescent cuticle glistened with a dim phosphorescence.

After a moment's pause during which she was attempting to formulate a definition, Daisy began. There was something of the poet in Daisy, due no doubt to her lifelong communion with Nature.

"Love is a fire," she said,—and supposed, as most poets do, that she was saying something original. "It takes you by surprise and makes you lose your sense of location. It sends a thrill down your stalk and—"

"But I haven't any stalk," broke in Mary with some bitterness.

"Dear me, I forgot! Well, I don't know what it would do to you. Only you would feel funny all of a sudden."

"I fancy I should like that," said Mary. "Most of my feelings are so very unfunny. But how do you get it?"

"That's just the point," explained Daisy. "You don't get it. The very proof of its being it is that it gets you first."

"I don't understand."

"There, you're at it again!" said the flower reproachfully. "You always want to understand. That's the nuisance of having a cerebral ganglion. I suppose you can't help it."

"Forgive me, Daisy," pleaded her recumbent friend, impulsively. "I ought to control my weakness better. Do go on."

"All you can do," went on Daisy considerably, "is to put yourself in the way of being got. Decide what you would like to have love with, and then wait till it comes along."

Mary thought for a moment before speaking again. "The trouble is," she confessed at last, "that I'm afraid I should ask for too much. Somehow or other I feel that I could never be satisfied with a mere Lumbricus. I seem to have got beyond all that. Perhaps it has come from being alone so much. I suppose I've got into the way of using my brains more than I ought to. I knew it was wrong all the time; but as an amusement it had a strange fascination for me. I used to do it last winter sometimes when my head ached from digging with it, and it seemed to rest me."

"Poor dear!"

"I might try the moon or the maple-tree or something else that's nice and big; but I don't believe there'd be any use in that, do you?"

**Mary and
the Golly**

"I'm not sure," answered Daisy, thoughtfully. "It's hard to tell about those things. But wait a minute; I think I have an idea."

"Hurry," urged Mary with sudden eagerness.

"There is," began her friend, "a large Thing that passes by here almost every morning. You have never seen it because you always insist on going back to your burrow before sunrise; but I'm almost sure you would find it right."

"Go on, Daisy."

"It is something like a tree only it has two stalks instead of one; and it doesn't seem to have any roots."

"Like me?" asked Mary.

"Yes,—" answered the flower doubtfully. "Only it moves on its stalks more like a spider. It isn't so pretty as a spider, of course, and hasn't nearly so many eyes—only two or three, I think—but it's lovely and big, and it looks as if it could think, too."

"I'm sure I should like it then," commented Mary, with some enthusiasm. "I must have intellectual companionship. What is its name?"

"I'm not quite positive," answered her companion. "But I think it's Golly. Anyway that's the only thing I ever heard it say, and it comes down the walk here about two hours after sunrise every day. I'm sure it's worth trying for. Besides—"

"Daisy, you mustn't talk to me about it any more," cried Mary, beseechingly. There was an accent of fear in her tone. "I've never

Mary and the Golly

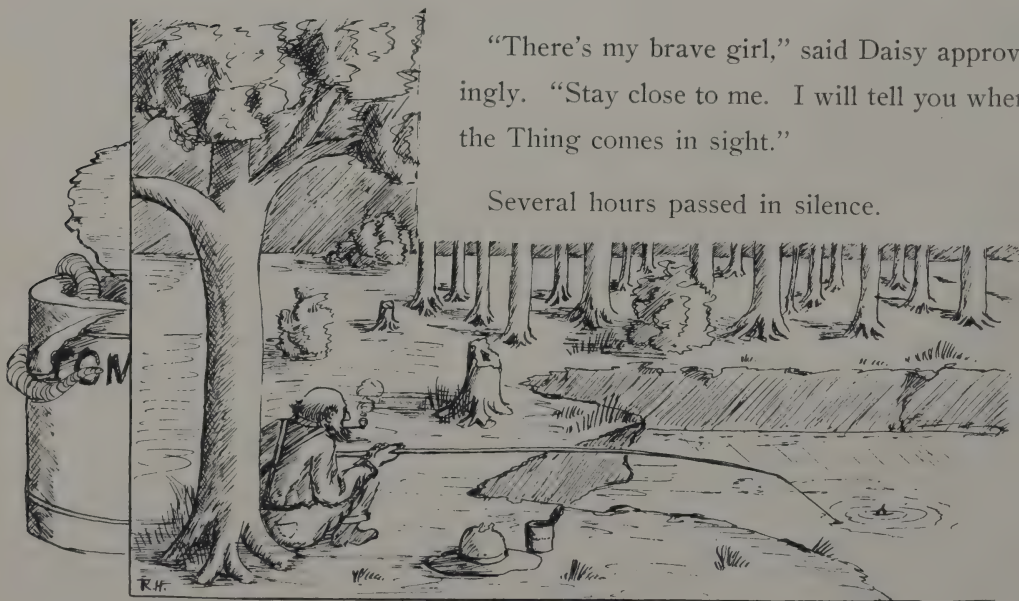
stayed out so late as that in my life. I don't know why it is; but before daybreak I feel something at work inside me that makes me go home. And then, too—" here she began to sob as only a worm can, "what good would it do me to stay . . . for you know I have no eyes! . . . I am blind . . . blind!" She turned her sightless anterior extremity toward her friend and trembled with emotion.

"Hush, dear," murmured the flower. "Don't excite yourself like that. We all have our little drawbacks and shortcomings. I have an eye to be sure: but then, I cannot eat dirt like you; and even the Golly is without petals. But anyway you have an auditory apparatus and you could hear him pass; and you could call his name so—Golly, Golly,—just as any one would who was in love; and I am sure it would make you feel funny."

There was another long pause. Mary was not eating dirt now. Her sensitive cuticle twitched nervously. "Ah," she cried at last. "I am going to try. I think it would do me good. I think life would mean quite a little more to me."

"There's my brave girl," said Daisy approvingly. "Stay close to me. I will tell you when the Thing comes in sight."

Several hours passed in silence.



"Will the Golly never come?" asked Mary when the time of her accustomed departure had passed. "I can hardly make myself stay. I don't know what it is; but something seems to tug me home."

Mary had never studied Invertebrate Instinct; but she felt it.

"Be brave," said the tall creature at her side. "The time will come. The time always comes. Wait."

After a while the sun began to rise, and its warm yellow light sparkled on the dew. The trees shook their leaves and began their day's work of converting $\text{CO}_2 + \text{O}$ into diastase and starch. The birds hopped from bough to bough and sang "Good-morning, merry Sunshine!"

Mary, supine beside the path, felt a strange numbness coming over her under the dry warmth of the morning. She was wilting. A nameless fear seized her. She writhed and twisted out upon the walk, blindly groping for the entrance to her burrow.

"O Daisy," she cried, half-articulately. "Daisy! I am going now . . . Home. . . . I do not care for love! . . . Look! . . . You have an eye. . . . Tell me the way . . . home!"

The ground was hard. It was impossible to dig into it with one's head; much less to find there a hole which was fully a foot away in the grass.

"Wait," cried Daisy, suddenly. "It is coming. I see it. Its two stalks are working beautifully. One branch is fastened to a long stick that leans across the top of its trunk, and on the other is sort of a tin thing that shines in the sun. Golly's got two eyes, and I think there's another underneath, a pointed red one; but I'm not sure. Oh, it's lovely."

Mary and the Golly

Mary lay in the middle of the path now and waited. A moment later she heard a voice that was new to her, thunderously loud, magnificent. "Golly!" it said. "If there ain't another. Waal, into the bait you go."

Then Mary felt herself seized and held fast. "Oh," she gasped, "This is love! . . . Golly, Golly! . . . It is funny, isn't it? Daisy was right;—but I didn't suppose there'd be quite so much of it the first time."

A moment later Daisy found herself alone beside the path; but she tried not to be unhappy. "I did not suppose it would get her like that," she said softly to herself. "But I must try to be glad for her sake. It will be a new world for her. I saw the Golly put her into that tin thing."

Daisy forced back a sigh: then she straightened herself bravely on her stalk once more and opened her white petals a bit wider to the yellow sunshine. She was conscious of having done a good thing: and that always brings joy in the end.





HOU springest from the haunting, dim, faint-
figured past,

From out those shades where dreams of
childhood cast

Their dawn-born glow,

Where woodland lakes, with silver ripples,
flash and gleam,

Where lithe trees sway along the pebbled stream,

And soft winds blow.

Lost voices in the shadows seem to whisper, while

From out the darkness long-lost faces smile

And slip away.

They weave the quaint, dim-shadowed dream of memory,

Like some old, twilight-shrouded tapestry

At close of day.

Somewhere thy face is wrought into these mists of gold,

Somewhere thou lingerest in the dreams of old.

To a Forgotten Playmate

Hornell N.
Hart

OUT on the hill, oh heart of mine,
In the wind-swept grasses yellow and tall,
The wavering twilight lingers long
And the hush of the mountains thrills to song
In the meadowlark's clear call.

Out on the Hill

Anna Louise
Strong

Peace, lie still, oh heart, my heart.

The faint light fades on the distant peaks;

Dim, more dim is the shadowed line

Where grays of sky and of earth combine;

Hush! is it God who speaks?

The Box
A True Tale
of the
Good Old Days
—and Nights
“Snipe”



WAS January of 1906. The weather was peculiar for Oberlin in winter. Bucher had daringly resorted to his straw hat. The ice at Gayter's was silently melting, when about the eleventh a soft, moist snow began to fall. Those were the days when Oberlin had not yet emerged from her regime of rigor and rules. After supper strolls were morally ostracised, and the probation club was packed, with a waiting list that would fill Baldwin.

On the aforesaid evening long after the now mystic hour of seven-thirty, one worthy Snipe, so called for the purposes of this tale, was homing it 'neath the elms. A fluttering glimpse of skirts near the sometime residence of G. Frederick attracted the suspicious gaze of his Snipehood; and the young Sherlock, baffled but interested, pursued his way the faster to tell the incident to his colleagues in Learning and Labor, the renowned and infamous Bird and Twist.

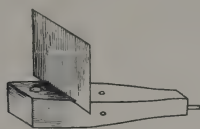
Together in dire and eager conclave the conspirators evolved the daring scheme of photographing loving couples by flash-light. Slowly and with true Faculty deliberation the plan bloomed forth.

Saturday evening, January 20th, found Snipe patiently walking the streets of Oberlin in pursuit of accurate knowledge with regard to the accustomed haunts of the dears to be stalked. At the silent, sacred, secret hour of eight, at the secluded and exclusive lamp-post on the corner of Cedar and Oak, he met a gentle couple. He followed at a respectful distance not to intrude upon their happiness. At the late hedge in front of Sturges the interesting pair left Professor street. Snipe went around to College, and whistling a tune in token of his harmless innocence, cut through between the Second Church and Sturges. Behold! upon those insignificant back steps appeared an object of strange and uncertain outline. Snipe still whistling, now in satisfaction, returned home to tell his colleagues that an haunt had been discovered.

So likewise on the following evening, it being the Sabbath day, Bird and Twist sallied forth in quest of further data. First of all they betook themselves to Prospect and its vicinity. They soon began to meet and pass multifarious twos. One such compound conception sat sweetly on the very edge of the sidewalk, leaning inwards perhaps to maintain a desirable equilibrium. On the corner of Prospect and Morgan a decrepit old wooden fence, long since gone to its reward, was doing its best to support four-in-a-row!

Upon the following Wednesday, in the relaxation from the toil

of common day, for the Day of Prayer was coming on the morrow, Snipe exclaimed, "Happy thought, gentlemen! We shall fire the flash with punk. To-day will I engage upon the construction of an apparatus which shall guide the punk accurately to the powder without fail!" He hied himself to the cellar and with the assistance of Bird fashioned the implement herewith depicted. **The Box**



The evening of the 27th was the essence of enticement for daring knight and pretty maiden. The cool air was just snappy enough to send home long before eight all but the most desperate entanglements. The blackguards, armed with the flash and a black, square-cornered object, referred to by all three as "The Box," stole out into the night. After a brief tour for reconnoitering, a juicy case was detected on the horizon at the corner of Prospect and Elm. A hasty council of war determined on a trek across lots to Morgan to head off the unsuspecting game. The corner was gained by the three Box-ers, and soon the night wind bore to them the measured beat of advancing footsteps and the faint and stilly noise of conversation. Nearer the couple approached. Snipe cautiously opened the shutter of the Box and signaled ready. Bird shoved the punk on its forward course—but alas! for untried inventions. It parted company in the middle. Bird yelled disgustedly, "Punk's busted!" and there passed the loving couple—two boys.

Another fruitless chase on West Lorain had led only to disappointment. Lonely, alluring Prospect still remained. Twist was scouting on ahead. When Snipe and Bird came opposite the school building, that place where so many young souls have been prepared for life, a faint sound of voices was heard from within the archway. As the observers looked more closely they saw two couples sitting in the sanctum of Cupid nicely grouped for the would-be photographers.

The conspirators cautiously made their way to the corner of the school house. Should they rush out and try to take the group

The Box

within the archway? It seemed *inexpedient*. Ere long, however, the congenial companions leisurely strolled down Elm street. The wielders of the Box followed rapidly on the other side, passed the prospective models of their art, crossed near Cedar and started back.

In the shadow of the elm trees before the Green's, the erstwhile home of Hoppy, Snipe and Bird paused directly in the path of the two advancing couples. An ominous click. "Ready," said Snipe quietly. The promenaders were now within ten feet. Bird reached over the tin guard and touched the double dose of flash-light powder. Bang! A scream. "We've got 'em!" shouted Snipe, and he and Bird rushed across the street and started up Cedar toward the Water Works.

Snipe was ahead. One of his eyes was blinded by the flash. Yet withal the other eye performed its office effectively. He turned aside near Oak, and with one glance behind to see that Bird was following, he darted into the shadow of the surrounding dwelling houses, and fell panting upon a brush pile. Bird did not come. What was the matter? Just at this moment unintelligible sounds were borne to the anxious listener. Could Bird have been trapped? Hardly, for all was still again. Accordingly Snipe flitted quietly back to the dwelling of the conspirators.

There he appeared flushed and panting to the apprehensive Twist, who had long since returned in great anxiety from fruitless scouting. To his dismay he learned that Bird had not yet arrived. A relief party was immediately organized, but Bird was nowhere in evidence.

The rescuers returned to find that Bird had found himself, and that he now exhibited more of himself than formerly; for his right eye was abnormally enlarged. He was in the kitchen bathing the injured sight organ in hot water. He announced cheerfully that he had been caught and rather roughly handled, but worst of all his Birdship had been recognized. "Still," as he said, "the Box is safe." His tale was interrupted by many exclamations and frequent eye-bathings. Amid much excitement the conspirators retired to their rest to sleep. To sleep, with one exception. The battered Bird bathed his bulging eye till midnight.

At breakfast the next morning the friendly fellow-eaters of the injured Bird heard sympathetically how in the night that gentleman had inadvertently collided with his closet door.

After Y. M. while the Box-ers were enjoying social converse in the room of Twist, the tramp of feet was heard, the door opened, and there entered several of the burly Freshmen of '09. These gentlemen were accustomed to give and take hard knocks—and lights for cigarettes. They have left Oberlin long since; the memory of them alone remains. Our little College was too quiet for them. Their spokesman, whose fist had forged the mark of Bird's closet door, addressed himself to Bird, the only conspirator ever detected. He demanded the film.

"We should never have expected to find *you* up to such small tricks," he sneered.

"And we," replied Bird, with aggravating coolness, "should never have expected to find such a perfect gentleman as *you* leading confiding innocence on to rule-breaking."

The conversation of the visitors waxed heated, and at length it was apparent that unless some film or other was forthcoming, the present condition of Bird's eye would become chronic. One condition remained with which the visitors must comply. If no picture appeared upon the film they were not to press the matter further. They agreed, after objecting futilely. Further, they offered to buy the whole film. The Box was produced, the gentlemen paid their money, took the *proffered* film and departed.

"Come again, fellows," said the unsuspected Twist cordially fulfilling his duties as host.

* * * *

Non-committal reader—guilty or no,—did you expect to see a picture? You never will. But indelibly imprinted upon the precious film lives the image of four horrified faces. And mark you! There are other images. Did you spend the mild evenings of January, '06, in sweet intercourse with some divine soul? Did you walk then upon Prospect and Morgan? Did you sit upon the wooden fence at the entrance to Ladies' Grove, in the arch of the Prospect Building, upon the back steps of Sturges? The eyes of Snipe, Twist and Bird were vigilant. Beware!

The Seasons



REEN grows the willow,
And Spring is my pillow,
Green grows the willow,
When thou art with me.

Summer's a-quiver,
But cool flows the river,
Summer's a-quiver,
When I am with thee.

Red leaves are flying,
And Autumn is dying,
Red leaves are flying,
When I part from thee.

Cold is the snow-flake,
And Winter doth woe make,
Cold is the snow-flake,
When I'm far from thee.

In the Swing

Oliver M.
Saylor



WINGING, singing,
In the breeze,
Singing, swinging,
'Neath the trees.
Fleckered sunlight sifting through,
On the grass the morning dew,
Robins' clear notes in the air,
Action, beauty everywhere.
Singing, swinging,
'Neath the trees,
Swinging, singing,
In the breeze.

Swaying, swaying,
Near to sleep,
Swaying, swaying,
Shadows creep.

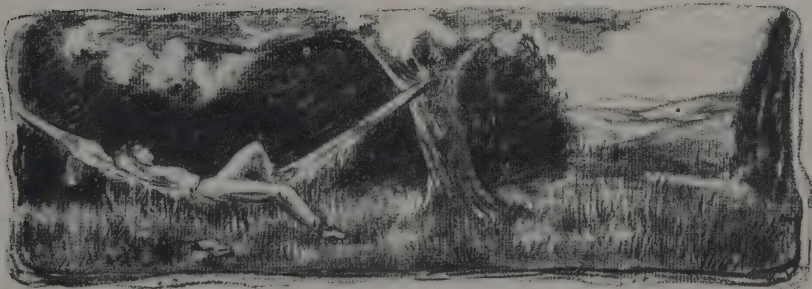
All the long dull afternoon
With beetles' drone and bees' sad croon,
Not a motion in the air,
Peace and stillness everywhere.

Swaying, swaying,
Shadows creep,
Swaying, swaying,
Near to sleep.

Creeping, sleeping,
Night is king,
Sleeping, creeping,
In the swing.

Shades and mists begin to fall,
From the wood the owl doth call,
Uncouth sounds pervade the air,
Fear and mystery everywhere.

Sleeping, creeping,
In the swing,
Creeping, sleeping,
Night is king.



Around an Old Camp-Fire Memories

Paul Griswold
Huston

"Come, heap the fagots. Ere we go
Again the cheerful heart shall glow ;
We'll have another blaze, my boys !
When clouds are black and snows are white,
The Christmas logs lend ruddy light
They stole from summer days, my boys,
They stole from summer days.

.....
"And let the Loving-Cup go round,
The Cup with blessed memories crowned,
That flows whene'er we meet, my boys ;

.....
To glow in every cup we fill
Till lips are mute and hearts are still,
Till life and love are spent, my boys,
Till life and love are spent."



ELL, boys, come on, let's mellow up a little. It's about time. We've waited long enough—and we can at least have a stag by way of reminiscence. It is now the sacred hour, and surely the time and mood have come when we shall just put aside for a while all other things—the lesser matters of the curriculum and disciplinary methods and entangling alliances—and get together once again as man to man, with the stars above and a free heart within. So, then, in Whittier's fine old lines,

"Sit with me by the homestead hearth
And stretch the hands of memory forth."

* * * * *

As I look at the embers on the old hearth here at midnight, I see in the dreamy past, out through some tree-trunks, the flickerings of another fire—a camp-fire—and I hear the shouts of a number of men.

"Here's a big log," yells back one from the darkness of encircling trees. "Come on, you fellows, and let's get her in."

"Come on, fellows, let's go and help him."

And up start a score of some of the best fellows in the world, all eager, not a shirk among them.

"Hey, there, Baxter, where are you anyhow?"

And again from the blackness rings out old Baxter's big, hearty voice, "Here I am, fellows."

* * * *

I dream again, as I look at the embers, and visions of "other days" (and other nights) come fast and fleeting. I see the boys rolled together in their blankets and yellow slickers. The great logs are red now, a mass of living coals. Searle started the fire, you remember, and all the wood was wet, and it was hard to get things to burn. But look at the old logs now!

I see Heald, and Gee, and Joel Hayden, and Houser, and Stiffler, and "Sandy," and Hayward, and "Van," and Shedd ("There was a young man named Shedd," etc.), and "Slider," and "Wienie" Paul ("Dogmeat"), and Yocum, and "Hobby" ("These bones shall rise again"). I see the wieners (hot dogs) and buns; I clasp again the milk-can for a draught of vintage. And I hear the "Suwanee River" and "Old Kentucky Home" and "Old Black Joe."

* * * *

I see "Sandy" and Cole slinging mud. I both hear and feel "rough-housing." I crawl off with Stiffler to a place of safer vantage and sleep for a happy hour under the stars.

* * * *

I see the boys gathered together telling stories about the camp-fire. I see Searle taking our pictures.

I hear the rumbling of a hand-car. The rails are very icy. It is difficult to run the hand-car.

* * * *

I see a larger fire in an open meadow, and around it are forty or more young braves, yelling and dancing, shouting and shooting, in the great war dance of '09. Some fall over a log as they circle about the fire. Later they play "snap the whip!" and have various contests of boxing and other "stunts." The boys are "raising enormous Cain." I see Fuller, and McNutt, and old "Cow" Hart.

* * * *

I hear a suggestion for some one to go out and get some chickens, and I see some of the boys quietly going away. Later on I see them coming back. They have three old hens. They find it hard to kill the hens. I see some of the boys on the trestle, foraging for salt. Later on they come back with salt. I see the chickens boiling. Later on (perhaps two hours) I relish a well-cooked wing. No one asks where they got the chicken or the salt, though we find out in time.

Around an Old Camp-Fire



**Around
an Old
Camp-Fire**

No one cares anything about it. We are glad to get the chicken, for the morning light makes us hungry.

* * * *

I hear Ward singing, as we are gathered about the big fire. Others attempt it also. We are not very critical of the singing, but we are enthusiastic. Finally one by one we drop asleep.

* * * *

I see the inside of the gymnasium on Hallowe'en. The floor is covered with water and corn and pieces of apple and fodder-leaves. Evidently "something has been doing."

I see a circus, and curious animals are exhibited. The people are enjoying the circus.

Yes, and I have also the glimpse of Japanese lanterns in a backyard, with many happy couples in a "grand march"—and again at the tables—and again on the long way home.

* * * *

Ah, boys, you may not have known it, but those were great days, great nights—they are such surely now in the memory of one who no longer can see them, and he loves to think of them, and does. For they were life to him, "in the Maytime," when the grass was thick and the trees had leaved out, and the old stars looked down through the interlacing branches—some of the happiest experiences and happiest memories of those two years. Ah, boys, would we could be together just once again—men, not boys, now!

* * * *

But come, fellows, get closer. Mellow up, now, boys, and let's sing! "Hobby" 'll start it. So here goes!

"Give a rouse, then, in the Maytime
For a life that knows no fear!
Turn night-time into daytime
With the sunlight of good cheer!
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together
With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear.

"For we're all frank and twenty
When spring is in the air,
And we've faith and hope a-plenty,
And we've life and love to spare;
And it's birds of a feather
When we all get together
With a stein on the table and a heart without a care.

"For we know the world is glorious
 And the goal a golden thing,
 And that God is not censorious
 When his children have their fling;
 And life slips its tether
 When the boys get together
 With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring."

* * * *

Come on, now, fellows, and let's give a good old "Hi-O-Hi!" for Oberlin and a "Rickety-ax!" for 1909! Joel, you lead.

* * * *

But let's see—what was I reading, when the book slipped down and I dozed there? Oh, yes—Holmes' "Poems," by "the genial doctor." That was a good one on "A Loving-Cup"—the right spirit in it. He was especially happy at the reunions of his class. And here's another—that one on "the boys"—that's become a regular old stand-by. I know it, of course, and so do you, but we'll just glance through it. It's good, isn't it? Let's see—those last two verses again, I guess, and then we'll close the book.

"Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen,—
 And I sometimes have asked,—Shall we ever be men?
 Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
 Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

"Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
 The stars of its winter, the dew of its May!
 And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
 Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS!"

Well, fellows, good-night!

Around
 an Old
 Camp=Fire



Complement

U^NTO the earth the moon,
Unto the sun the earth,
Unto the limitless stars of space
The sun, the moon, the earth.

Unto the child the doll,
Unto the parent the child,
Unto the God who rules the skies
The parent, the doll, the child.

Spirit of Morning

Hornell N.
Hart

O^UT of the haze of the breaking day,
Born of a shaft of light;
Out of the mist that the sunshine kissed
After the solemn night,
Taking the breath of the morning air
Fresh with the touch of dew,
Floated a dream on the morn's first beam
While the visions of day were new.

Faintly she hung in the morning's veil
Tinted by coming day.
Rosy and fair in the dawn-sweet air
She beckoned and fled away.
Softly the breath of that presence clung
To the hills and sun-touched trees,
Sweet was the note of the song she flung
Back to the morning breeze.

Often in bayous of forest lakes
Fringed by the wildwood deep,
Soft on the breeze that among the trees
Stirs them from solemn sleep,
Echoes the note of that haunting strain,
Echoes and dies away
While the golden gleam of the sun's first beam
Heralds the coming day.

TO open the eyes of the blind and unstop the ears of the deaf—that was the lofty purpose in Mrs. O'Leary's mind, as she concealed the deficiencies of a hastily made coiffure under the rusty crape of her widow's bonnet and made other somewhat superficial preparations for a trip down town. Nor had that purpose lost its original vigor when she dropped heavily into a seat opposite the welcoming smile of Miss Stanton, district visitor of the Associated Charities and destined subject of Mrs. O'Leary's spiritual surgery.

"It's poorly I am," she said with ponderous gloom in response to Miss Stanton's greeting. "The pain in me chist gits warse ivery day. I'll not be here long to bother youse. An' such drames o' nights! Last night I dramed that an angel stood by me bed."

"What did he do?" inquired Miss Stanton with interest.

"He crawled under the bed," said Mrs. O'Leary.

"Oh!" said Miss Stanton faintly, smothering a tubercular cough in her handkerchief. "Well, I wouldn't worry if I were you. If anything should happen to you, we'll take good care of the children."

"It's thim I'm thinkin' of," returned Mrs. O'Leary. "Not a rag have they got to their little backs. An' the good Lord knows I hav'n't a damned thing meself to wear to mass."

Mrs. O'Leary paused, but as Miss Stanton did not break the ensuing silence, she continued oracularly, "Thim as has things gits more, an' thim as has nothin' gits nothin'."

"What do you mean?" asked Miss Stanton.

"It's Missis Cooligan I mane an' no other," declared Mrs. O'Leary, emphatically. "Can youse till me why a woman whose husband is makin' two-fifty the day should be gittin' hilp? Did youse know that Pat an' Mike 're bot' workin' an' bringin' home eight an' tin dollars in their pay envilips ivery Sathurday night? Has anybody told youse that Kate Cooligan is washin' t'ree days a week?"

"Why, no, Mrs. O'Leary! It's so kind of you to come in and tell me," replied Miss Stanton. "But are you quite sure that you have everything straight? You know you have to be so careful about what you say."

"So hilp me God, it's the trut'!" swore Mrs. O'Leary with impressive solemnity. "I t'ought youse ought to know about it."

"Of course," agreed Miss Stanton. "I wonder now where you could have heard all that. Perhaps from Mrs. Cooligan herself?"

"I got it straight," said Mrs. O'Leary, "but not from Kate Cooligan. A frind of hers tould a frind o' me own."

Diplomacy in Limbo

Florence T.
Waite

"What could be straighter?" murmured Miss Stanton. "But I'm really afraid somebody has made a mistake. You know Mr. Cooligan has rheumatism and can work only an occasional day, and last week when I was there Pat and Mike were earning only five dollars a week each. And when you consider that there are ten children, you can see that that amount of money won't go a very long way."

"It's God's trut' I'm tellin' youse," reiterated Mrs. O'Leary sullenly. "I've seen ould man Cooligan ivery day f'r a wake wit' his dinner bucket."

"Is that so?" returned Miss Stanton with more alertness than she had shown hitherto. "Well, as I said before, it was very thoughtful of you to come and tell me these things. You may be sure that I shall look into them carefully, and if the Cooligans don't need help, of course they will have no more."

Miss Stanton's manner indicated that the interview was over, but Mrs. O'Leary did not yet regard the incident as closed. "It's a good frind I've alwuz been to youse, Missis Stanton," said she reminiscently.

A swift survey of the past brought to Miss Stanton's mind several instances in which Mrs. O'Leary's manifestations of friendship had been eccentric, to say the least. But remembering that the rarest souls must have their differences, she nodded in acquiescence.

"To be sure you have, Mrs. O'Leary," said she.

"It's not iverywan as 'ud spind half a day to give youse a frindly warnin'. I'm sivinty-five cints an' me car-fare out."

"I know there aren't many who would go to that much trouble and expense for me," granted Miss Stanton heartily, "and I wish I could pay it back to you. But"—here Miss Stanton paused, shook her head regretfully, and summoned to her aid the convenient spirit of her superior officer—"the Superintendent won't let me spend a cent unless it's absolutely necessary. There is so little money coming in this year and so many ways to spend it."

Mrs. O'Leary reflected with bitterness upon the extreme parsimony of that entity known as the Superintendent.

"He's an ould skin," she declared. "Who the divil needs it warse than the likes o' me, a-slavin' to support me t'ree childher? An' the Cooligans livin' like princes!"

"Why, Mrs. O'Leary," remonstrated Miss Stanton, "I can't believe it's you I hear. Only the other day I said to the Superin-

tendent, 'Now, there's Mrs. O'Leary. Depend upon it, she'll never ask us for help. She's a good, sober, hard-working woman, and she'd rather die than take a cent from anyone.' "

Diplomacy in Limbo

Mrs. O'Leary gasped a little and looked with suspicious eye upon her praiser. Perceiving in Miss Stanton's face only grieved surprise and concern, she rallied nobly.

"An' that's no lie, either," she assented, taking on dignity visibly. "It's little I've iver took off of youse or anybody else."

Miss Stanton followed up her advantage shamelessly.

"Of course it's hard times now and everybody is being pinched a little," said she, "but you are such a good manager, I am sure you can get along. Now Mrs. Cooligan——"

Miss Stanton broke off suddenly, but the astute Mrs. O'Leary was quite capable of drawing her own conclusions.

"I am so glad, Mrs. O'Leary," continued Miss Stanton, as she arose and extended her hand, "to have a good friend like you in my district. You can help me so much if you will. That's all this morning, isn't it?"

And much to her surprise Mrs. O'Leary found herself homeward bound, bearing with her no material aids to existence, but only a gratifying, if confused, sense that she was a person upon whom laurel wreaths had been hung.

After her departure Miss Stanton threw up the windows of the consultation room and drew in gratefully long breaths of the cool morning breeze. Upon her lips there was a smile and in her heart there was the pardonable exultation of the successful diplomat.

"Did I do that well or did I not?" she demanded of herself. "If I may be permitted a personal opinion, I think I did. Not very long ago I should have felt that I owed it to society to call Mrs. O'Leary a prevaricator and a beggar, and we should have parted in bitterness of spirit. As it is——"

"Will you speak with Mrs. Cooligan?" interrupted the registrar at the door.

"Savin' y'r prisince, no!" ejaculated Miss Stanton softly. "It seems to me I've interviewed half the West Side this morning. Oh, yes, send her in, of course."

"It does me heart good to see y'r swate angel face," remarked Mrs. Cooligan, as she took the chair lately occupied by Mrs. O'Leary. "It's throuble upon throuble I do be havin'. What for those Junivile Court min should alwuz be pickin' on Jimmie I dunno. The poor darlint was playin' wit' some other boys, a windy got bruk, an'

Diplomacy in Limbo

it's Jimmie that's arristed. He's omitted to the Contintion Home till his case comes up."

"I'm afraid Jimmie's been a bad boy, but I'll do what I can for him," promised Miss Stanton.

"God bless youse an' kape y'r heart," responded Mrs. Cooligan gratefully, launching into a panegyric which included everything from the pleasing color of Miss Stanton's eyes to her less palpable qualities of mind and soul.

"Thank you, Mrs. Cooligan," acknowledged Miss Stanton. "You know how highly I value your good opinion. And now I want to talk over some plans with you and ask your advice."

Mrs. Cooligan drew her chair nearer the table and indicated her willingness to assist her friend by word or deed in any emergency.

"You know," said Miss Stanton confidentially, "how many families are dependent upon me, and how short of money we are this year."

Mrs. Cooligan nodded cautiously.

"A great many families that I would like to help, I cannot," went on Miss Stanton, "and some that I have been helping I cannot help any longer except in cases where it is much needed."

Mrs. Cooligan nodded once more.

"I have been wondering," said Miss Stanton, dropping with appalling suddenness from general to particular, "if you would not be able to get along now without any more help."

"Savin' y'r prisince, no!" said Mrs. Cooligan with decision. "We should not. Sure, youse wouldn't take away the few groceries y'r givin' us. We have no one to depind on but the Lord an' you, an' we're depindin' mostly on you!"

"Let me see," continued Miss Stanton, ignoring this flattering preference. "Just how much are you all earning now? Pat and Mike are getting——"

"Five a wake, an' little enough it is, too——"

"But they have had a raise," broke in Miss Stanton calmly.

"Yis, so they have," admitted Mrs. Cooligan. "It had slipped me mind intirely. But it's only a dollar a wake more."

"And you are working," suggested Miss Stanton.

"Two days a wake an' most of it goes for car-fare——"

"Only ten cents a day, you know," objected Miss Stanton, a little reproachfully. "And I heard this morning that Mr. Cooligan was working every day."

"Before God, it's a dirty lie," declared Mrs. Cooligan hotly. "Who tould youse that? If it was Bridget O'Leary, I'll knock the stuffin' out o' her!"

"Hush, hush!" reproved Miss Stanton. "I'm not saying it was Mrs. O'Leary. And what difference does it make anyway? You would have told me yourself. Mr. Cooligan is working, isn't he?"

"Half-time," grudgingly admitted Mrs. Cooligan. "But——"

"Now, let's count up," proposed Miss Stanton.

By an abstruse mathematical computation, further complicated by Mrs. Cooligan's interpolations, Miss Stanton arrived at the gratifying conclusion that the Cooligans' family income was \$17.90 per week.

"I know you have a large family, Mrs. Cooligan," said Miss Stanton, "but by managing carefully I think you can get along. It isn't that I don't want to help you, but that there are others who need it worse. I have always tried to be a good friend to you, and now I want you to make it easier for me to be a good friend to others. Will you?"

For a moment Mrs. Cooligan was stiffly silent, but she melted at last before the compelling warmth of Miss Stanton's smile.

"Sure, it's an angel mother you've always been to us," she conceded. "Whatever you say goes."

As a street-car bore Mrs. Cooligan back to her household duties Miss Stanton once more indulged in self-gratulation, for withdrawing material relief from a lady of the Triangle without at the same time destroying her regard, is an operation to which the term delicate may justly be applied. An hour later she closed her desk with a decisive snap, gathered up her professional impedimenta, and hailed a West Side car.

Meanwhile the seed which Miss Stanton had sown in her previous interview had undergone a tropical growth. For Mrs. O'Leary, accepting as a sacred charge her appointment as district helper, had engaged at once in active service. No definite duties had been laid upon her, but Mrs. O'Leary was of the school of impressionists. A hint sufficed. Her own managerial ability had been commended, Mrs. Cooligan's deprecated. Herein, then, lay her glorious opportunity to offer friendly suggestion and expert advice. Now, it must be said that Mrs. O'Leary's altruistic purpose was an exotic whose growth was partly due to the artificial stimulation of malt liquors. Had the

Diplomacy in Limbo

forcing process stopped with the second glass of Murphy's dispensation, her reformer's zeal would have been tempered with bland volubility. The fourth glass brought with it sharpness of tongue and considerable sensitiveness to opposition. Incipient belligerence was apparent in Mrs. O'Leary's manner as she stepped without ceremony into Mrs. Cooligan's kitchen.

There was no one in the room, for Mrs. Cooligan had not yet returned from her morning expedition, and the little Cooligans were hot upon the trail of a hand-organ. Mrs. O'Leary looked about her critically and with increasing disfavor. The little Cooligans had left devastation in their wake. The air was heavy with the smell of burning potatoes. Mrs. O'Leary hauled the kettle from the stove with a snort of disgust and turned to face Mrs. Cooligan, whose generous proportions were framed in the doorway.

"So youse 're here," said Mrs. Cooligan crisply.

"I have come," said Mrs. O'Leary without preliminary, "to tache youse a thing or two about housekapin'."

Mrs. Cooligan's jaw fell in pure astonishment at the other's audacity. "The nerve of her!" she ejaculated.

"Sure, youse ought to stay at home an' clane up a bit," remonstrated Mrs. O'Leary. "'Tis no way to be tratin' y'r husban' an' childher, to be gaddin' the sthrates the whole time!"

"Who sint youse here to meddle into me affairs?" demanded Mrs. Cooligan fiercely. "The likes o' you tillin' me to clane up? Do youse think I don't know about the time Missis Stanton sint the cemetery policeman to your house?"

Mrs. Cooligan's memory was good, her imagination better, and the recollections which she called up contained just enough truth to render them galling in the extreme. It was more than amateur altruism could bear.

"At any rate," retorted Mrs. O'Leary with cutting emphasis, "the O'Learys 're not livin' on charity."

"F'r the raison that youse can't get it," interposed Mrs. Cooligan triumphantly. "'Tis not f'r the lazy n'r the dhrunken."

"I'd not be soilin' me hands to take it!" sniffed Mrs. O'Leary. "This very mornin' I was down to the Charities on a small matther of business. Says Misses Stanton to me, 'Missis O'Leary, I know what a disp'rit time youse 're havin' to support y'r t'ree childher dacintly. Won't youse



let us help you?' 'No,' says I, 'I'll die first,' ' 'Tis far diff'rent,' says she, 'wit' that Cooligan woman—alwuz a-chasin' me up an' beggin' f'r more. They're a lyin', thavin' set, thim Cooligans, an' the Holy Mother hersilf couldn't tache Missis Cooligan to kape her house fit f'r a pig to live in. Ye're that capable yersilf,' says Missis Stanton to me, 'I wish ye'd go down an' see if youse can't pound some sinse into Kate Cooligan's head.' An' this is the thanks f'r me throuble.'"

Mrs. Cooligan, who had been making ineffectual attempts to interrupt the monologue, was purple with rage and mortification. The preceding events of the morning gave a strong suggestion of truth to Mrs. O'Leary's talk. Moreover, the ability to weigh evidence nicely under strong provocation is not a temperamental possession of the Celt.

"She sint youse here, did she?" screamed Mrs. Cooligan. "Take that f'r y'r impidence!"

And Mrs. Cooligan bestowed two smart slaps on the district helper's face.

At this juncture Maggie Cooligan applied her sophisticated eye to the keyhole. And Maggie's conclusion, founded on practical wisdom not acquired in the Fifth Grade, was that there would soon be occasion for the services of a policeman. As she sped up Washington street, intent on her search for the familiar blue coat, she ran full tilt into Miss Stanton, who had stopped for a moment upon the corner.



"Hot upon the trail of a hand-organ"

"O, Missis Stanton!" gasped Maggie. "Ma 'nd Mrs. O'Leary 're fightin'!"

"Why, Maggie!" exclaimed Miss Stanton. "What's the matter?"

"Dunno," returned Maggie nonchalantly. "I'm huntin' f'r a p'liceman."

"Skip along, then!" commanded Miss Stanton. "I'll go right down!"

Conjectures as to the cause of the quarrel ran riot in Miss Stanton's mind as she turned down a convenient alley and mechan-

Diplomacy in Limbo

ically went through a series of genuflections occasioned by the network of clotheslines. She pushed her way through the crowd which had assembled about Mrs. Cooligan's back door. Confidently she laid her hand upon the latch and stepped in. The fury of the storm had spent itself. Amid the debris of broken crockery and miscellaneous household articles stood Mrs. O'Leary and Mrs. Cooligan, hands on hips, glaring sullenly at each other. With one accord they turned upon the intruder. Mrs. Cooligan was the first to find voice.

"An' youse dare to set foot in me house!" she said thickly.

Miss Stanton started with surprise, for it had not yet occurred to her that she was anything but *persona grata*. "And why shouldn't I?" she asked.

Mrs. Cooligan had reasons which she proceeded to expound with a fluency and wealth of epithet that both dazed and fascinated her audience. The seven deadly sins were as infants' pastimes compared with those which she laid at the door of the district visitor. Before Miss Stanton could gather her scattered forces for a reply, Mrs. O'Leary had taken the floor. Her utterances were not less pungent than Mrs. Cooligan's and they had besides an alcoholic plaintiveness.



"Says Missis Stanton to me——"

"It's glad I'll be," she affirmed, "to see youse a carp in y'r coffin an' ——"

"I'm afraid you'll never have that pleasure," interrupted Miss Stanton coldly. "Now, I can't listen to any more of this. Will you tell me quietly just what the trouble is?"

"F'r God's sake go on wit' youse!" urged Mrs. Cooligan.

"Yis, go on wit' youse!" echoed Mrs. O'Leary. "Me an' Kate Cooligan was like two doves till youse come betwane us. F'r shame!"

"You've been drinking, Mrs. O'Leary," responded Miss Stanton, whose trained nose had detected one element of discord.

"Not a dhrop," asserted Mrs. O'Leary, firmly.

"'Re youse goin'?" demanded Mrs. Cooligan, stamping her foot.

Professional instinct warned Miss Stanton that the time was not ripe for peace negotiations. "Immediately," she replied curtly, turning toward the door.

"I know somethin' as'll cost you y'r job," screamed Mrs. O'Leary after her to the edification of the bystanders. "I saw youse give a coat to a man what's workin'!"

There was no reply, for Miss Stanton's face was turned inflexibly from the Triangle.

All of which explains the entry which appeared the following day upon the Cooligan record, "Case is closed pending further application."

**Diplomacy in
Limbo**

Mountain Song

Lowell C.
Alabie Welles

TEACH me of your silent smiles,
O, ye mountains!
Of the merry brooks that sing,
Of the clear as crystal spring,
And the fountains.

Breathe majestic songs to me,
Hymning river;
Deep as heights whereon I stand,
Broad as oceans and as grand,
Silent never.

And the mountain side shall join
In the singing;
Every pebble, brake and brier,
Every rock and every spire,
Praises bringing.

And my soul joins with your soul
Brothers blending;
Soul of massiveness and mine,
Soul of mountain and of pine
Worship sending.

Far away upon the plain
I am wending;
Still you watch with bluff-cragged eyes,
Draped in gorgeous softening skies,
Cloudlets tending.

Far away from mountain's eyes
I am going;
May your rugged lines and slopes,
Your grave outlooks and your hopes
Be ever glowing.

THE silent bitter cold of the night was around us, and we lay close within our blankets and watched and listened. Not a sound broke the icy silence; not a breath stirred among the frozen twigs; the thousand murmurs of a summer night were hushed, and every woodland voice was quiet. Above, behind the dim lace-work of the branches, the stars hung shivering, and we drew closer to the fire and felt a wide-eyed awe before the great Spirit of Winter—so powerful, yet so silent; so fearful, yet so beautiful, more fearful because silent, and more beautiful because fearful. A long time we sat motionless, gripped by the spell. Like incense to an unseen God rose the smoke of the camp-fire. And we felt the tinge of the great fear, the fear of the cowering animal, and we drew closer to the fire.

Oberlin Haunts

Admont H.
Clark

Birmingham
in Winter

But where was this Spirit? Its spell was around us. Its charm knit trees, water, and moving life into one majestic web of silence. Why, with its powers, did it not speak? And all at once there came a sound like the low murmur of a praying priest, and rising, we peered out into the darkness where the frozen river lay, for the sound seemed to come from beneath the mantle of the ice, now subdued, now like the far-off tinkle of a silver bell.

And being touched with the great fear we piled the fire high with wood until it burned fierce and hot. The incense rose to the trembling stars, and we lay close within our blankets and watched and listened.

TWO squirrels chased each other through the trees. It was almost sunset. Across, on the opposite slope, a thrush was singing. The liquid tones seemed to melt one into the other like shadows in a crystal. The singing ceased, and the cool air was silent save for the rustle and chatter of the Creek. Slowly the light grew dim; the stream chattered louder; a mist crept up out of the

Chauncey
Creek

water, and with it came the heavy perfume of moist leaves. Suddenly a whip-poor-will began to sing. It was night.

At midnight we awoke. The moon shone through the trees. The voice of the stream breathed through the woodland like the last chord of a wind-touched harp. Only a few coals lay red in their bed of ashes. The lonely wail of an owl, like the cry of a madman, seemed to make the silent leaves shiver. A tongue of flame flared up for a moment then sank into a deeper gloom. The owl ceased to wail and flew far away.

Sun Glints



Sun glints,
Love tints,
In thine eyes;
All that youthful passion hints—
Tender ties.

Moon beams,
Love gleams
On thy hair;
In my sight, in my dreams,
Thou art fair.

SOUL, O my soul, let drift
Struggle of heart and nerve;
Joy, joy is God's free gift
That no man may deserve.

It comes, it goes,
A wind that blows
Whither it listeth, whither it listeth,
No one, no one knows.

Joy is a sacred thing
That no man dares to stay;
The swift, strong sweep of an angel's wing
Hiding the world away;
The sudden light,
And the sting of night,
Time-destroying, death-destroying,
Kiss of the infinite.

Soul, to the skies lie bare,
Whence the golden joy-light falls;
Wait and listen and follow where
The song of the spirit calls.
Take no thought
For the joy you sought;
Let joy find you, let joy find you;
Gifts are given, not bought.

OH! let us away and be glad
In the joy of a world fresh waking,
Catch the rapturous thrill
That the morning would fill.
Wake! Wake! A new day is breaking.

Know you not that the great God of Light
With his passionate steeds now is making
His glorious way
O'er the rim of the day,
Where the billowy mists are now breaking?

Joy

Anna Louise
Strong

Awake!

Harlow H.
McConnaughey

Awake!

You will miss his first radiant glance
O'er the world, as it stirs in its slumber;
The moths and the bees,
The flowers and the trees
Are awakening now without number.

Oh! to feel with the soul of a child
The glad surge of life in awaking!
That fresh with the morn
In each creature is born—
Saving man, who more slumber is taking.

Let him sleep; for his heaven is brass.
Let him snore, let him lie in his hovel.
He is worse than the beast
For he sees in the East
But the sign of renewed pick and shovel.

The robin, the snail and the rose
Take and give of the spirit of morning.
The innocent child
With pure rapture is wild,
All the world with his fancy adorning.

Oh Christ, look in pity on me!
Help me back to the mind of a child.
My prison I'd break,
But my strength will not shake
The rough bars of a mind once defiled.

I, too, would know heaven at hand,
Breathe it in at the flushing of light,
Work my work, laugh and sigh,
Give to all who pass by,
And sleep like a child through the night.

Oh! let us away and be glad
In the joy of a world fresh waking,
Catch the rapturous thrill
That the morning would fill.
Wake! Wake! A new day is breaking.



HE sun has set. The last, lingering, uncertain tints of the sky are playing ever closer to the horizon. Now they are gone, and the heavens are a dull, pallid expanse.

Imperceptibly the light is fading; noise-

lessly, the hand of darkness is mellowing the outlines of drowsy nature, blending them into the mystic ghostliness of the gloaming. One by one the stars flicker into being around the pale, wan face of the silver moon. Here and there through the deepening shadow of hedge and tree gleams a yellow spot of light, the mute signal that night is near. The incessant, monotonous chorus of cricket and katy-did is crooning gently the lullaby of nature. Gone is the open-faced, certainty of the daylight; in its stead rules the delightfully uncanny, the awful Spirit of the Night.

The moments of twilight are moments of reverie. Sometimes the restless repose of peace is theirs, the quiet satisfying peace of the borders of dreamland. Again, the creeping terror of the supernatural seems to inhabit every secluded nook in the enshrouded shadows and cast its blighting chill over the heart of the belated wayfarer. But always while its moments last, the reassuring touch of a hand not human seems to grasp us from out the gathering gloom and quiet our perturbed and weary bodies with the thought of a beneficent power above, around, within us. All too soon dusk has fled, all too soon the earth is engulfed in the utter shade of night.

A TAPER burns fitfully as it feels with its feeble rays into the deep gloom and the sombre fastnesses. No sound intrudes upon the awful silence. Not the faintest murmur from unseen distances breaks the dreadful stillness. Not a breath of air, not a hint of restlessness moves the atmosphere heavy with the repose of centuries. Repose, so often the soother of men's minds, here only serves to aggravate them with the thoughts of doom. Awe, that is the secret of it all, the awe of something unseen yet felt, unheard yet heard, as it suffuses the beings of the wretches gathered here

The Spirit of the Night

Oliver M.
Sayler

Dusk

In the Catacombs

in the Catacombs in silent devotion, to pour out their souls in prayer to the God who remembers them that are persecuted.

Cold, damp slabs of virgin stone beneath, dim nothingness above and far on all sides, and within the sway of the taper's feeble power the emaciated creatures whose faith had led them to give up all and follow Him, even into the bowels of the earth! Scarcely half a dozen they were, and yet theirs was the strength of armies, to endure thus. Five kneeling martyrs they were, five souls bowed with agony amid the realms of darkness and despair.

Midnight

WRAPT in gloom the earth is sombre,
Wrapt from din the fields are still,
Star-light, far-light in the heavens,
Drear-sounds, fear-sounds on the hill.
Hours are dragging on their watch-beat,
Drowsy step and noiseless tread,
As the pall of night lies sleeping,
O'er the living and the dead.

All the world is chained in slumber,
Only spirits watch and roam,
Fairy torch lights glint the heavens,
Beacons in the sky-sea's dome.
Throbbing still the pulse of nature,
Prostrate on the earth outspread,
As the pall of night lies sleeping
O'er the living and the dead.

Queen o'er all in silent splendor
Sifting down her hazy gleams,
Moonlight midnight in the meadows,
Midnight moonlight, born of dreams.
Awful thoughts assail the reason,
While the heart is heavenward sped,
As the pall of night lies sleeping
O'er the living and the dead.

Somewhere in the mystic heavens,
Somewhere here mid field and stone,
Dwells the Spirit, sleepless, watching,
Watching tenderly His own.
Everywhere 'tis He that ruleth,
God and Love above each head,
As the pall of night lies sleeping,
O'er the living and the dead.

THE pines are moaning in the damp, chill night wind of October. Sodden and fog-laden, the air clings menacingly and creeps to the inmost crannies. The dank, heavy atmosphere is stifling. The cold, bare branches of the maples are trickling in fitful time to the oppressive drizzle of the rain. And as a sad, ominous undertone, the mournful lament of the frogs lures to and from a drowsy repose that lingers near and yet is ever denied. A spirit of sullen restlessness wanders through the half-neglected cemetery, and casts over it the awe of long, long thoughts.

**On the
Verge**

Near by, a rounded form rises, d'mly overshadowing a long, black object that lies close to the ground. In the uncertain light of the tomb-stones, the outlines melt away into the surrounding gloom. Some hillock, the mark of neglect, time-smoothed now, perhaps, with sod. Or it may be the curved outline of a brush-pile cut long since from the rambling undergrowth. A step further—a quiver—on the verge! It is an open grave!

An open grave—ready to swallow into its hungry maw the remnants of a human being—a living, breathing, thinking human being. The remnants? And where the rest? On the verge the *living* soul demands, "Where the rest?" Has it passed to the fields of pleasure and joy, or to the pools of fire and flame forever? Has it wandered off to a land of dim, dreamful forgetfulness? Or will the severed soul sink with the lifeless body into the cold, fog-kissed clay? It is the verge of Eternal Life or Death.

A shiver, a shudder—on the verge. It flutters—falls silently—into the open grave. The Soul of the departed has come to smooth the clay for the oblivion of endless sleep.

**Morning
Twilight**

THE pulse of night is throbbing—throbbing still. It is in the half glimmer of the dawn that nature slumbers most deeply, and then it is that the steady, numbered beat of her great heart casts a solemn, awful hush upon her visible forms. The mist snuggles close to the distance-dimmed surface of the lake. Only a lighter tint of the prevailing sleepy gray distinguishes it from the dull, listless but expectant sky. Nearer, the water seems ensurfaced with velvet, and the pale light is reflected from it paler still. A tremulous chill pervades it all, hinting a flitting sensation of the delightful unreality of the land of dreams.

The light grows, and with it the air becomes more bracing, more invigorating. The haze is astir, and in majestic brigades rolls silently on, trailing behind the curling smoke of the mute fray. The limpid surface of the lake stretches farther in its glassy sway, while the paler tints of the dawn are delicately mirrored upon it. The lifeless gray of the sky is slowly, gradually bursting into the glorious tints of the morning—first lavender, then pink, finally shading into deeper rose. From far across field comes the token of animate life, muffled by the expanse of the reposeful atmosphere. Here and there a restless dweller in the waters breaks their glass into ripples and spray and then falls to the depths. With life morning has come, and the earth is ready for the glory of the sunrise. The Spirit of the Night has ended his sable rule and the new born Spirit of the Day “stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops.”

TO know that what we trust as great
Is great and surely cannot fail;
To prove our largest view of love
A miniature of the mighty scale;
Oft to catch glimpses farther than
The merely finite eye can scan
Or our small aspirations feel,
To touch and learn for sense's weal
The fringes of the perfect plan.

To grasp the mysteries of the age,
The tangled twisting of the ties,
The straining of the under-cords,
The peace above that tranquil lies.
Our largest bound of truth's domain,
The aims of joy, the good of gain,
The heights of possibility,
To learn with large tranquillity
The unknown discipline of pain.

To balance in a better light,
Emotion's gems with reason's gold,
That substances of things unseen
May check our waywardness and hold
A wavering manhood in its place
With purer motives, kindlier grace;
This, this is faith whose source is love
So great that love alone can prove
Or teach our lives its magic trace.

'TIS Time that bringeth sorrow, pain and grief,
Time that offereth nor respite nor relief;
Yet Time it is that dulls the sting of all.

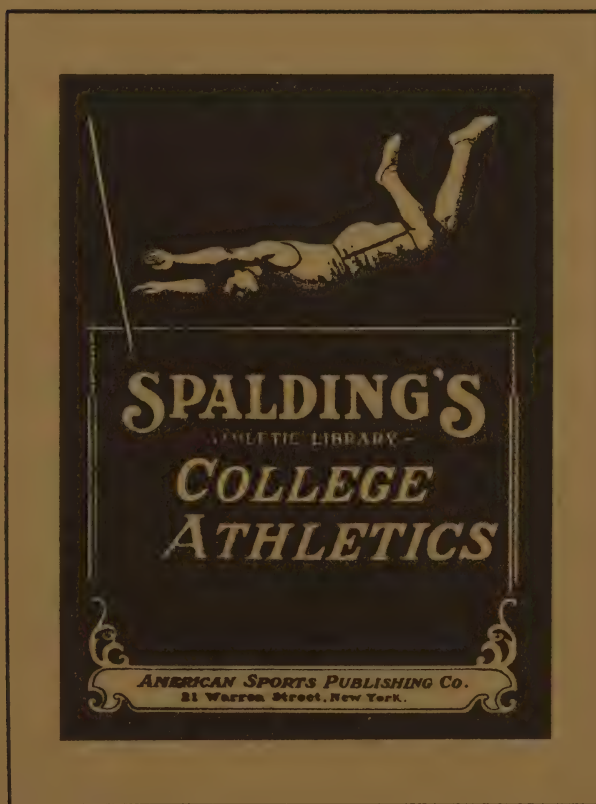
'Tis Time that sendeth happiness and pleasure,
Time that tenderly returns them in full measure;
Yet e'en Time erases memories of all.

Faith

Lowell E.
Mabel Welles

The Changing Years

Book 11



WITH brawn and sinew lusty, at the height
Of strength and vigor strive we here for thee
Our Alma Mater—strive, that thou may'st be
Crowned victor, wreathed with honor in the fight.
We bring to thee the tribute of our might
Full-coursing, eager-visioned, joyous, free,
Inspired and stirred by hope of things to be,
And tingling—charged to full with life's delight.

Thus would we serve thee, thus, in whole-souled strife
Would take the field with heart and body one
And valiantly win or lose the day.
Thus would we bring our tribute—brimming life,
Thus bear thy name and glorious colors on
With worthiness and honor in the fray.



Athletic Association

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Vice President,
Treasurer,
Secretary,
Graduate Manager,
Director of Athletics,

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Mr. A. G. Comings Dr. G. C. Jameson Mr. J. G. Olmstead

Students

J. L. Breckenridge R. H. Houser G. C. Gray

The Athletic Association has found the year peculiarly profitable since the financial and athletic interests have been so capably managed. As has been the case for years, the donation of past seasons was turned over at the beginning of the year in the form of an exceedingly interesting debt, which assumed large proportions. Through careful management and the splendid showing of our Foot Ball team, we were able to meet all expenses, pay for the services of Mr. Harvey R. Snyder and reduce the debt by fifty per cent.

From the standpoint of an organization for focusing the interests of the men, the Association has never proved a success. True, we have enjoyed some fine spirited rallies, but the function of the organization in the stimulation of interest in stag affairs has been appreciably minute, if such a paradox of terms is admissible.

Nevertheless, the Association exists in form, and its potential power may be transformed into more positive terms through careful development and study of the conditions. The men of the institution can be made to realize the significance of an all-embracing organization such as this, if the proper steps are taken.

JOEL B. HAYDEN



Class of 1908

F. H. Waters, Foot Ball, Base Ball, Basket Ball

A. E. Bradley, Foot Ball, Base Ball

J. H. Smith, Foot Ball, Base Ball, Basket Ball

C. L. Burton, Foot Ball, Base Ball, Basket Ball

V. I. Ward, Basket Ball, Base Ball

C. S. Kent, Foot Ball

W. E. Evans, Basket Ball

W. H. Wolfe, Foot Ball

H. E. Husted, Base Ball

T. Strong, Foot Ball

W. S. Jelliff, Track

Class of 1909

R. H. Houser, Foot Ball

T. H. Harvey, Foot Ball

V. C. Doerschuk, Foot Ball

W. H. Belden, Foot Ball

C. A. Baxter, Foot Ball

A. J. Parks, Track

W. P. Ferris, Foot Ball

D. H. Simms, Track

J. F. Williams, Foot Ball

Class of 1910

G. A. Vradenburg, Foot Ball, Basket Ball, Base Ball

G. C. Gray, Foot Ball, Basket Ball

W. S. Ament, Foot Ball, Basket Ball

C. D. Wells, Track

W. R. Morrison, Basket Ball

C. Pendleton, Foot Ball

W. D. Cole, Foot Ball, Track

Seminary

W. B. Davis, Track

**Wearers
of the "O"**

**Our
Captains**



FOOT- BALL



'07



Burton
Strong

Ferris

Baxter

Waters, capt.

Pendleton

Houser

Smith

Gray
Vradenburg

Bradley

Ament

Games

Sept. 25	Oberlin	74	Baldwin University	0
Oct. 5	Oberlin	5	Cornell	22
Oct. 12	Oberlin	5	Mt. Union	0
Oct. 19	Oberlin	22	Case	0
Oct. 26	Oberlin	25	Allegheny	0
Nov. 2	Oberlin	16	Reserve	0
Nov. 9	Oberlin	10	Ohio State University	22
Nov. 16	Oberlin	27	Wooster	10

Foot Ball 1907

Line-Up

l. e. Waters, capt.	e. Ament
l. t. Wolfe	g. Baxter
l. g. Doerschuk	q. Strong
c. Burton	t. Belden
r. g. Cole	h. Pendleton
r. t. Ferris	sub. Bird
r. e. Bradley	sub. Lindquist
q. Gray	sub. W. Wolfe
l. h. Smith	
r. h. Vradenburg	Mgr. H. H. Nye
f. b. Houser	Asst. Mgr. G. W. Young

Successful Season

IT was a small weak-kneed squad of Foot Ball players that splattered upon the Cornell gridiron, on a chill rainy day last October. Tiers of dripping bleachers rose to a great height on each side of the field. The covered bleachers were crowded with strange forms, who greeted us patronizingly, almost pityingly. The white goal posts at each end of the field alone looked familiar. A Hi-O-Hi from half a dozen scrubs rang out defiantly, yet hopelessly as the immense Cornell team lined up to receive the kick-off. We were alone in a strange city and facing certain defeat.



After our first uneasiness wore off, we were surprised at the success of our offence. Twice one man only remained between Gray and the goal-post. We also made repeated gains through the line. Finally Gray circled the whole Cornell team for a touch-down. He did this against the team that defeated Princeton several weeks later.

But this touch-down proved our undoing. In a few minutes the angered giants made an end of Gray, and he was taken from the field unconscious. "Simp," who had shown skill in receiving the forward pass, soon followed Gray, and by the middle of the second half, we found ourselves losing ground rather regularly before every avalanche of beef.



Although we were outclassed at Cornell, the game demonstrated clearly several things. It proved that Oberlin had speed; it proved that she could handle the forward pass; and also that she would make herself known in Ohio Foot Ball circles.

We are all familiar with the games following that reached their climax at Reserve, and their catastrophe at Ohio State. We did



not win the State Championship, yet we all felt that the season as a whole was successful.

A Successful Season

The causes of our success were many. In the first place the management of the season was perfect. Director Savage, "Bill" Nye, and George Young spared neither labor nor money in attending to the wants of the team. Then the season was financially a success. The athletic debt was cut squarely in the middle. More important still, every student in the institution felt an interest in the team. A Foot Ball team does not want to be petted and babied, yet it is a great inspiration to know that the students want to win. Another gratifying feature of the season was the perfect harmony that existed among the individual members of the team. There was not a word of knocking during the whole season, there was not a man who would not have sacrificed himself for the interests of the team.



This unity can be traced directly to our coach. Snyder was the friend of every man on the team, he knew his men and anticipated every one. We never had a better trainer. His purpose in coaching was not merely to put out a "winning team," but to teach his men "intelligent Foot Ball"; to teach them concentration of effort and ability in meeting unexpected difficulties; to teach them business methods, and confidence in meeting and coping with strange opponents; to teach them the fatality of hesitation and the necessity of rapid intelligent aggression. In time of success he warned us against the dangers of over-confidence, and in time of failure, he spoke only with sympathy. His feeling for his men is best expressed by himself in a letter to the Athletic Director. "Remember me to the team, I love them all."



RALPH H. HOUSER



CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER

Case

Cleveland, O., Oct. 19.—Outplayed in every department of the game with the possible exception of the punting, the Case football team went down to an unexpected defeat at the hands of the Oberlin eleven today, the score being 22 to 0. Playing with a machine-like system, with the very latest tricks of the sport working perfectly, the Congregationalists gave the Scientists a bad drubbing. Their play was of such a high order that they will undoubtedly make every Ohio eleven look up to them before the season closes.

Oberlin worked the forward pass at the end of double passes and almost any other kind of a pass, and gave such an exhibition of team work and determination to gain ground that the Case men could not hold them safely at any position. Oberlin circled the Case ends with regularity, while they plowed through the line for good gains, making it look very simple for them to advance the ball wherever and whenever they pleased.

While team play was what made Oberlin look so good, it was the individual spectacular playing of Gray and Waters that was the feature. Gray was about the whole team in scoring, while the defensive play of Waters was of the phenomenal kind. Gray used rare judgment in running the team and scored two touchdowns, kicked a thirty-five-yard goal from field and was instrumental in scoring two more touchdowns, one of which was not allowed, owing to an Oberlin player's holding. He is as fast as lightning, and aided by splendid interference by his teammates he eluded the Case men in an amazingly clever fashion.

After a little more than three minutes of play Oberlin, by fierce line plunging off tackle and straight through center, worked the ball to the twenty-yard line. At this point Gray showed his first sign of brilliancy by changing his attack entirely and carried the ball himself, eluding Case's left end and planted the pigskin behind the goal posts in such an easy manner that it took the breath out of the brown and white players. But

the judgment of Gray all through the game was just like this, and he got his plays off fast and directed them where they would have the best results.

Oberlin played snappy football and showed condition, speed and ability to play the game strictly under the new rules which completely baffled the Case men. Oberlin worked the forward pass to great advantage. They had many ways of working it and all of them seemed good, although the Scientists managed to break it up on several occasions at the early part of the game. One of the most effective ways in which it was worked was to have the quarter-back carry it as far as he could gain on a false punt. After he had been tackled and hurled to the ground he would manage to pass it on to a man in front of him who generally carried it further. This was the way Waters made his touchdown. Gray circled Case's right end for a thirty-yard run, and after he was thrown to the ground he made a perfect pass to Waters, who carried the oval fifteen yards more for a score. This was the second touchdown and was scored with just fifty seconds left to play in the half.

In the second half, Gray, while he did not play the entire time, managed to drop kick a pretty goal from field from the thirty-five-yard line and circled right end for his second touchdown of the game. This touchdown was made in 12:30 and ended the scoring, as from that time on Oberlin played a kicking game.

But, outside of Gray the entire Oberlin team looks good. The back-field, with Houser, Smith, Vradenburg and Gray, is lightning fast, while the line contains all big, powerful fellows, who open up large holes, and their defense is also good.

Case's tackling was also poor. It must be said, though, that Oberlin's interference was so good that Case men had very little chance for clean tackles. They always had to upset three or four players before they could get near the man carrying the ball. If Oberlin can keep up the same kind of a game right along they will make a great bid for state honors.



THE RESERVE WEEKLY

OBERLIN SPRINGS SURPRISE

Wins 16 to 0 on a Muddy Field

Three factors combined to give our ancient enemies from Oberlin a victory last Saturday. These were Reserve's lack of ability to cope with Oberlin's forward passes, poor tackling by nearly every member of the red and white team, and the magnificent work of Oberlin's ends and quarterback. Although rain poured down all morning, there were several thousand people on the field when the whistle was blown for the beginning of the game. Oberlin and Reserve each had a student band and they vied with each other to keep up the spirits of their respective teams. After a while the Oberlin band stopped playing, as their team had enough spirit for one game. But the Reserve tooters kept things going till the last hope had vanished. The field was a sea of mud. Although it poured and the bleachers were a sea of dripping umbrellas, the yells of the rooters kept on unchecked.

While Reserve lost through poor playing against their opponents, yet there is another reason which accounts for the poor playing. At the very beginning a questionable decision took the heart right out of the fellows. After that, the men fearing another penalization waited, and so the interference of our opponents each time had a chance to form.

Waters and Bradley outplayed their men at nearly every point, while Gray seemed to be in a class by himself at quarter. He ran the team well, brought back punts in a way that made even those who knew of his clever work in other games sit up and take notice. He made the first impression on the scoreboard by kicking a pretty goal from the twenty-five-yard line. He also made Oberlin's second touchdown after a long run through the entire Reserve team. Captain Waters scored the first touchdown on a forward pass from Gray. He had an open field, as not a Reserve player was playing back. The boys from old Reserve, however, had a little the best of the line argument.

In tackling, Reserve was particularly poor, allowing the runner to get past them time and time again. From the side lines it looked as though the game were tag. Tommy Terrel made the only flying tackle for Reserve near the close of the first half. On the other hand the Oberlin men tackled hard and sure, and they had interference which could not be penetrated. They worked the forward pass well, in spite of the soggy field, while Reserve's only attempt at it was a failure.

In the second half the whole red and white team took a brace and played magnificently, but were unable to score, and the game ended with the score 16 to 0 in favor of Oberlin.

Reserve



O. S. U.

O. S. U. TRIUMPHS OVER OBERLIN

Barrington kicks goals from the field, two in each half

Columbus, O., Nov. 9.—Quarterback Barrington rode high on the crest of Ohio State wave that broke over Oberlin's football team here this afternoon and alone made enough points to win. Ohio State captured the vital game and a pretty good grip on the state championship by a score of 22 to 10.

Ohio State led at the end of the first half by a score of 14 to 0. Barrington led off with a field goal and had repeated before a forward pass put the ball so close to Oberlin's line that Gibson easily went across.

Oberlin's play in this half was not what the enormous crowd had been led to expect. Not a forward pass was executed and few tried. Gray was not able to get loose on runs. Though he frequently got by Claffin, either Tackle McAllister or Halfback Secrest would down him. Oberlin ends were slow going after Barrington when he returned punts. Gray's best trick was to break by Claggett and nail Bryce when that halfback was running for a touchdown. However, Bryce did cover seventy yards, and Barrington's second field goal soon followed.

Oberlin hit up the pace in the second half. They got the forward passes to going and Gray made a show of the State men who bore down to tackle him. Starting from their own fifty-one-yard line, where Vradenburg had caught a forward pass from Barrington to Claffin, Oberlin men went galloping down the field with Gray shooting the passes to Smith, Vradenburg and Waters. "Bud" received the last one that covered twenty-five yards. He was standing close to his own goal when he made the catch. In fact, Ohio State coaches claim he was back of the line and that a touchback instead of a touchdown should have been allowed. Houser missed the

goal, the ball hitting one of the up-rights.

STAR PLAY OF THE GAME.

The star open play of the game was yet to come. Starting from their twenty-yard line, a forward pass to Ament put the ball at midfield. Claffin broke up a pass to Smith and Oberlin had to punt, regaining the ball on Barrington's out of bounds kick on her own forty-yard line. One of the passes to Vradenburg sent the play to midfield. Gray's backward pass as he was tackled didn't gain, but he got busy the next time. Dodging back and forth across the field he gave Waters time to sneak down deep into Ohio State's territory. From Oberlin's fifty-yard line Gray heaved the ball ahead and Waters caught it on State's twenty-yard line. Here was a pass that gained forty yards. Waters broke for the goal and Secrest pulled him down a yard away from it. On a plunge Houser went over and again drove the ball against an upright when he tried for goal. State now had a lead of 14 to 10. Another Oberlin touchdown was feared by the crowd, and the masses of State rooters were in a fine frenzy.

Barrington helped his side immensely by kicking off for a touchback. Oberlin had to kick out and Gray did not drive the ball out of the Oberlin ground. Tackle Schory and McAllister got busy and ripped holes through which the halfbacks ran for two consecutive first downs.

Inside the twenty-five-yard line, Oberlin's defense stiffened as it had often done before. Barrington went back to the thirty-yard line, and with Bryce placing the ball, drove it high over the bar.

From then on the two teams struggled up and down the field, until near the end of the half, when Barrington kicked another field goal and the game ended.

Coach Snyder, disappointed over the outcome, said that the task of whipping Western Reserve one Saturday and repeating on State the next, was too big a task for the Oberlin team.



OBERLIN GAINS LAST VICTORY

Oberlin, O., Nov. 16 (Special).—Oberlin 27, Wooster 10. This tells the story of the last game played by the Oberlin 1907 Varsity, the team regarded throughout the state as the best and fastest football team in Ohio.

The game was ragged at times, and then again shone with the most brilliant playing ever seen on Dill field. Twice, Oberlin players ran nearly the whole length of the field for touchdowns, and twice costly fumbles allowed Wooster to score.

Oberlin scored her first touchdown after three minutes of play. Two long end runs, a few line bucks, and a short dash around right end by Gray, and the score stood 5 to 0.

The next touchdown came after about ten more minutes of rather ragged football. Wooster obtained the ball on a fumble, and aided by penalties and several fake bucks had the ball on Oberlin's five-yard line. There they stopped before a strong defense, and Gray punted out of danger.

Wooster then punted, and it was Oberlin's ball on her own thirty-yard line. On the very first play, around left end, swept the little quarterback, with Waters, Smith and Vradenburg as interference. Man after man was bowled over. Gray was soon running alone. Waters fell on the Wooster quarterback, Gray threw off two more tacklers, and then it was clear sailing

and a touchdown. Houser failed goal. Score 10-0.

Immediately after this, Gray was hurt and Strong went in. The half closed with the score standing 10 to 0.

Varsity started off with a rush in the second half, securing the ball on a punt and carrying it down the field in beautiful style. Queer formation plays were used, and it was on one of these that Smith broke through tackle and scored the third touchdown. Waters kicked goal. Score 16-0.

Wooster then scored her field goal on a fumble near the Oberlin line, and the score stood 16 to 4.

In a few minutes more of play, aided by several long runs by Vradenburg and short dashes off tackle by Smith, Houser finally carried the ball over for another score. Goal was kicked. Score 22 to 4.

Then came one of the brilliant plays of the game. After a few short gains following the kick-off, Strong called upon Vradenburg for a run around left end. With perfect interference to aid him, George eluded all the Wooster tacklers, and scored the final touchdown on a seventy-yard run. Goal failed. Score 27 to 4.

Shortly after this Wooster scored on a fumbled punt, kicked the goal and the final score stood 27 to 10.

Such is the story of Varsity's last game. The men have played the best football seen on Dill field for many a year, and with this game will go life-long memories of such men as Waters, Burton, Wolfe, Smith and Bradley.

Wooster





Academy Foot Ball Squad

THE Academy Foot Ball Season opened with Captain Queen, Bowlus, and Senhauser the only men of the 1906 eleven. Ferguson and Dickinson had played some, and joined by Ashley formed the nucleus with which to form the 1907 team. The season closed with 127 points scored by the Academy and 72 by their opponents. These points represent four games won and two lost. Though the team was not quite so successful in winning games as some would desire, yet it must be remembered that most of the material was new and under the direction of a new coach; and yet the season may have brought to those men that turned out, invaluable results in body and mind training which does not show in the score, but which will eventually count in their lives.

Academy Foot Ball 1907

The light and inexperienced team from Painesville opened the season and in their new jerseys the blue and white team rolled up 63 points to the Painesville boys' none. They looked fairly cheerful when on the following week Canton was defeated in Canton 26 to 5. But the best game and best playing of the season came at Pittsburg when they defeated the strong Shadyside team 25 to 0. Baldwin Wallace followed and after a poor and slow game they skulked back to Berea. The score was in our favor 4 to 2, but no glory for the Academy, it should have been 40. The slump after the Pittsburg game culminated the following week and East surprised even herself with the ease with which she piled up 44 tallies. The Academy then lost to Oberlin High School 9 to 11. It was a great game and fully showed the fighting spirit of both teams. Thus closed the season in Academy football for 1907.



Queen Nash Riley Williams, coach Morris Walker Ashley

**Academy
Foot Ball
1907**

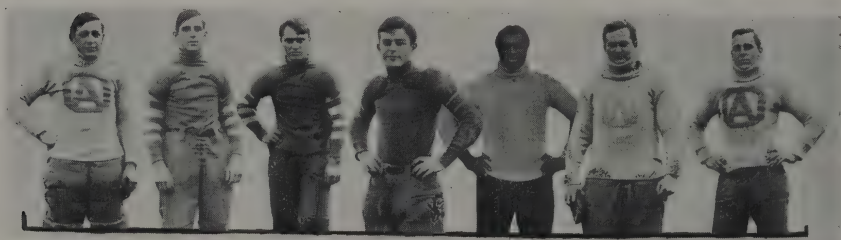
Captain Queen and Captain-elect Bowlus with Riley composed a backfield which was hard to stop. In every game these men could gain their ground when supported in the line. Queen was equally good on defense and also with his "trusty boot." The team loses a good man this next year in Queen but is fortunate in so capable a successor as Bowlus. Ferguson at quarter and Ashley and Haag on the ends assisted greatly in attaining whatever success belongs to the team. Senhauser, Morris, Walker, Mundy and Nash in the line are men hard to lose. Nash probably gave as great a contribution to the team as any one man.

For next year with Captain Bowlus to lead us and with Dickinson, who really did commendable work this year, Riley a "find" as every one says, Hopkins the captain of the scrubs, Kelner, Tenney a new man, and Tracey we may hope for a better result.


One thing is evident; there are only about three men again as a nucleus, and it might be well to remark in anticipating next year that any man who joins the squad should do so with the determination to stick to the very end. The Academy spirit is not what it should be because of a shifting student body, but let us who know what it means to be in the Academy make a dogged, determined effort to "go some" next fall. Were I to sound the call for candidates now I should say:

"Every possible man out to the finish with the firm conviction that the Academy team deserves his best efforts in work, in enthusiasm, and in loyalty."

JESSE F. WILLIAMS



Bowlus Haag Dickinson Ferguson Mundy Senhauser Welsh



CLASS FOOTBALL

Games

Oct. 7	Seniors	5	Juniors	0
	Freshmen	11	Sophomores	0
Oct. 14	Seniors	6	Sophomores	0
	Juniors	0	Freshmen	0
Oct. 21	Seniors	6	Freshmen	5
	Sophomores	5	Juniors	0
Oct. 28	Juniors	4	Seniors	0
	Freshmen	28	Sophomores	0
Nov. 11	Freshmen	12	Seniors	6
	Juniors	9	Sophomores	0

Class Foot Ball 1907

Standing of Teams

	Won	Lost	Tie	Rank
Freshman	3	1	1	1
Senior	3	2		2
Junior	2	2	1	3
Sophomore	1	4		4

Class
Foot Ball
1907



Collins, l.g. Nye, f.b. Hopkins, c. Strong, var. Wolfe, var.
Lindquist, q. Evans, e. Bird, (capt.) r.h. Sanborn, l.h. Kent, r.t.
Sargent, l. e. Atterholt, c. Bartlett, r. e.
Chamberlain, McConnaughey, McArthur

Senior Foot Ball Team



Simms, r.e. MacLean, r.h. Shedd, l.g. Stick, r.t. Parks, l.h.
Young, e. Carroll, q. Van Fossan, (capt.) f.b. Faulkner, c. Gaige, l.t.
Smith, l.e. Sharp, r. g. Bowen, g. Rhodes, t.

Junior Foot Ball Team



Class
Foot Ball
1907

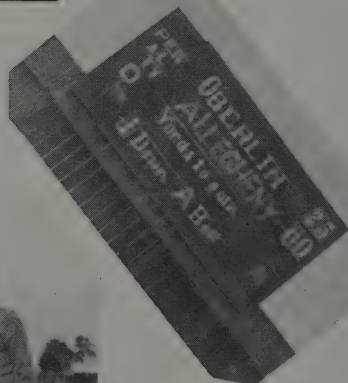
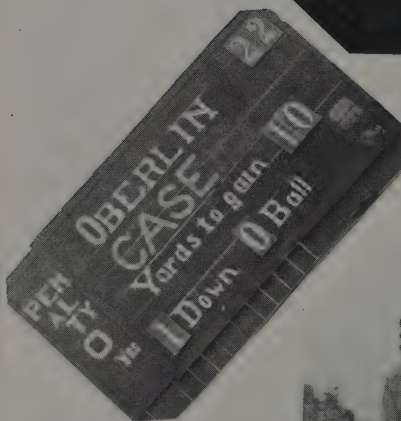
Jenkins, c. Bliss, r. t. McArthur, r. g. Morrison, r. h. Andrus, l. g.
Blakley, f. Bucher, l. e. Phillips, r. e. Heineman, l. t. Loomis, l. e.
Ink, q. (capt.) Pelton, l. h. Treat, r. e.

Sophomore Foot Ball Team



Brown, f. Metcalf, l. e. Koos, l. g. Birrell, sub.
Curtis, A. F., k. t. Bird, l. h. (capt.) McIntosh, r. g. Miller, c.
Nichols, q. Vail, r. t. Curtis, O. F., r. h. Long, r. e.

Freshman Foot Ball Team



Basket Ball





Olmstead, coach
Gray

Burton
Smith, capt,

Pendleton
Ward

Sanborn, mgr.
Morrison

Games

Jan. 6	Detroit Y. M. C. A.	33	Oberlin	17
Jan. 7	Adrian Guards	15	Oberlin	39
Jan. 8	Michigan A. C.	46	Oberlin	21
Jan. 18	Case "B. & W."	14	Oberlin	41
Jan. 25	Wooster	20	Oberlin	26
Jan. 22	Western Reserve	19	Oberlin	24
Feb. 1	Wooster	33	Oberlin	20
Feb. 8	Allegheny	33	Oberlin	16
Feb. 13	Colgate	34	Oberlin	27
Feb. 14	Rochester	9	Oberlin	14
Feb. 15	Hamilton	37	Oberlin	30
Feb. 21	Colgate	15	Oberlin	28
Feb. 29	Ohio State U.	24	Oberlin	26
Mar. 7	Western Reserve	14	Oberlin	22

Basket Ball 1908

Line-Up

r. f. Smith, capt.
 l. f. Gray
 l. f. Evans
 c. Burton
 c. Pendleton
 r. g. Ward
 r. g. Ament
 l. g. Morrison

 Mgr. Sanborn

ONCE more Champions of Ohio. Why? Because no one has taken the championship which we held last year away from us, and because we were defeated only once by an Ohio team, which is at least one less defeat than any other Ohio team can claim.

A pre-season trip into Michigan during the Holiday vacation gave a little idea of the individual playing of the men, and had these five men been able to continue straight through the season there unquestionably would have been fewer defeats for Oberlin. But the real season opened with four of these men out of the game and it was not again until the Rochester game that they all got together. Meanwhile the substitutes had been playing good ball, defeating Case, Reserve and Wooster. The loyal work of these men was much appreciated by the coach.

The Case game here was a walkaway for us; the Reserve game in Cleveland kept us working until the forty minutes were up; the Wooster game here was not so hard, but the game down at Wooster was a hustler and we took a back seat the second half. Then came the veteran Allegheny five whose team work gave us the little end of the score. The following week we went East and succumbed to Colgate and Hamilton, both of whom had been previously defeated by Rochester. The next night we tackled Rochester, undefeated champions of their floor, who, the following week virtually won from the Eastern champions, the University of Pennsylvania. Here for the first time in the season Oberlin really found herself, and in a well guarded game smeared the crack Rochester team 14 to 9.

We came home feeling good and continued so for the rest of the season. Colgate came on with the hope of repeating her previous victory, but she had not fully recovered from the effects of the trip and we snowed her under. The next week Ohio State came to Oberlin with blood in her eye and in the closest and most exciting game ever witnessed in Warner Gymnasium we sent her home, defeated 26 to 24. At no time did the score differ more than by four points, and frequently it was a tie. The season closed, as it always does, with Reserve here and a victory, though hard won, by Oberlin.

It was a good season on the whole. We were a little slow in getting under way, but we finished strong and the men were unusually jolly and congenial.

**Basket
Ball
1908**

Captain Smith played his usual hard game at forward, was always in the game and never afraid to go after the ball. "Simp's" work this year will be long remembered by his startling long shots. He was a modest captain but loved by every man on the team.

Ward got back into the game late, but just in time to disgrace Rochester's star dribbler and help us to win the closing games. "Buch," the veteran and "rough-houser," knows Basket Ball from A to Z and fills his guard position well.

"Cy" Burton played his first year at varsity center and worked well with his mates. He starred in the Allegheny game, getting five of Oberlin's seven baskets.

"Whit" Morrison, captain-elect, played more halves than any other man on the team, besides being the most steady and consistent player, a close guard, but nearly always getting a basket or two himself.

Glen Gray who played left forward the greater part of the season is a good passer and clever shooter, quick in dodging and handling the ball, and should make a strong player next year.

"Billy" Ament took his first whack at Varsity this year and found that he could meet the requirements. Although playing guard he tossed nine baskets to his opponents' eleven.

"Curly" Evans never tried for Varsity until this year and then he played in over half the games and was a loyal sub. the rest of the time.

Chester Pendleton hustled center in a number of games and is a strong candidate for the regular position next year.

A big share of the credit for the fine showing made by the team belongs to the scrubs, who by their fast playing and hard work made the team what it was,—Champions of Ohio.

JOHN G. OLMSTEAD



Ashley	Williams, coach	Rahill	Adams, capt.	Wood	Baird	Riley	Theller
						Jeffers	

Academy Basket Ball 1908

FIVE games won out of eight; two of the three lost; later defeated here by overwhelming scores; one cut lip requiring three stitches; three hundred and twenty-five miles traveled. Lots of lucky shots; lots of good playing; lots of hard luck; lots of fun and sport. This is the record of the Academy Basket Ball Team for the season of 1908.

Everyone was talking about the good team the Cads. were going to have. There was Adams, Rahill, Jeffers, Ashley, Riley, Baird, Theller and a good bunch of second men. Well, it was a good team. No philosopher could say it was "just right"; for a mixed schedule which allowed weeks to pass without a game, and cancellations, made the season hard to follow. Rahill and Jeffers were not quite up to their 1907 form. Ashley had been out of the game a year and so had lost some of his old-time capability. However, Capt. Adams led a squad of men who worked with all their best efforts for the Academy, and no matter what the color of the paint, the value depends upon the way it is applied. The value of an athletic season for the team depends not always upon the "red" but upon the way the paint is put on. A successful season for the box-office receipts depends upon the "color" of the paint, and it's up to the Cads. and, by the way, to the College, to show a little more "color." Did you notice the Blue and White at Reserve last fall? Did you see the Cads. at the Reserve debate? Well, they were there, and in return we College fellows should give them a little better support. It would be a good investment.

To George Wood, Mgr., the team owes its gratitude and thanks. Capt. Adams played a strong game and was a good leader. It is here that we are glad to welcome as the capt.-elect, James A. Riley. To "Jimmie" and the team of 1909 go our highest hopes and best wishes.

JESSE F. WILLIAMS

Academy	39	Buchtel Acad.	8
Academy	23	Fremont H. S.	27
Academy	15	Cleveland U. S.	19
Academy	46	Fremont H. S.	12
Academy	30	St. Ignatius	27
Academy	26	Shadyside Acad.	17
Academy	18	Glenville	31
Academy	22	Glenville	8



CLASS BASKET BALL

Class Basket Ball 1908

Games

Jan. 20	Seniors	40	Juniors	13
	Freshmen	25	Sophomores	10
Jan. 27	Seniors	44	Sophomores	16
	Freshmen	27	Juniors	6
Feb. 17	Seniors	27	Freshmen	26
	Sophomores	23	Juniors	20
Feb. 24	Seniors	44	Juniors	12
	Freshmen	27	Sophomores	16
Mar. 2	Seniors	57	Sophomores	12
	Freshmen	32	Juniors	7
Mar. 9	Freshmen	24	Seniors	17
	Sophomores	24	Juniors	8

Standing of Teams

	Won	Lost	Rank
Senior	5	1	1
Freshman	5	1	1
Sophomore	2	4	3
Junior	0	6	4



Class
Basket Ball
1908

Sanborn, r.g. Hopkins, c. Waters, l.g. (capt.) Strong, r.f.
Husted, f. Evans, l.f. Breckenridge, g.

Senior Basket Ball Team



Smith, r.g. Van Fossan, l.g. Woodard, r.f. (capt.) Stiffler, c.
Harvey, c. Chambers, l.f.
Ferris, Williams

Junior Basket Ball Team

Class
Basket Ball
1908



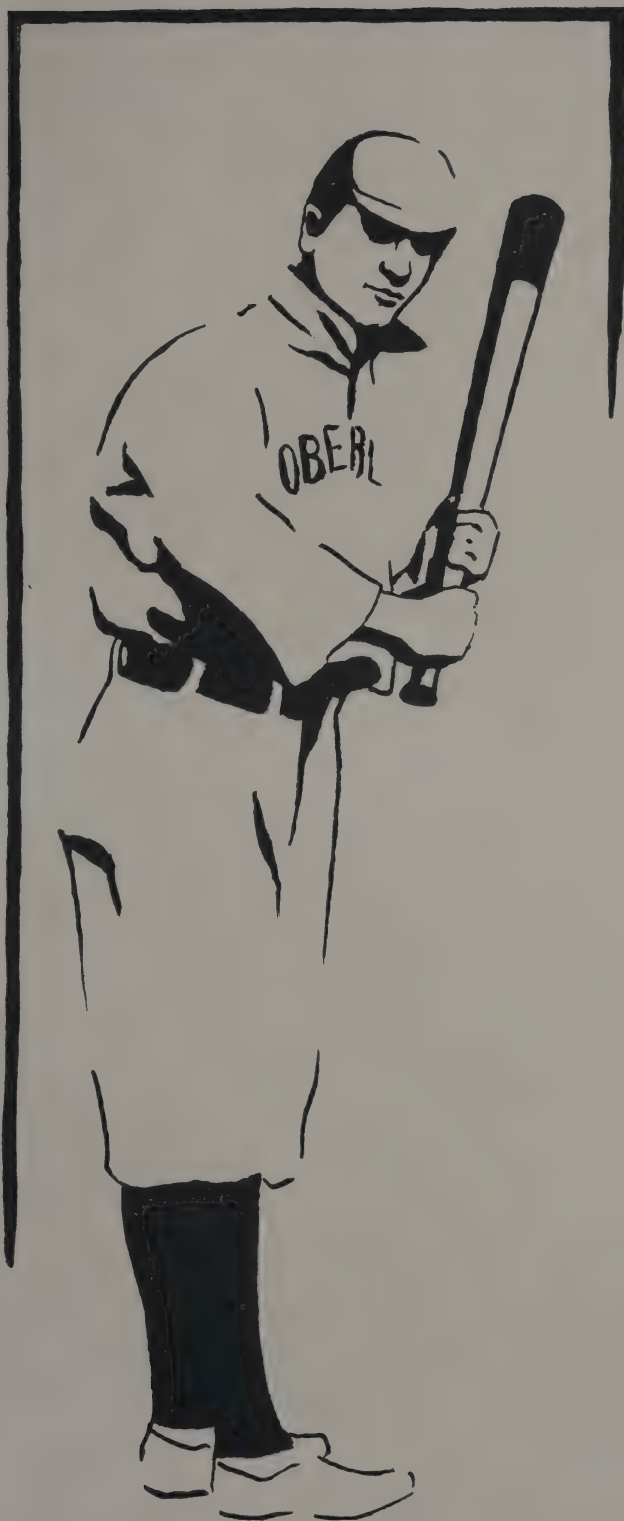
Morrison, var. Gray, var. Pendleton, c. Ament, var. Wells, f.
 Vradenburg, l.f. Hunt, r.g. (capt.) Ink, r.f. Proudfit, Pelton

Sophomore Basket Ball Team



J. H. Nichols, l.f. (capt.) Brodie, f. Rahill, l.g. Heim, c.
 McIntosh, g. F. Nichols, r.f. Andrus, r.g. Vail

Freshman Basket Ball Team





McGill

Savage

Husted
M. Ward

Bradley

Rupp, capt.

Smith
V. I. Ward
Waters

Fulton

Williams

Games

Apr. 20	Oberlin	6	Buchtel	5
Apr. 27	Oberlin	11	Reserve	3
May 1	Oberlin	0	Michigan	6
May 8	Oberlin	0	Michigan	10
May 11	Oberlin	2	O. S. U.	4
May 14	Oberlin	0	Notre Dame	5
May 15	Oberlin	6	Chicago	7
May 16	Oberlin	1	Albion	2
May 27	Oberlin	3	O. S. U.	4
June 8	Oberlin	6	Wooster	7
June 15	Oberlin	0	Case	2
June 17	Oberlin	0	Alumni	1

Base Ball 1907

Line-Up

s. s. V. Ward	1 b. Bradley
p. Smith	r. f. M. Ward
l. f. Husted	2 b. Fulton
3 b. Rupp, capt.	p. Burton
c. Waters	Williams
c. f. McGill, mgr.	

WITH the Championship in view, the Varsity Base Ball Season of 1907 was not a success, for of twelve games played only the first two were won. Possibly this was due to the inexperience of the players. Wiley, Taylor, Todd, Kellogg, Lightner, Wilson and Vradenburg had been lost from the 1906 team and in their places came men practically new to the game, men unacquainted with the detailed points so necessary to Base Ball. Added to this there was no professional coach to teach them these points, for the Athletic Association did not feel financially able to assume the responsibility involved in the engagement of such a person.

Mr. Savage graciously offered his services, and did much to improve the article of ball turned out; but Mr. Savage was not the same as a professional coach, and it was this that the team needed. If the men could have been in the larger cities the situation would have been different. League games could have been watched, and many things learned by seeing great players in action.

Base Ball 1907

At times, however, the team played magnificent ball; five games were lost by the narrow margin of only one run. At Chicago the University team was given the scare of its life, and at Notre Dame V. Ward went from shortstop into the pitcher's box and allowed that team but one scratch hit in six innings.

The main fault of the team seems to have been its inability to hang onto the ball. For during the season a total of 51 errors was made, 12 of these in the outfield, while only 36 outs were there made.

Smith, Burton and Ward did excellent work in the box, considering that it was their first year in that position. And the fact that Smith and Ward filled infield positions when not pitching shows that the team possessed good, all-round players. This year the team should show up much better. Vradenburg, Gray, Morrison and Robinson of the 1910 team are all good players and should do much to strengthen the Varsity.



Base Ball Squad 1908



Ellis (coach)
 Andrus, l. f. Queen, 2. b. Burtoughs, 1. b. Kelner, 3. b. Trimble, c.
 Reed Solether, r. f. McDonald, s. s. Dickinson, c. f. Bradley, c.


Games

Academy	0	Rayen High School	9
Academy	1	Cleveland U. S.	5
Academy	7	Shadyside Academy	6
Academy	7	Oberlin High School	5
Academy	13	Shaw High School	11
Academy	7	Rayen High School	9
Academy	2	Oberlin High School	5
Academy	3	Central High School	9

Academy Base Ball

ALTHOUGH defeated in the majority of games, the Academy Team of 1907 showed excellent spirit and never gave up until the last man was out. The players were erratic at times, but the season taken as a whole was a successful one, and with grounds of their own to play on, this year's team should prove a winner.

Of the players, McDonald stands out pre-eminent. His work at shortstop was that of an old leaguer. Treat and Bradley did most of the pitching, while Jeffers and Trimble tended to the receiving end. Queen, Burroughs and Kelner held down the bases and Andrus and Dickinson took the stray ones in the garden.



CLASS BASE BALL

Class Base Ball 1907

		Games	
Apr. 22	Seniors	5	Juniors 17
	Freshmen	9	Sophomores 1
Apr. 29	Seniors	4	Sophomores 3
	Freshmen	11	Juniors 0
May 6	Freshmen	10	Seniors 2
	Juniors	10	Sophomores 6
May 20	Seniors	3	Sophomores 7
	Freshmen	10	Juniors 0
May 27	Juniors	10	Sophomores 6
	Freshmen	12	Seniors 4

Standing of Teams

	Won	Lost	Rank
Freshman	5	0	1
Junior	3	2	2
Senior	1	4	*
Sophomore	1	4	*

*Tie for 3d place

Class
Base Ball
1908



Evans Hill McArthur Sanborn Waters
Sargent Wolfe Bird Collins Lindquist
Senior Base Ball Team



Woodward Howenstein Bowen
Burroughs Brand Hayden Van Fossan Parks
Harvey Smith Stiffler
Junior Base Ball Team

Class
Base Ball
1908



Ink McArthur Clegg Durbin Blakeley
 Langeland Marts Dulmage
 Pennington Bliss Loomis Treat
 Sophomore Base Ball Team



Toole Hogue Bradley Burroughs Kinney Smails Rahill Holbrook
 Andrus Crone Rice Fletcher Birrell Updike Long
 Vail Reed Andrews Bird Nichols
 Freshman Base Ball Team



TRACK



Bisbee, mgr.
Davis

Jelliff

Chambers, trainer
Sims
Kent

Warner, capt.
Johnson

Lindquist
Cables
Evans

Ferris
MacLean
Faulkner

Zercher
MacLean
Faulkner

Houser
Wells

Spiers, coach
Dudley

AT the opening of the season the outlook for a successful one was indeed discouraging. As in all other lines of athletics, the Bix Six rules cut a heavy swath in our lists of candidates. No Freshmen or "Cads" were eligible to the team. Parks, captain-elect and all-around champion for 1906, was not in school. Coach Keene had resigned and gone to Syracuse, and to even the most ardent and hopeful the prospects were bad.

Fred Warner was elected captain, and facing such a proposition he went to work preparing for the indoor meet on March 16th at Delaware. The home meet was pulled off and a team selected. The Methodists with their time-tried array defeated us, but some promising material was disclosed and we still had hopes.

The outdoor work began with the opening of the spring term, also the rains, and we were compelled to dodge drops in order that some show of training might be maintained. The campus was used almost entirely as our track allowed us only three work-outs during the entire season. Our meets were postponed one after another, until at last on the 18th of May we met Reserve on our own field.

With her team of the previous year intact she defeated us, but only after the hardest kind of a struggle. Cables defeated Malone in the mile and gave Calpin his hardest fight in years in the half mile; Simms defeated Barden in the 220, where he was supposed to be invincible; Wells and MacLean clearly outclassed their opponents in the two mile, and Zercher won the hammer throw.

The return meet with O. W. U. on the 22d found us in the finest shape. Confident of victory because of the previous indoor meet, their hopes were badly shattered when we defeated them 63 to 54. Capt. Warner defeated Allyn, the Big Six champion, in the hundred yard dash, and Simms defeated him in the 220. Cables had no trouble in running both the mile and half mile, and Wells and MacLean took the two mile. Jelliff won the high hurdles, Zercher the shot put, Johnson the broad jump and Ferris and Lindquist took the high jump. In the hammer throw and discus we were out-

classed. The season was finished by winning fourth place in the Big Six at Cleveland.

The men who won their "O's" were Warner, Cables, Wells, Zercher, Jeliff, Davis, Johnson and Simms. Of these Warner, Davis and Johnson only graduate, and with Parks and Cole, two of the best men in the state, to help out, the team of 1908 should be a winner.

H. W. SPIERS

Athletic Park, April 29, 1907

Home
Track
Meet

220 yd. hurdles—Evans, '08, (1); Shedd, '10, (2); Nye, '08, (3); time 29 1-5.

100 yd. dash—Simms, '09, (1); Warner, '07, (2); Davis, '07, (3); time 10 2-5.

Pole vault—Dulmage, '10, (1); Evans, '08, (2); Fulkner, '09, (3); height 9 ft.

Two mile—MacLean, '09, (1); Gifford, '07, (2); Woodard, '09, (3); time 11:53 2-5.

440 yd. dash—Davis, '07, (1); MacLean, '09, (2); J. H. N. Jones, '10, (3); time 60 4-5.

Shot put—Cole, '10, (1); Zercher, '08, (2); Baxter, '09, (3); distance 36 ft. 4½ in.

220 yd. dash—Simms, '09, (1); Warner, '07, (2); MacLean, '09, (3); time 23 1-5.

Hammer throw—Cole, '10, (1); Laymon, '10, (2); Zercher '08, (3); 107 ft. 3 in.

120 yd. hurdles—Shedd, '10, (1); Stuart, '07, (2); Ringsrud, '10, (3); time 17 4-5.

Broad jump—Stuart, '07, (1); Gray, '10, (2); Lindquist, '08, (3); 21 ft. 3 in.

One mile run—Cables, '09, (1); Cragin, '10, (2); Kent, '08, (3); time 5:18 2-5.

Discus throw—Cole, '10, (1); Houser, '09, (2); Clark, '10, (3); 99 ft. 4 in.

Half mile run—Dudley, '09, (1); Miller, '10, (2); D. W. Jones, '09, (3); 2:22 4-5.

High jump—Lindquist, '08, (1); Ferris, '09, (2); Mattson, '09, (3); 5 ft. 2 in.

Mile relay—'09, (1); '07, (2); time 3:56 4-5.

'09, (1), 45 points; '10, (2), 43 points; '07 (3), 26 points; '08, (4), 20 points.

Athletic Park, May 22, 1907

220 yd. hurdles—Galpin, R., (1); Holderman, R., (2); time 27.
 100 yd. dash—Barden, R., (1); Simms, O., (2); time 10.
 One mile run—Cables, O., (1); Halone, R., (2); time 4:53 2-5.
 440 yd. dash—Simms, O., (1); Anderson, R., (2); time 55 3-5.
 120 yd. hurdles—Galpin, R., (1); Lindquist, O., (2); time 17.
 Two mile run—MacLean, O., (1); Wells, O., (2); time 12:20.
 220 yd. dash—Simms, O., (1); Holderman, R., (2); time 23 1-5.
 Half mile run—Galpin, R., (1); Cables, O., (2); time 2:09 4-5.
 Shot put—Cripps, R., (1); Zercher, O., (2); 36 ft. 6¾ in.
 Pole vault—Brunner, R., (1); Evans, R., (2); 9 ft. 6 in.
 Broad jump—Galpin, R., (1); Roberts, R., (2); 22 ft. 1-3 in.
 Discus throw—Portman, R., (1); Cripps, R., (2); 102 ft. 10 in.
 High jump—Schultz, R., (1); Lindquist, O., (2); 5 ft. 6 in.
 Hammer throw—Zercher, O., (1); Portman, R., (2); 105 ft.

6¾ in.

Relay—Reserve, (1).

Reserve, 74 points; Oberlin, 43 points.

**Reserve—
Oberlin**

**Dual
Track Meet**

Athletic Park, May 18, 1907

220 yd. hurdles—Tibbals, W., (1); Evans, O., (2); time 27 3-5.
 100 yd. dash—Warner, O., (1); Allyn, W., (2); time 10 1-5.
 One mile run—Cables, O., (1); Edgington, W., (2); time
 4:48 4-5.

440 yd. dash—Tibbals, W., (1); Simms, O., (2); time 53 3-5.
 120 yd. hurdles—Jelliff, O., (1); Rohrer, W., (2); time 18.
 Two mile run—Wells, O., (1); MacLean, O., (2); time 10:42.
 220 yd. dash—Simms, O., (1); Allyn, W., (2); time 23 2-5.
 Half mile run—Cables, O., (1); McConnell, W., (2); time
 2:06 1-5.

Shot put—Zercher, O., (1); Poole, W., (2); 35 ft. 5¼ in.

Pole vault—Jackson, W., Rohrer, W., (tied); 8 ft. 9 in.

Broad jump—Johnson, O., (1); Lindquist, O., (2); 20 ft.
 9¼ in.

Discus throw—Poole, W., (1); Houser, O., (2); 103 ft. 6 in.

High jump—Lindquist, O., (1); Ferris, O., (2); 5 ft. 3 in.

Hammer throw—Poole, W., (1); Robinson, W., (2); 115 ft.

4¾ in.

Relay—Ohio Wesleyan, (1).

Oberlin, 63 points; Ohio Wesleyan, 54 points.

**O. W. U.—
Oberlin**

**Dual
Track Meet**

Big Six Track Meet

Cleveland, May 31, 1907

Shot put—Cripps, R., (1); Zercher, O., (2); Portman, R., (3); Poole, O. W. U., (4); 37 ft. 1¼ in.

Pole vault—Evans, R., (1); Kimball, O. S. U., (2); Brack, O. S. U., (3); Coolidge, K., (4); 10 ft. 11 in.

Broad jump—Galpin, R., (1); Kimball, O. S. U., (2); Johnson, O., (3); Allyn, O. W. U., (4); 21 ft. 6½ in.

Discus throw—Gillie, O. S. U., (1); Randles, W., (2); Portman, R., (3); Thompson, O. S. U., (4); 112 ft. 3½ in.

High jump—Mytinger, O. S. U., (1); Fulton, W., (2); Norton, O. S. U., (3); Ferris, O., (4); 5 ft. 9½ in.

Hammer throw—Gillie, O. S. U., (1); Robinson, O. W. U., (2); Poole, O. W. U., (3); Portman, R., (4); 122 ft. 10 in.

120 yd. hurdle—Galpin, R., (1); Jelliff, O., (2); Allen, O. S. U., (3); Corbin, O. W. U., (4); 16 4-5.

100 yd. dash—Allyn, O. W. U., (1); Barden, R., (2); Warner, O., (3); Simms, O., (4); 10 1-5.

One mile run—Snow, O. S. U., (1); Thomas, O. S. U., (2); Malone, R., (3); Morrison, W., (4); 4:39.

440 yd. dash—Rothwell, O. S. U., (1); Tibbals, O. W. U., (2); Holderman, R., (3); Davis, O., (4); 50.

120 yd. hurdle—Galpin, R., (1); Allen, O. S. U., (2); Simms, O., (3); Holderman, R., (4); 25 1-5.

Two mile run—Shipps, O. S. U., (1); Wells, O., (2); Sanford, K., (3); Waid, O. S. U., (4); 1:34.

220 yd. dash—Barden, R., (1); Allyn, O. W. U., (2); Bickenbach, O. W. U., (3); Simms, O., (4); 22 3-5.

Half mile run—Galpin, R., (1); Levering, O. S. U., (2); Rhodes, O. W. U., (3); Green, O. S. U., (4); 2:4 1-5.

Mile relay—O. S. U., (1); Reserve, (2); Oberlin, (3); O. W. U., (4); 3:35 2-5.

O. S. U., 59 points; Reserve, 51; O. W. U., 22; Oberlin, 21; Wooster, 9; Kenyon, 3.



Track Squad 1908



tennis



Lawson

Chase
Hopkins

Gray

Officers

President,	T. Strong
Treasurer,	W. P. Ferris
Secretary,	W. M. Howenstein
Manager,	E. S. Chase

Tennis Association 1907

IN spite of the poor weather the tennis season of 1907 was a success. Much interest was displayed from the start and the promise of an eastern trip brought out many candidates for the team. Two tournaments were held, the first and second class, Chase winning the first and Gerald Rahill the second. From the contestants in these tournaments the Varsity team was chosen, consisting of E. S. Chase, J. Lawson, R. B. Hopkins and G. C. Gray, with T. Strong and W. Burroughs as subs.

Matches

- May 18 Michigan—Oberlin, at Oberlin
Glass (M.) defeated Chase (O.)
Lucius (M.) defeated Burroughs (O.)
Hopkins (O.) defeated Leidy (M.)
Hoag (M.) defeated Lawson (O.)
Glass and Leidy (M.) defeated Chase and Hopkins (O.)
Lawson and Strong (O.) defeated Lucius and Hoag (M.)
- May 25 Oberlin—Rochester L. T., at Rochester
Ward (R.) defeated Chase (O.)
Hamlin (R.) defeated Lawson (O.)
Chapin (R.) defeated Hopkins (O.)
Leady (R.) defeated Gray (O.)
Ward and Leady (R.) defeated Chase and Lawson (O.)
Hamlin and Chapin (R.) defeated Hopkins and Gray (O.)
- May 28 Oberlin—Syracuse, at Syracuse
Fredericks (S.) defeated Chase (O.)
Lawson (O.) defeated Stickles (S.)
Hopkins (O.) defeated Hauseknecht (S.)
Gray (O.) defeated Lighthall (S.)
Fredericks and Stickles (S.) defeated Chase and Lawson (O.)
Gray and Hopkins (O.) defeated Hauseknecht and Lighthall (S.)
- June 3 Kenyon—Oberlin, at Oberlin
Lawson (O.) defeated White (K.)
Gray and Hopkins (O.) defeated Southworth and Fuller (K.)

**Women's
Gymnasium
and Field
Association
1907-1908**

Officers

President,
Vice President,
Secretary,
Treasurer,

Lillias Macdonald
Edith Stimson
Margaret Bradshaw
Dr. Hanna

FOR the year 1907-1908, the Women's Gymnasium and Field Association has attained a total membership of two hundred and eighty members. There are two hundred and sixteen year members, sixteen life, and forty-eight resident.

It will be of interest to those who have watched through the past years the progress of the Association, to note that the hockey-field purchased a year ago has been graded and seeded, and is ready for use. Another interesting item is the fact that one of the rooms in the Gymnasium has been turned into a trophy-room, where framed pictures of the tennis champions, of winning Basket Ball teams, and other souvenirs are kept. This year a great addition has been made to this room in that it is graced by a silver loving-cup, given as a prize at the Skating Contest to the winning class.

The Skating Contest was held on February eighth at Gayter's Rink, and nine girls from the four College classes and the Conservatory participated. It was a unique affair and very successful, and to the honor of the Junior Class be it said that their representatives won the cup.

Two dances have been held during the year by the Association, and both proved even more successful and enjoyable than was anticipated. The Yale-Princeton Basket Ball game was also an Association affair, lending much to the yearly increasing attractions which the Association holds out.

From March thirteenth to March twenty-third, Mrs. Janet M. K. Hill delivered a course of six lectures in cooking, the proceeds of which went toward the slowly but surely increasing fund for the swimming-pool. About eighty-five dollars were cleared, which, although not enough to make the much-desired pool a reality *this* year, will hasten its near approach.

May all succeeding years prove as prosperous for the Women's Gymnasium and Field Association as the past one has been.

DURING the Fall of 1907 the unsettled weather made tennis playing irregular and uncertain, but the Spring of 1908, coming early as it did and with such fair weather, encouraged the sport to such a degree that anyone passing down West College Street could see the Association Courts in use at nearly any hour in the day.

There are five fine courts belonging to the Women's Gymnasium and Field Association, one north of the Gymnasium, one behind the Conservatory, two back of the College Offices, and one north of Dascomb Cottage. These Courts receive excellent care and are in great demand on pleasant days. Tennis lessons have been given this year to beginners by members of the Association, and during the Fall more than fifty girls received instruction.

Miss Ella Fulton, who won the College Championship for Girls last Spring, was also the College Champion in her Freshman year, a distinction never before received by any girl in Oberlin.

Girls' Tennis 1907

Records

Fall of 1907

Class Champions

Seniors	Ella Fulton
Juniors	Millicent Waterhouse
Sophomores	Elma Pratt
Freshmen	Ruth Houghton
Conservatory	Louise Brothers
Academy	Laura Thayer



Ella C. Fulton

Girls' Basket Ball 1908

Games

Seniors	18	Sophomores	9
Freshmen	8	Juniors	6
Seniors	10	Juniors	8
Freshmen	6	Sophomores	2
Seniors	9	Freshmen	4
Juniors	4	Sophomores	9

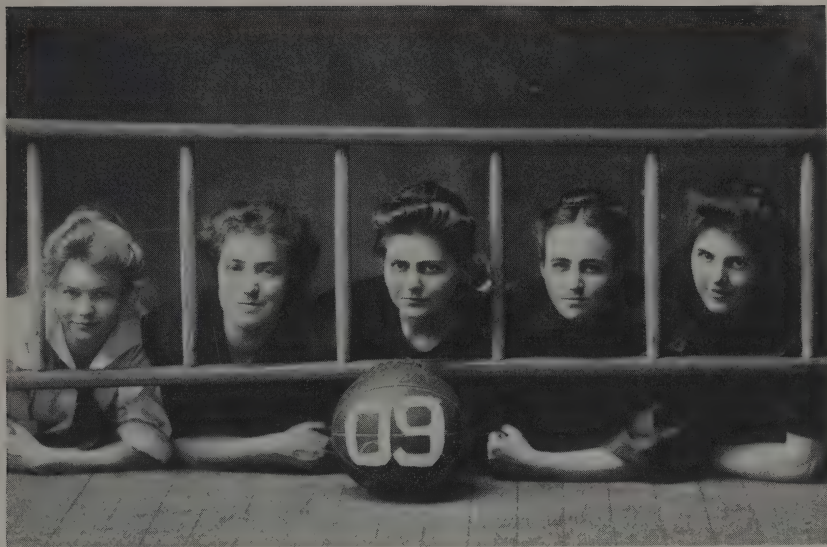
Standing of Teams

	Won	Lost	Rank
Senior	3	0	1
Freshman	2	1	2
Sophomore	1	2	3
Junior	0	3	4



Gertrude Sturges, c. Sarah Seymour, r. g. Constance Morris, l. f.
 Verna Chapin, l. g. Murrell Edwards, r. f.

Senior Girls' Basket Ball Team



Girls'
Basket
Ball
1908

Faith Tenney, l.f. Alma Schultz, r.g. Edith Stimson, c.
Ruth Gamble, r.f. Millicent Waterhouse, l.g.

Junior Girls' Basket Ball Team



Elma Pratt, r.g. Francis Woodside, l.f. Mary Shearer
Fanny Stowell, r.f. Margaret Bradshaw, c. Constance Teeple, l.g.

Sophomore Girls' Basket Ball Team

Girls
Basket
Ball
1908



Clarissa Fairchild, l.g. Elizabeth Anthony, c. Lillian Dawler, r.f.
Helen Hossler, l.f. May Armstrong, r.f. Ruth Houghton, r.g. Olive Willey, l.f.

Freshman Girls' Basket Ball Team



Clara Artz Florence Davidson Ilda Wampler
Pauline Brown Naomi Shields

Conservatory Girls' Basket Ball Team



Ruth Gamble, r. f. Helen Hossler, l. g.
Fanny Stowell, l. f. Gertrude Sturges, c. Elma Pratt, r. g.

NO Yale or Princeton man ever rooted more lustily or cheered more enthusiastically for his Basket Ball team than did the Oberlin girls at their third annual All-Class game.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of October the twenty-fourth, the Princeton scrubs, carrying the team on their shoulders, ran onto the floor, Buster Williams with a large bow of yellow on his neck tearing on ahead. Following them came a slow procession of Yale girls carrying a coffin in which was buried the spirit of Princeton. But the game which followed showed no lack of spirit on either side.

At the referee's whistle the singing and cheering ceased and everyone watched breathlessly the first few minutes of play, until Fanny Stowell of Yale made the first basket. Then from the North bleachers came the victorious shout of the Yale rooters, which died down only when Mary Fulton threw a basket. Then the South bleachers burst forth into a jubilant song for Princeton. Fast, sure passing and good guarding kept both teams from scoring again until Gertrude Sturges made a goal for Yale.

The second half started with snappy, quick work. Princeton's fast team work bewildering Yale for a time. Then Murrell Edwards made a basket from a far corner of the field. Again the game was tied and during the next few minutes some of the best playing ever seen on a girls' court took place. Fanny Stowell, however, was too quick for her guard,—she threw a basket and with the help of Ruth Gamble's sure free-throw, scores were made which ended the game with a score of 7-4 for Yale.

Yale— Princeton Basket Ball

Physical Training Classes



Murrell Edwards, President
Seniors



Mildred Smith, President
Juniors

Physical Training Classes



Flora Scott, President
Sophomores



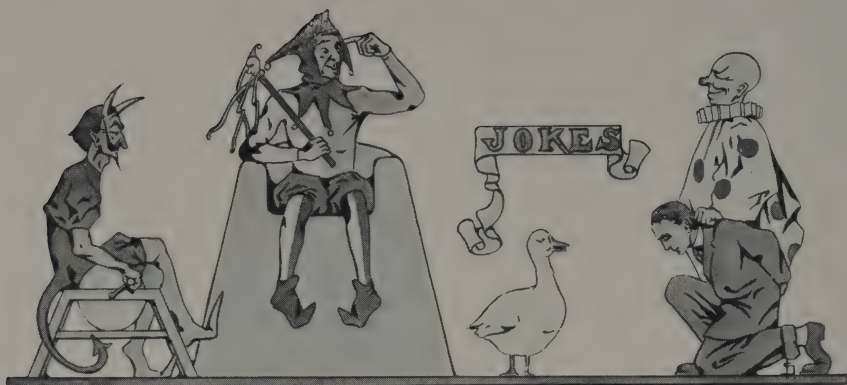
Esther Robson, President
Freshmen

Book 12



COME, gusty, lusty laughter, take a poke
At Oberlin. With chubby finger bent
Stir up the student stern, of brow intent,
And dig his ribs, and whisper him a joke.
Yea, tweak the nose of yonder Senior; stroke
The curls of drowsy Cads whom sleep has sent
To slumber-land. With dimpled knuckles dent
The face of sadness, skulking in his cloak.

But gently twitch this thin, grey, reverend beard,
And touch the thoughtful lips which cares have lined,
And draw their corners to a crinkled smile.
With gleeful shufflings scatter wide the seared
Old leaves that drift the corners of the mind
Since last thy gusts disturbed their musty pile.



To Those Who Smile

Particularly
M. C. P.

WHEN a fellow goes along
Swallowing an ache,
All the world adjusted wrong,
Blue and no mistake;
Just to see you on the street
Heartens up a pile.
Birds start singing when we meet
You folks who smile.

When a fellow kicks himself
Every step he takes,
Wishes he could shoot himself,
Always making breaks;
Say, it is a good surprise,
Sends stock up a mile,
Just to meet your warming eyes
And see you smile.

You who bring the breath of joy
Everywhere you go,
Even to the clumsy boy
Whom you scarcely know;
May you never cease to be
Joyous hearted, while
Joy comes back to those you meet
Because you smile.

In the Light

She

When I to her presume to tell
My fondest hopes and fears,
How rosy, oh! how rosy red
Become her neck and ears!

Her Tongue

When she such senseless things has said
That one might idiocy dread,
The trouble lies not in her head,
'Tis in her tongue.

Her Eye

"Hold down the lid," shouts Tammany—
But not of lady's eye:
That sparkling orb I'd never see,
That wink I'd never spy.

Her Hand

'Neath the dim red glow of the exit light,
Way back on the back, back row,
I sat alone
With my only own
In whispers soft and low.

And there in the folds of her silken dress,
Oh! vision of palmy love,
Lay her dainty hand
At my command.
I reached—but 'twas her glove.

In the Dark

When in the all-embracing kiss
Her tempting rosy lips I miss,
I kiss her nose.

The Merchant of Venice

Up-to-date

Scene:—Shyson to Ambirdio

SIGNOR AMBIRDIO, many a time and oft
In der classe room you haf abused me.
About mine Geologie, und said dot
I took mor interest in a year
Den in der oder dings all together put.
Still haf I borne all dose mit a patient shrug;
For what you call it? Sufferance?
Vas der badge uv all our professir tribe.
You call me bad names,
Misbeliever, papa, cut-throat, sun-uv-a-gun,
Paleozoic fool und so on.
Vel, den, it vas not appeared
Dot you need my help.
You come to me und you said,
"Mr. Shyson, old poy, I would
Like to borrow a dree decimal
For de examination
Till last Saturday. You said so,
You dat have cuss at me
Two, dree, six, several dimes,
Und spurne me from your threshold.
Like a dog. Geologie is your suit den.
By goodness, you haf more cheek
As a book agent. Should not I said,
"Haf a dog knowledge?
Do a sun-uv-a-gun
Been a head in a department?
Didn't it been impossibility
Dot a cur should gif you a dree decimal?"
Or should I bend low und in a bondsman's key
Mit bated breath und wh'spered humbleness, said dis:
"Fair Sir, you spit on me Wednesday last,
You spurned me on Thursday.
Anoder time you call me old stick in the mud.
Und now, for dose dings
I lend you a two decimal nine nine
Und took a morgage
On your blue book."



THREE Seniors once went to Columbus
 To see the Foot Ball game.
 They did not possess the cash to pay fare,
 Their only desire was to quickly get there,
 Those Seniors who went to Columbus.

Those Seniors who went to Columbus
 Rode on the "blind" platform.
 The "Domicile" rented them beds for ten cents,
 And bed bugs, too, "gratis" to sleep with the gents,
 Those Seniors who went to Columbus.

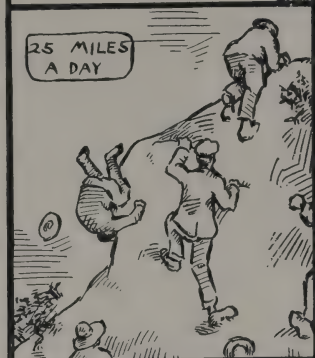
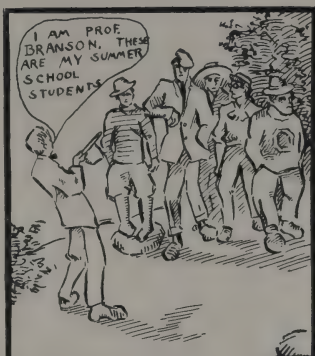
These Seniors who went to Columbus
 Met there some fair girl friends.
 Their unshaven faces were dirty and red.
 "We're so glad to see you," the dear girls then said,
 "You Seniors who've come to Columbus."

These Seniors soon left Columbus,
 They did not like the game,
 And back to Oberlin quickly were borne.
 They rode on the inside, these Seniors forlorn,
 These Seniors who went to Columbus.

There never was a story written without a moral. The moral of this little tale is this: Don't go to Columbus "blind" if you can help it. Such a man is always helpless in a large city. Furthermore, don't ride on the front part of a swiftly moving train. It makes your face and nose red and is liable to give wrong impressions when you return to this classic village. Above all, remember—don't sleep in ten-cent beds; they are sometimes inhabited.

A Jaunt to Virginia

The Real Diary
of a
Real Professor



ROBSON

- July 2 Industrious and at work all the time.
- July 5 Work fair. Rather inattentive.
- July 6 Inattentive.
- July 8 Worked alone.
- July 9 Breath tainted with tobacco.
- July 10 Camp day.
- July 12 O. K.
- July 13 Specimens O. K. Fossils.
- July 15 Work O. K.

HOPKINS

- July 1 Work indifferent. Lazy.
- July 4 Injured.
- July 5 Collected fossils, but did not accomplish much.
- July 6 Laid off.
- July 8 Did good work. Went with me.
- July 9 Cook day.
- July 10 Four hours work in the morning. Three in P. M.
- July 11 Good.
- July 12 Rather inattentive.
- July 13 Fossils O. K.
- July 15 Work and notes very poor.

BIRD

- July 1 Found fossils in new horizon in lower Chickamauga, but did not mark the place. Afterwards came back. Did good work.
- July 5 Camp day.
- July 6 Work rather indifferent.
- July 8 Worked alone.
- July 9 Smells of tobacco.
- July 10 One hour in the morning. Three in afternoon.
- July 11 Good work.
- July 12 Fossils O. K. Rocks with Hopkins.
- July 13 Work O. K.
- July 15 Work not uniformly good. Lost note book.

WOLFE

(Industrious but Often Inattentive)

- July 1 Work indifferent. Lazy.
- July 4 Uses foul language.
- July 8 Camp day.
- July 9 Fair work.
- July 10 Three hours work in afternoon and about the same in the morning.
- July 11 Good.
- July 12 Uses tobacco.
- July 13 Rocks and fossils O. K. Work O. K.
- July 16 Notes O. K. General observation poor.
- July 17 Attention wandering.

The class of 19-0-8
Has a president quite up-to-date.
He's sure popular, for
When a Sophomore
He had the same office—it's great
(To be Stoney).

There was a young lady named Mears,
Whose singing brought laughter or tears.
When asked why she sang
She replied, "Oh! Go hang
'Cause my singing both saddens and cheers."

A barefooted lassie from Kipton
Had a rope she eternally skipt on.
So hippety-hop
With never a stop
She kept on and kipt on and Kipton.

There once was a man named Hoppy
Who the puns of John Doane did copy.
But much to his grief
Folks found sweet relief,
When he was called home by his poppy.

There once was an instructor in Gym.,
Who was noted for litheness of limb.
When asked for his name
He sang the refrain,
"It's Jameson, but some call me Jim."

At the organ in old Warner Hall
Sits Doc Andrews seven feet tall.
When asked how he played
With hands, feet and head,
He replied, "Oh, that's nothing at all."

There once was a smoker so deep
In smoking, he ne'er said a peep,
Till one quiet night
The dean caught him right,
And now there's a pipe for sale cheap.



THERE are two maids named Fair and Thayer
 Who live at Talcott Hall;
 And one's a Cad quite short and slight
 And one's a Junior tall.

There was a lecture soon to come,
 And so a gay young lad
 Determined not to go alone,
 But ask this little Cad.

He briskly rang the telephone
 And said he wished Miss Thayer;
 The message was not understood,
 And quickly came Miss Fair.

The youth quite innocent as yet,
 In words both soft and low,
 Asked her to go on Tuesday night.
 She could not answer no.

And so he came on Tuesday night
 And asked to see Miss Thayer;
 This maid then asked bewildered quite
 What 'twas he wanted there.

He said, "The lecture comes tonight,
 You said you'd go with me."
 Another man awaited her,
 The facts did not agree.

The banished youth was still quite game,
 He guessed at his mistake
 And sent his card up for Miss Fair
 To try this maid to take.

So down she came all smilingly,
Our innocent young friend;
The youth quite gravely took her off
The lecture to attend.

He never told her she was not
The maid he tried to get;
And had some friends not told the joke,
She wouldn't know it yet.

The moral to this tale is this:
If you'd not live alone,
Be sure to see the girl you ask
And don't propose by 'phone.

"In the Matter of an Oration"



POSTAL CARD

THE SPACE BELOW IS FOR THE ADDRESS ONLY

Percy J. Whitt.
Oberlin
'08

Student

TIFFIN, OHIO, Feb. 28, 1908.

To the Public:

*We are still in the business of furnish-
ing outlines and material for orations, debates,
essays, theses, lectures, political speeches, etc. We
also write the complete article if the customer so
desires. If you are in need of anything in our line,
address*

COLCHESTER, ROBERTS & CO.

TIFFIN, OHIO

Senior Owed

SOME bright little Freshmen once came to this College
In hopes that they might thereby gain profound knowledge
They said, "We're so busy—we've so much to do ;
We have to write Freshman themes, go to Lab. too,
And work monstrous problems and translate much lore,
In fact we're so busy—how could we do more?"

Next year these same students as Sophomores wise
Returned to old Oberlin to open the eyes
Of the new generation of Freshmen, and show
Just how all the business of College should go.
They vied with each other in studies profound
In fact, a more model class ne'er could be found.

The next fall as Juniors they came back to school
And as upper-classmen they ne'er broke a rule ;
The Stream of their Consciousness flowed full and deep
They had philosophical dreams in their sleep.
They got out an Annual and gave a class play,
So that everyone said, "They have served well their day."

And now comes the climax—as Seniors they shine,
And all that they do is most wondrously fine,
They give Senior parties' and make Senior calls,
And stroll with much dignity throughout the halls.
No more does mere studying trouble their brain,
They're Seniors ; with them let all glory remain.

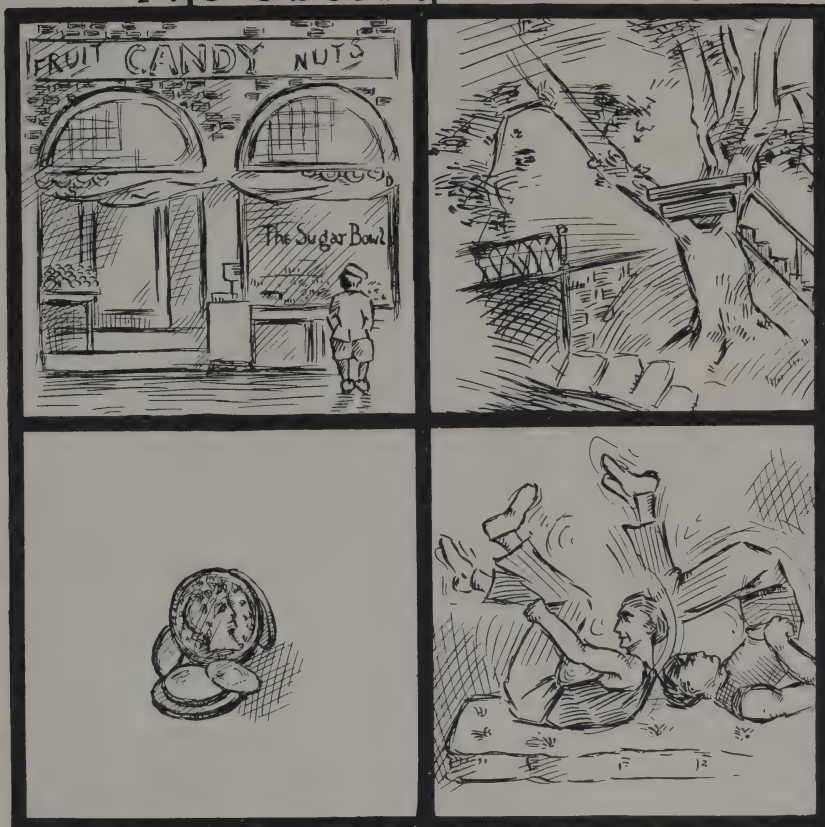
On a Mystic Eve

A MAN and a maid and a mystic eve
And a country pathway free—
Without so much as the good dean's leave
We'll wander merrily.

We reckon not mud nor sodden leaves
Nor grass all wet with dew,
Nor that such sin the good dean grieves—
Nor yet, good friend, would you.

For what are moons and maidens worth
And what's a man's requite,
If folk must smother all their mirth
And walk in town at night?

The Oberlin Table Set



"Why dost thou halt?" the poet cried,
"Tis not my fault," his verse replied,
"When thou would'st have me nimbly run,
I start well, but I soon must creep—
Because so soon as I've begun
I straightway find my feet asleep."

When Crimson mocked, "You're tainted,"
Poor Gold cried "O," and fainted.

Petty
Poems

“Rational Living”

MY eyes look like an owl's that's been upon an all-day bat;
I've got a head that's fit to split; I slumbered where I sat;
My powers of At-ten-ti-on are surely under par;
And force and all those other things, I don't know where they are.
No tendency to overwork have I to hold in check.
I know I am a unity, and that unity's a wreck.
I think I'll stay at home next year and just build up and rest;
But I read the blasted book all through the night before the test!

Leap Year

When a girl says “Eh?”
And a boy says “Yep!”
It's their own little serious question;
And the world may snoop
And their friends all hoop,
But it's none of their suggestion.

LEAP-YEAR IN OBERLIN-2008.



O my luvv likes the red, red rose
That florists spring ere June.
O, my luvv likes the concert too,
That's sweetly played in tune.

My Luvv

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So bad a case have I,
That I would luvv thee still, my dear,
But my pocketbook's gone dry.

My pocketbook's gone dry, my dear,
My room-rent's long past due;
And Gibsons' want their pay, my dear,—
The tailor wants his too.

So fare thee weel, my only luvv,
I'll cut thee out a while;
But I will call again, my luvv,
When I've made another pile.

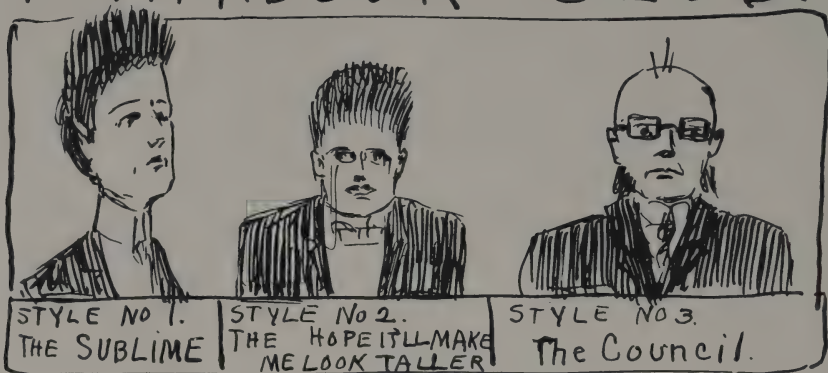
I SAW a Freshman in the Court,
His step was soft and shy;
He strove to show a manly port
But woe was in his eye.

On Joining Day

From door to door he wandered round,
He seemed in deep despair;
His eye was dim, he sadly frowned,
All tousled was his hair.

I went to him, I asked his name,
I kindly proffered aid,
"You're very kind, thanks just the same,
But I'm a Prof." he said.

POMPADOUR CLUB.



Oberlin Pompadour Club

LIKE all other clubs that have come to hold prominence in Oberlin, this one too started from a very small beginning.

As mighty oaks from little acorns grow,
So mighty folks their sprouts of hair do show,
And pride in every hair of theirs they take—
A pompadour like mother used to make.

Two men 'way off in the wilds of New York State during some moments of weakness this last summer conceived the idea of a Bristle Union. And when Oberlin students arrived here last fall, Curtesy Crackster and Karl Quaffner were being exhibited on the streets, to the delight of the small boys of the town and consternation of the Village Improvement Society, as the only living exponents of the right noble art of Pompadourology, the science of the Hair-ship. It was not many moons before they had a large following of Academy students and the Club held regular meetings every evening in Room 13, French Hall. Hairy Bear and Jail Breck were made honorary members. All their meetings were spirited and people quite willingly aired their views. The club had some outside men of prominence to speak to them. David Anderson gave two lectures on the subjects, "The Evils of Porcupinitis" and "Futility of the Hair-Brush." A banquet was held on the morning of April the first in Eam Sparks' room. The menu consisted of boiled lobster, eggs (fried straight up), soda crackers and sassafras tea.

The members of this club are always ready to stand up for themselves, and at present they are making a vigilant onslaught against the "Rubber Comb Trust." They hope to increase their membership during the coming year, when the influx of new students will possibly bring some more "who have just escaped."

The Taming of The J. E. W.

Among the smiling faces seen on our Campus last fall was the one of this J. E. W. He was to be married, he said, in January. A few interesting things happened in the course of six months and the Annual Board, through the vigilant work of one of the members, has this to offer:

Oct. 3rd Some people passing by 155 Elm St. smell something burning. They rush into the house and find that Mr. Wirkler has boiled-over some pears that he was to can for the winter supply. He thought preserved "pears" would be just the thing for the time.

Oct. 22nd He buys and packs in salt brine, five dozen eggs, at 30c a dozen, for a winter supply.

Feb. 1st Eggs sell at 26c.

Jan. 8th While returning from the Glee Club trip in a railroad train, the young lady with whom he was sitting felt compelled to ask him to "take his arm away, because she was so hot." Of course she meant to take his arm away from the window, which was slightly up; but this sounded bad, especially as it was only six days before the wedding.

Jan. 13th The following is a clipping from the Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch:

Wirkler—Ballard
A Suffolk Belle Gives Her Heart and Hand to a Kansas Professor
At Home After Feb. 1st, 1908

Jan. 14th Here is the way a friend describes the wedding:

Old Jack had on all his Glee Club togery (it's a good thing he had been in the Glee Club, so he'd have some good clothes). Only he never had any white gloves, and the undertaker let him take some pall-bearer's mittens. When the two unfortunates sailed down the aisle to the tune of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," old Jack looked as happy as if he was just sitting down to a meal of sauerkraut and cornbread.

Jan. 15th At the Stratford Hotel, Petersburg, Va., we find this:

THIS indicates bill has been paid.....V 49

J. E. Wirkler Oberlin Ohio 49
Mrs. J. E. Wirkler



Some You Used to Enjoy

Here's to a man—He is like a kerosene lamp. He is not over-bright. He is often turned down and smokes. And he frequently goes out at night.

"They have thieves and robbers at Baldwin! Only last week the sofa held two people up."

Teacher to Cad.—What is Algebra?

Cad.—It's a white mule with black stripes. I've seen 'em at a circus.

Here's the difference: Were we to walk at evening and see the sight of a waterfowl against the sun, if a man we should say, "Where's my gun! Oh, wouldn't that taste good!"—if a woman, "Oh! wouldn't I give a good deal for those feathers for my new Merry Widow hat? But Bryant wrote his matchless lines—To a Waterfowl.

Oberlin College Treasurer—Is that your father's signature?

Cad.—As near as I could get it, sir.

When does a Senior with his cane look like the entrance to the Conservatory? Why, never, of course.

Shredded Wheat

Do not neglect to keep your shoes polished. You can shine at one end if not at the other.

The more dimples a girl has the more laughabilities she sees.

If a fellow has a picture in the cover of his watch, it's a sure sign that there's a woman in the case.

Raise cain and the bunch is with you,
Get canned, and you are fired alone.

Some Conservatory girls sing like nightingales, others like gales in the night.

He who steals my purse teaches the High School student how to swipe.

A fool and his money are soon taking girls to athletic games.

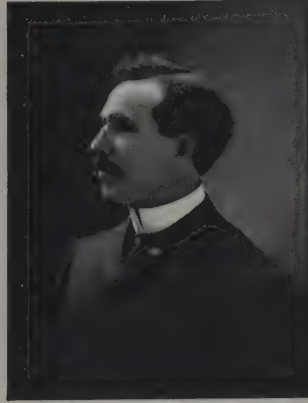
Absence makes the Dean grow fonder.

It is easier for a Senior to go through the needle's eye than to pass final examinations. Moral—Give up examinations.

Not all those who have dough are well-bred.



J. D. YOCOM, Sec.



J. T. HENDERSON, Pres.

OBERLIN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Oberlin, O.

This school has taken its place as one of the leading business colleges of the country and is widely known on account of the thorough courses of training which it offers. The Cleveland Y. M. C. A., which places annually over a thousand young men in positions from many different schools, states that they get a better grade of students from the Oberlin Business College than any other business college in the state.

The two men who have had most to do in bringing this school to its present prominent place are President Henderson and Secretary Yocom. The former has been connected with the school since 1884, and the latter since 1889. Mr. Yocom is a graduate of Oberlin College, studied law in Western Reserve University and has few equals as a teacher. He has also had considerable business experience, is a bank director and also a director in a large corporation at Lorain. Mr. Henderson has also had wide business experience and is president of the People's Bank of Oberlin.

FALL TERM FOR 1908

Fall term for 1908 will begin September 8. Among the new features for the coming year will be a course upon Investments by President Henderson.

OBERLIN
Business College

OBERLIN COLLEGE

HENRY CHURCHILL KING, *President*

Departments

The College of Arts and Sciences

The Theological Seminary

The Conservatory of Music

The Academy

Also a Teacher's Course in Physical
Training for both men and women,
Courses in Drawing and Painting, and
a Summer School

129 Instructors

1900 Students

18 Buildings

THE SEVENTY-SIXTH YEAR BEGINS
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A Few on the Profs.

Prof. MacLennan—When I was young I had three sisters, two girls and one boy.

What is Oberlin coming to? Prof. Mosher reads in chapel, "He touched the mountains and they smoked."

Hopkins—Our chapel exercises are sure going to the bow-wows. The other day when I went in, Prof. Andrews was playing "500" on the organ.



Ornithology Jones—"Why are worms spoken of as a type of meekness?"

Philosophy Sterns—"Because they shall inhabit the earth."

Was that man who announced the Academy-High School debate a Senior?

That's nice for the Seniors, but it's hard on Dean Miller!

Rather Characteristic

When that St. George hadde
sleyne ye draggon
He sate him down furninst a
flaggon.

And, wit ye well, within a spell,
He had a bien plaisaunt jag on.

"Hoppies"

Hopkins—You won't marry me because you think I am a joke?

Mabel Harlow—Exactly.

Hopkins—Stung again. Some one said you could always take a joke.

A Scandal

When Senior class day came at
last

Some scandals bad it shewed,
For the spadé oration dug up
bills

Of what the Ivy ode.

"Why does Dave Anderson walk like a great soloist?"

"Because you can see the Schumann-Heik."

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Branson, a son, Gastropod Seismograph Epicentrum Branson.



To tackle some cackling Grackles
Is a task Elm Street residents
tried.
The spirit was willing, the flesh
it was weak;
For ten more appeared every
time one bird died.
Oh! nerve-racking, cackling
Grackles.

MacLennan's Choicest

Tend to your knitting.
And so it goes.
Peradventure.
Lo and behold.
In the matter.
No old fogies like the young
fogies.
The biggest fogies are under
twenty-five.
Our workaday life.
In this world of ours.
As you say.
After all is said and done.

Prof. Dickinson at Pianola—
This composition is very breezy.

Hoppy—Hang on to your hats,
girls!

Miss St. Paul—Is there any
chance of my getting Kimball?

Mr. Morrison—We call him
Mr. Kimball here.

Miss Farr (about to take the
car for Cleveland)—I have just
five minutes to eat.

Miss Eikenberry — That is
what is familiarly known as
“consuming time.”

Tige's Will

Tige Towsley at Allencroft

Iky—Teddy Bear and Jawn's
picture.

Stubby—George's picture, my
hair and a jumper.

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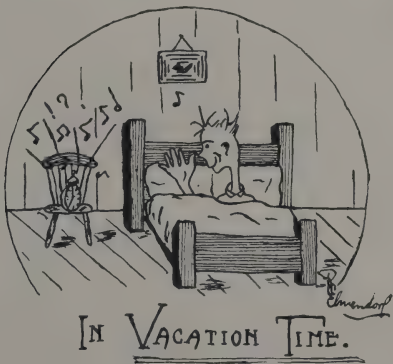
PHONE 17

PARK HOTEL BLOCK

Doc. Andrews (in Musical Union)—Between the audience and the director it's beastly hard to play for Chapel.

At the Baldwin Minstrel Show

And now a solemn hush fell upon the vast audience as Mr. Sawyer, the sad-voiced interlocutor, uttered in tear-compelling accents the most pathetic words in all literature of minstrelsy. "And so you say, Mr. Hambone" (Walter Jeliff in disguise) "that all the people on the ship were perishing of hunger and yet you were eating fried eggs? How do you account for that?" For one moment a death-like silence prevailed. Then Mr. Hambone stepped forward and in clear, ringing tones, replied, "The ship lay to and I got one." A wild, heart-rending sob came from the audience and relieved the tension as Mr. Hambone staggered back to his place and fell into the friendly arms of the chair waiting to receive him.



Some Glee Club Drags

Graham (at Glee Club practice)—I think we ought to make "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" an annual custom like the "Messiah."

Prof. Peck (just before the Glee Club's Christmas trip)—I have arranged what fellows are to sleep together, as none of you offered to bunk double.

McConnaughey — I'll double up.

During the Glee Club Christmas trip, the train one day passed an Indian village. They were living in their native houses of sticks and skins.

Ebbott—Is that skin on those tepees?

Freddy Smith—Yes, building those tepees was what you might call a skin game!

McConnaughey—I guess they had to skin game to build them.

Prof. Wolfe—What's the difference between a reprobate and a trooper?

Dad—A reprobate swears off, but a trooper swears on—and on.

Hopkins to Kirkpatrick, '96—I see you have acquired the tobacco habit.

Kirk—Oh, I acquired that before leaving Oberlin.

These Will Not Concern You

Mr. Doane—I heard that Edward Johnson has a kiss in the "Waltz Dream" that lasts 45 seconds by the clock.

Miss Herreid—Why, is that very long?

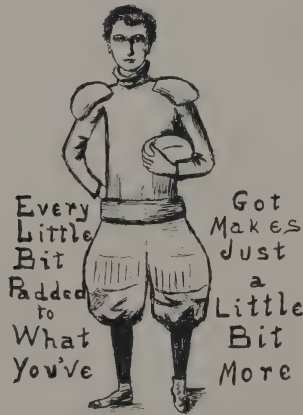
Mr. Jelliff received a bill the other evening.

Miss Herreid—Is that a billet-doux?

Mr. Doane—No, it's a billet-dun.

Gee (watching Pennington shave)—Say, Penny, you cut yourself for fair.

Pennington—Well, I'm shaving for Fair, ain't I?



Miss Herreid — Julia, what were you squeezing my hand for?

Miss Seiler—Oh! I was just thinking.

A Twisted Proverb: Circumstances—Cases—Altar.

Busting Breaks

Miss Sarah Rollefson meets a tall man on the street in the early evening.

"Hello Vint!"

"Vint" proves to be Dr. G. W. Andrews.

Miss Silliman—Miss Otis, do you know they are putting a fence around the campus?

Miss Otis—Why?

Miss S.—To keep the trees in!

New Con. girl's remarks at the opening of winter term:

Have you heard of the dandy artist recital we are going to have here this term? Beethoven is going to give a piano recital here.

The Passing of a Life

He did not shoot his pistol long,
He did not use his knife,
He only stretched wide his arms,
And took his sweetheart's life.



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Enthusiastic Choir Member (after the choir had sung "The Seven Last Words")—There seemed to be a certain something in the atmosphere while we were singing this afternoon. Prof. Kimball said he had never been conscious of it before—we were all under the spell of it.

Allen—Something in the atmosphere—you don't mean dust, do you?



Biggest Raindrop on Record

Parker House Breaks

Parker (saying blessing at Huckins on the Saturday noon before Case game)—Oh, Father, may the boys win today. If they don't, may they die game sports.

Baldwin Talk

Helen Mears has always thought that the "Mike" the Seniors talk of was a boy. Pretty bum joke.

"This preserve tastes like soap."

"What kind of soap?"

"Pears."

Rice—Why has Hoppy got a muffler wound around his feet?

Hayden—He's just put on his spring socks and couldn't stand the noise.

"Wasn't that a rotten show at the pictorium last night?"

"Well, it was a little extra mellow dramatic."

A Few Old Favorites

Rice—My best ideas always come to me while I muse by the fire.

Hayden—Then you must always find your thoughts a-musing.

Pennington—Tests are milestones in my existence.

Miss Ericson—Tombstones in mine.

Snell—That was a very grave remark.

These Never Happened

Miss Mears (who lives in Albany, N. Y.)—People at home say that I have become cold and haughty since I came to Oberlin.

John Doane, Jr.—I suppose they call it Western Reserve.

Discussion of Sullivan, the big prize fighter, at Talcott table:

Miss Hiatt—I never can remember whether he is the senator from New York or Utah.

The stag club discusses modern telephones:

C. Shedd—I hear they're going to have telephones that will give you the real sensation of a kiss.

Durbin—Oh, that's carrying a good thing too far.

Miss Metcalf—Mr. Morris, will you go with me to the Thanksgiving party?

Mr. Morris—Do you mean the Leap Year party? I think you are getting a little fussed.

Stanley Morris (after the Martin Block fire)—Any mail you wish to send me, address it, "Care of the Historic Elm."

Etc.

Mr. Stedman—There are only four people in the College who speak French fluently.

Miss Hunt—Who are they?

Mr. Stedman—Miss Martineau, Mr. Brown, Miss Stevens,

Gertrude Cody—People at home in Cleveland say that Oberlin students get engaged just for fun.

Julia Seiler (quickly)—How perfectly absurd.

Florence Harvey (at dinner table on Friday night)—I saw a lot of people dressed up going toward Peters' about 4:30 this afternoon. I wonder what was going on.

Mr. Everson—Why, prayer-meeting.

Miss Galbraith of Glencairn, on a Saturday expedition into pastoral places, meets a farmer leading some of the bovine species. "I'm from the country, too," she ejaculates, patting one of the creatures on the cerebellum, "and I like cows."

"Look out for that fellow," says the farmer, "he's kind o' frisky."

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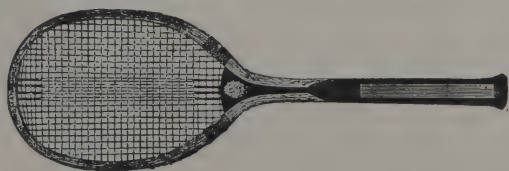
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Sanderson (assisting pupil)—
How long can you live without
brains?

Pupil—I don't know. How
old are you?

Discussing the scarlet fever
situation, January 26th:

Brown—Isn't there danger
through the mail of catching the
Scarlet Letter?

Sayler (describing)—A seat
wide enough for one and a half,
but two could sit there—

Dickinson—Yes, if they over-
lapped.

And now they call a certain
Freshman "Baby," because he
cribbed in his exams.

Said Mr. Crone (as they
passed a telegraph pole on a
windy night)—Listen to that
musical pole!

Miss Bryant—No, that is a
logarithm.

On a Cold Day in February,
Miss Effie Drennan, at Glen-
cairn, puts pepper on her ice
cream, and then exclaims: "Gee,
but this is a hot sundae!"

Graham—Miss Fitch, is there
a boycott at this table?

Andy Collins—I think there
are four "boys caught" at the
table.

A sad Lesson in cause and effect



Grinds

Brodie—What are you going to do when you get out of College, Miss Robbins?

Miss R.—Oh, I'm going back to the farm, I guess.

Brodie—Well, that's where you belong.

Mayor Carter (to Mr. Munson)—What is your first name?

Mr. M.—Joshua.

Mayor C.—Are you the man that made the sun stand *still*?

Mr. M.—No, sir, I am the man that made the moon shine.

There was a Professor called Jewett;

In class you might think that you knew it,

But when asked to recite

If he said, "that's not right,"

From then on, you bet you'd hop to it.



These Concern Prof. MacLennan

Referring to the pilferers in the library:

"You might as well put your hand in Prof. Root's pocket and take out what *small* change there might be there."

Prof. MacLennan—There was located a large religious institution at Bologna.

Hopkins—I wonder if they had any dogmas there.

Prof. MacLennan (meeting Miss Fitch after her Bible class)—What book are you studying now?

Miss Fitch—Genesis.

Prof. MacL.—I suppose you have Genesis the most of the hour and Exodus at the end.

Doane—What is the best food for athletes in training?

Hopkins—Foot Ball game?

Doane—No, track-meet.

Freshman Girl—Miss Fitch, may I go driving with a man this afternoon.

Miss Fitch—Are you engaged?

Girl—No, but I expect to be when I get back.

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Hoppy Says—

Last winter Mr. Webster insured his coal pile, and when it was all burned up, tried to collect the money. The insurance company threatened to have him arrested for arson, so Mr. W. quit his barking and crawled under the wagon.

Prof. Demuth has a dachshund whose front and hind legs are not on speaking terms.

During that egg strike last winter Prof. Caskey used to go out to his chicken coop and read aloud Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

John Doane is so tall that he has to get up on a step-ladder to take his hat off.

They are going to lower the price of bored. That augers well for the students as a hole.

"Don't you think that in the Merchant of Venice, Ben Greet seemed rather preoccupied?"

"I believe you are right. After the audience had applauded for a while, he did appear wrapped up."

A certain Senior who has a pipe agency states that this year he has done a strictly male order business.

Some More Hoppers

Why should we call it the "Prudential" committee?

Wouldn't "E-quit-able" be nearer the mark?

If you want to be a good linguist, drink Mox. E.

"We have jealous pie at our boarding house."

"Jealous pie?"

"Yes. The top crust is afraid something will come between him and the lower crust."

"They say that Hopkins is the brightest fellow in the Rembrandt class.

"Yes. The other twenty-one are girls."

"I ate so great a number of fritters that I feel like E Pluribus Unum."

"How is that?"

"Many in one."

"What did it mean when on the Baldwin Christmas tree Faulkner got a little drum with 23 painted on it?"

"I suppose it meant to *beat* it."

Grins

Prof. Branson (as the plumber rings the bell)—Look at that Ichthyosaurus.

Mrs. B.—What is that?

Prof. B.—A beast with a bill.

Prof. Bosworth—Can anyone tell me what the millennium is?

Harry Sargent—Something like a centennial only it has more legs.

A tree-skinner once named Baxter

Got in a scrap with a hackster;
And his pompadour
Is now no more,
For the hackster cracked Bax
Where he waxter.

Graham—Have you got anything funny to read in your room?

Geo. Young—Yes, here's last week's "Review."

Graham—Huh! Poor joke!

Talcott Hall Boarder—Mr. Hatch, your coffee was not settled this morning.

Mr. Hatch—So? Neither was your board bill.

Wise and Otherwise

When Harry Behr' is bare o' hair

We'll call him Hairy Bare;

But while one grizzly lock remains

He's just plain Hairy Bear.

Positively Silly

"I don't see how the Seldom Innors keep their caps on their heads."

"Oh, that's easy, vacuum pressure of course."

Instr. Jameson (calling for translation in French)—Miss Coss, we have a fine goose here.

In class meeting:

Dulmage—Shall we take two girls apiece to the party?

Pennington—I spoke to several girls about it and they all seemed to like it!



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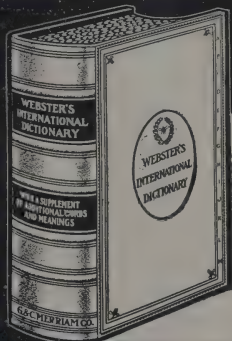
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Melhorn—That will be a valuable parchment in 200 years.

Steineman—Yes, I intend to take it with me.

Melhorn—It will be parched then sure.

The man who attended the cooking lecture—Why, they had sandwiches so thin that they could be used to watch the eclipse of the sun.



HER EYES FOLLOWED HIM
FROM THE ROOM.

Last Spring at a number of parties the guests had to make maple sugar from hot syrup. Those were stirring times.

Stedman — Doesn't "bacio" mean salute in Italian as well as kiss ?

Prof. Wightman—Perhaps, I was personally more familiar with the latter meaning.

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Prof. Wager (as he locks the door to keep it from slamming during a recitation)—I suppose that Van Ausdall and the Fire Department will be after me for closing this door.

Julia Seiler—Say, when do we have to hand in our orders for Commencement presents?



She Dried It On a Chair

Lulu Houser absent mindedly replies to Dean Miller's "Good Morning,"

"Oh go on."

George Whitefield Andrews
And Henry Churchill King
Make Fredrick Henderson
Sterns
Seem an insignificant thing.

Doershuk—All those in the choir are eligible to take the Musical Union exam.

Of course he meant all write.

Alvia Artist Atterholt—President of the Triple A Society.

Gertrude Finney (as she reaches home Christmas vacation)—I don't believe I ever want to live anywhere else.

Her chum—Neither do I.

Miss Finney—A girl ought to think of that before she goes east to school.

How about it, Jess?

First Elm St. blackbird—What did you do with that nest you had in front of Shuart's house?

Second blackbird—I sold it for a mere song.

A. B. Wolfe—I won't go into the details for two reasons. First, it isn't worth while; and second, I don't know them anyhow.

Mr. Jameson says that at the Choir and the Musical Union exams a great many prospective members forget their "sang" froid.

A Waiting-Room Incident



Scene: Waiting-room in railroad station in northern Michigan. Miss Genevieve Todd, seated; enter old German woman:

Miss Todd—I am about tired out.

Dutch woman—Been working out or just plain working?

Miss Todd—No, I go to Oberlin to College.

Dutch woman—Well, you can never tell from the looks.

In Dramatic Reading Class:

Prof. Caskey (as Miss Stimson and Miss Smith go on the platform)—Now this is a fine scene!

Dad Wolfe—I've a suspicion that I had this course last year—I'll go and look it up at the Registrar's.

Scottie—Where did you get those high-waters?

McConnaughey—I haven't pressed them for a couple of weeks and they got decreased.

Evolution

Sure, things are moving in our day;

The Library steps gaily,
The shady Campus walks away,
And old Plum Creek runs daily.

The very water spouts the eaves,
Just after April showers,
And every tree gets out and leaves,

While all around Spring flowers.

Lorna Doone

Conservatory girl (to Alexander Dick)—I want a copy of "Dora Loone."

Academy girl (asking for the same book)—I want to get "Lora Doane."

An Academy student in answering the question, "Give the principal parts of *Rufen*," wrote, "*Rufus, rastus, johnsing brown.*"

Prof. Wolfe (in Economics)—Why do all the girls sit on this side of the room?

Precocious pupil—Because the boys sit on the other side.

McConnaughey (at Inter-Society debate after Hayden had finished speaking)—Will somebody please close the window. Don't there seem to be too much air in the room?

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The End



Turn low the lights—our pageant's done :
In music let the curtain fall.
Whatso the year hath lost or won,
Good friends, in faith we've shown ye all.

Beshrew the wight that mourns to break
The hours we've passed in merry cheer !
Nay, with good heart our leave we take,
And wish ye luck another year.



